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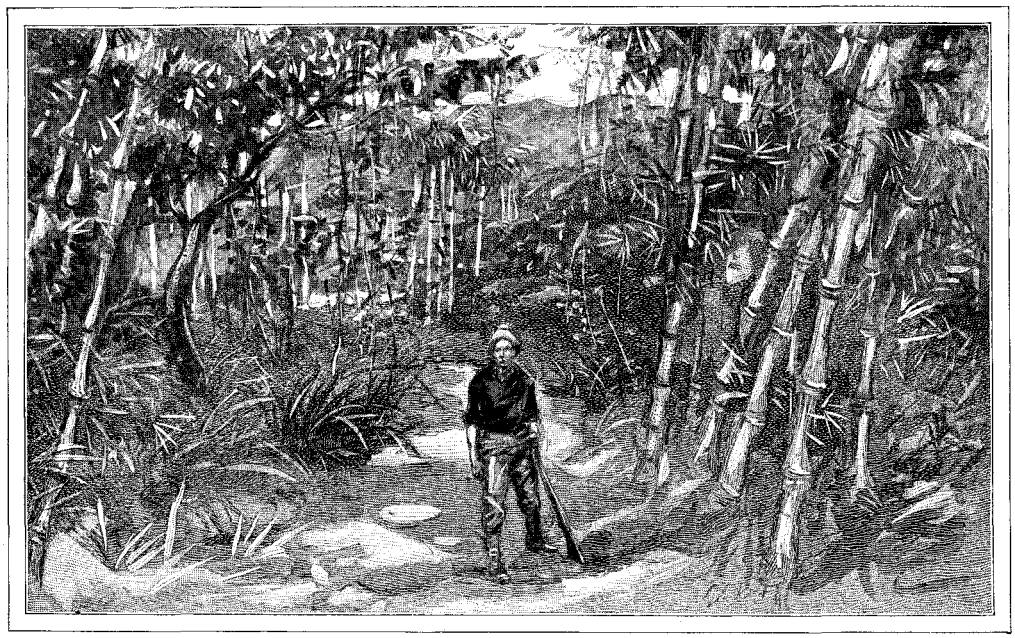

THE FIGHT FOR SANTIAGO.

THE ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By Stephen Bonsal.

Illustrated with drawings by W. J. Glackens, special artist for McClure's Magazine with the army of invasion; with portraits of commanders, scenes in the field from photographs taken expressly for McClure's Magazine by its special correspondents, and with maps.

OUR advance led through a country of singular beauty and through scenes of tropical exuberance such as the dwellers in more temperate zones never behold. Out of the jungle and chaparral with which the valley was covered, there rose upon our astonished view the graceful royal palm, the spreading banyan, and the majestic ceiba tree. And between and over and all around them grew in wild luxuriance thousands of vines and trailing plants, through which even the Cuban scouts with their ready machetes could not cut a path. And at times, turning from this soft picture to a sterner scene and pulling aside some corner of the dark green veil of vine with which the earth was thickly covered, we would start back to see under so much loveliness deep yawning fissures, and great masses of granite boulders lying here and there, as they had fallen from some Cyclopean hand. Little glimpses such as these, of the lay of the land stripped of its foliage, revealed the volcanic agencies with which the sculptor of the world had worked.

The valley through which we marched

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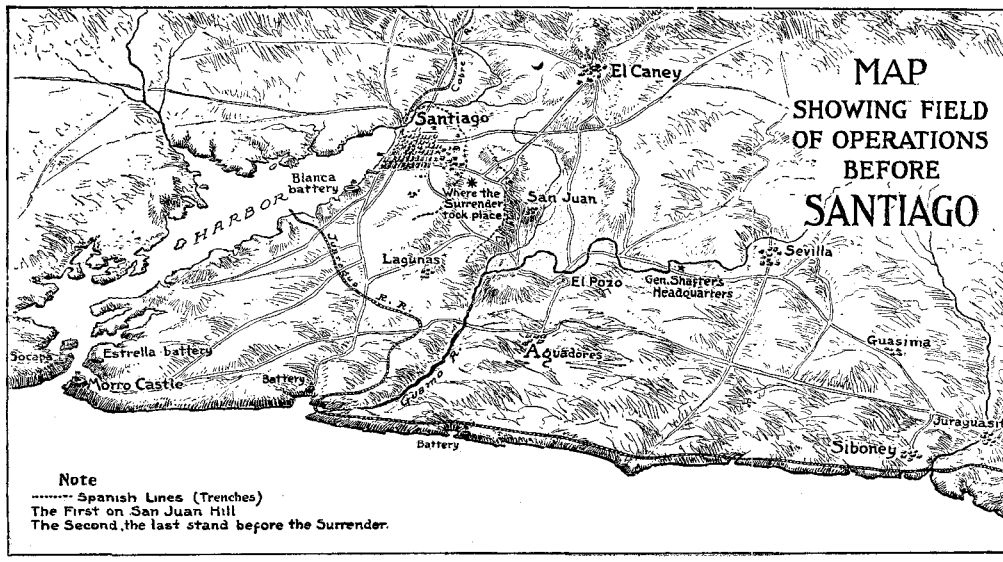
gradually widened as we left the sea and approached Santiago. It was marked by three steep ascents, terraces or steps of the kind they call in Cuba *altares*. The guns of the navy, concentrated upon the first ascent or *altar*, rising directly behind our places of disembarkation, had made the surmounting of this natural obstacle an easy achievement, merely a question of physical endurance. The dash and spirit which characterized the advance of Young's brigade at La Guasima had quickly dislodged the Spaniards from the strong position they held there commanding the defile through which the army would have to climb to reach the second terrace upon the march to Santiago. The army spent five days in climbing this second ridge that lay across our path, and in deploying out upon the mesa, or table-land, which here marks the center of the valley, now growing broader and more undulating with every advancing step. It was upon this table-land, known as the Jurisdiction of Sevilla, that the first division of the army camped during the days that were occupied by the second division and the dismounted cavalry in coming to the front.

During these days of waiting we were confronted in the distance by the heights of San Juan, the third *altar* or step in the climb to Santiago. It is a scene we should look upon with more than a passing glance; the generations that are unborn will linger over the picture in its most trivial detail. It is a scene that will live as long as the hearts of the children shall love to revert to the field in a far distant land where their fathers added another garland to the military laurels of our race.

When we started inland from the sea, the foot-hills of the Uraguacita Mountains rose abruptly to the north and on the right of our trail, and as we advanced the foot-hills multiplied and the great mountains receded. And now that we have come to a halt in plain, if distant, view of the third ridge or *altar* that crosses the valley, we find that, measured from the top of the sea cliffs above Aguadores to the mountains looming up darkly to the north of El Caney, the valley is about seven miles across. Along the crest of this ridge, which is but rarely intersected by ravines and depressions, the Spaniards were posted, and this was their first serious line of defense. It also proved to be their last.

The table-land about Sevilla, where the army rested and collected its strength for the struggle that lay before it, was high and sandy and comparatively dry. But for at least two miles before the heights of San Juan were reached the trails descended into low-lying, alluvial lands, the wash and overflow of the San Juan and Guama creeks and their innumerable tributaries. These two miles through which we scouted and at which we looked so anxiously and so often while the army grew were, with the exception of here and there an open meadow, filled with guinea-grass or coffee bushes run to seed, an impenetrable jungle of tropical luxuriance hedged about with cactus and Spanish bayonet.

A week passed, and the struggle for life



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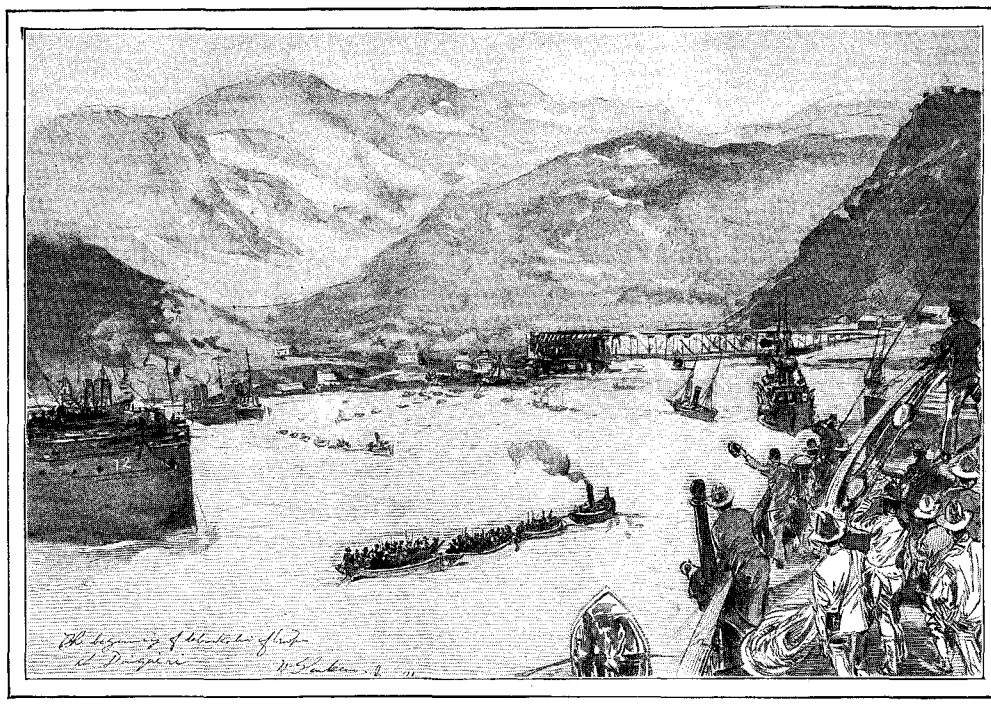


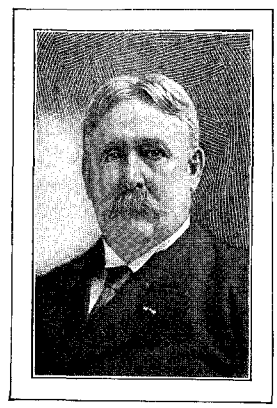
THE BEGINNING OF THE LANDING OF TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

From a drawing made on June 22d by W. J. Glackens, special artist for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *with the Fifth Army Corps.*

had become so acute that no one had a moment's thought to devote to the Spaniards. War had become simply a rustle for rations. The idyllic beauty of the valley had disappeared. The noisome trail of war had hurried over a natural paradise, and all its beauty was gone.

SHUT UP IN A JUNGLE.

We had entered upon a new phase of the campaign. The old, mildewed signs over some of the dog-tents, "No war talk here," were quite unnecessary. Nobody thought, much less talked, about war. The soldiers engaged in a struggle for existence had thought and time only for "rustling grub," and the outlook, even for the most hopeful and practical rustler, was poor. We seemed lost in a jungle, as far out of the world of rapid transit and quick transportation as though we had been dropped down somewhere in the wild recesses of Ethiopia. Three mule trains passing backward and forward, up and down the valley, were the admirable but insufficient link which connected us with the outside world.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER, *commanding the Fifth Army Corps.*

There was very little enterprise shown by men creeping out to the picket line and peering through the brush toward the Spanish position on the heights of San Juan. Indeed, so very human is the soldier, especially if he be of the heroic stamp, that I think all eyes were now more frequently turned toward the rear; and while all ears were ever on the alert, it was rather for the tread of the mule train with the long-promised canned tomatoes than for the booming of the big guns that announce the pageantry of war. When a soldier is living upon three hard-tacks a day, a very little coffee without any sugar, and a bit of bacon rind better suited to clean his rifle with than to satisfy his stomach, he thinks very little about Spaniards and becomes wholly absorbed in his determination to live and fight his country's battles despite the evident purpose of the commissary and subsistence departments to starve him to death. His imagination grows more vivid just in proportion as his perceptions are dulled. He talks about eating canned peaches in his sleep, and swoops down like a brigand upon a mule

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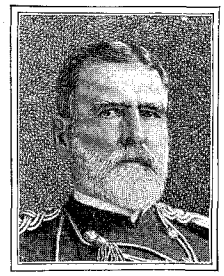
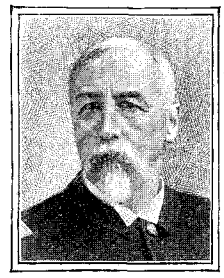
train, hungry for grub, when, if only he had listened to the evidence of his own ears, he would have understood from the metallic rattle of the boxes and packs that these particular mules are carrying ball cartridges up to the firing line, where men are expected to fight and not to eat.

I had ridden out the Santiago road, late on the afternoon of June 30th, to where our picket line was drawn. Here, on a hill to the left of the road, near where the Eighth Infantry camped, we enjoyed a splendid view of Santiago. As I looked at the red-tiled roofs and the yellow walls of the old city, I thought I heard the crashing sound of artillery moving along the road. But for a moment I could not believe it. We had fallen into such a stupor that this sudden awakening was too rude. I galloped down the hill, tearing through the bushes and the briars, following through the dusk of the evening the glint of the dying sunlight upon the bright steel jackets of the guns.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. KENT,
commanding First Division.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. BATES,
who commanded Independent Brigade, First Division.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS,
who commanded First Brigade, First Division.

COLONEL CHARLES A. WIKOFF,
commanding Third Brigade, First Division.

"Cannoneers forward!" I heard the familiar command, and the great crashing noise with which the iron-bound wheels jolted over the rough roads and through the granite bed of the stream. There was no mistake now. Behind the artillery as far back as the eye could see the road was thronged with soldiers in heavy marching order. The army was moving at last, and before night fell Grimes's Battery was in position on the hill above the El Pozo sugar-house, only about four thousand yards from the enemy's works. Our advance was undertaken, had been in fact precipitated, because of the news that a column of 5,000 Spaniards was pushing across the country from Manzanillo to relieve the beleaguered city. The northern side of Santiago was not invested, either by our troops or by the Cubans, and unless some change was made in our position, the entrance of the reinforcements to the city would have to go uncontested. So the demands of the commissary, subsistence, and medical departments had to be, or at least were, sacrificed to the military exigencies of the situation, and the army was moved fully a week before it could hope to have been prepared for an advance. Doubtless in the next generation the cadets at West Point will spend much time studying the campaign of Santiago, and they will be instructed to believe that the strategy exhibited was Napoleonic and that our tactics would have given pleasure and gratification to Jomini, had he been there to see. But to-day, with nothing but the bald facts to guide and with no other purpose than that of making a simple statement of facts, the following is a description of the movement as it was planned and as it was carried out:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. M. DUFFIELD,
commanding the volunteer brigade which operated at Aguadores, on the left.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

By noon on the 30th, General Shafter had decided to swing the army around by our right flank and invest the city on the north side. The ground there was higher and healthier, and, once occupied, the entrance of reinforcements into the city would be impossible. Also the retreat of the garrison itself to the only places to which retreat was possible, San Luis and Holguin, would be cut off. The only obstacle to this flank movement on our right was the village of

NOTE.—The portraits of General Lawton, Colonel Wikoff, Colonel Worth, and Colonel Liscum are from photographs kindly loaned by the New York "Herald;" the portrait of General Sumner is reproduced by the permission of "Collier's Weekly;" and the portrait of General Hawkins is from a photograph by Pach Brothers.

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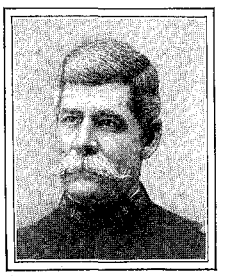
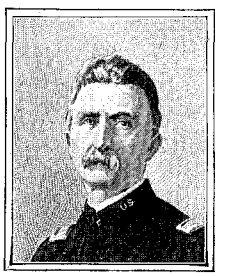
El Caney, held as an advanced post by a strong force. On the 30th, reconnoissances were made in force by Batson in the direction of El Caney, and some attempt made to develop the Spanish position. The Second Infantry advanced along the railway from Siboney in the direction of Aguadores, upon our extreme left, with the same object in view; and when the information they obtained was received at headquarters, the final details of the movement for the next day were decided upon and the necessary orders were given, principally by means of verbal conversations with the division commanders, who were summoned to headquarters. A rough map of the country, reproduced on page 500, was also given to the brigade adjutants, so that they might fully understand and intelligently follow the movement towards El Caney and the fight it was contemplated to open in the morning.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON,
commanding Second Division.

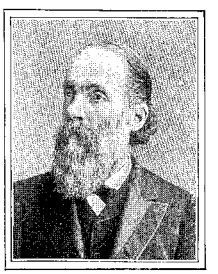
MAJOR-GENERAL A. R. CHAFFEE,
who commanded the First Brigade, Second Division.

GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW,
commanding Second Brigade, Second Division.



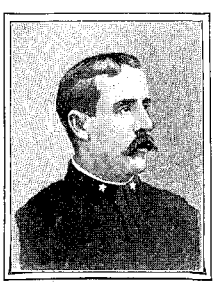
COLONEL EVAN MILES,
commanding Third Brigade, Second Division.

It was decided that at daybreak General Lawton, with the Second Division, having gotten into position under cover of darkness, should attack El Caney. At the same time, upon our extreme left, General Duffield, in command of a brigade of volunteers, consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and Ninth Massachusetts, and supported by several vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet, was to make an attack upon the little port of Aguadores. It was hoped that the fire of our vessels would of itself silence the Spanish batteries and render Aguadores untenable. Should our naval fire not be as successful as expected, General Duffield was ordered to take Aguadores; but only if he was satisfied it could be done with little or no loss. In case the Spaniards made a stout resistance, he was to retire. Of course the principal object of this demonstration was to confuse the enemy as to which was our real advance, that upon the extreme left or that upon the extreme right; to leave him in doubt as to whether we proposed, by taking Aguadores, to invest the Morro and the eastern batteries, or whether, after capturing El Caney, we proposed to invest the city from the north. I have mentioned the efforts which were made to explore the country on our right and upon our left. The center, the Spanish front, where the heavy fighting subsequently occurred, remained unexplored, and was completely unknown to us until after the battle of San Juan.

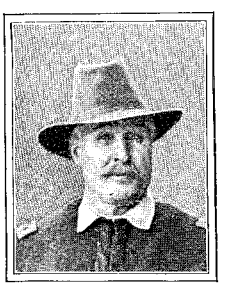


BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER,
commanding Cavalry Division.

Lawton's three brigades, including the Eighth and Twenty-second United States Infantry and the Second Massachusetts, under General Ludlow; the Fourth and Twenty-fifth United States In-



GENERAL S. S. SUMNER,
commanding First Brigade, Cavalry Division, and during General Wheeler's illness, the whole Division.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG,
commanding Second Brigade, Cavalry Division.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD,
of the "Rough Riders," commanding Second Brigade, Cavalry Division, during General Young's illness.

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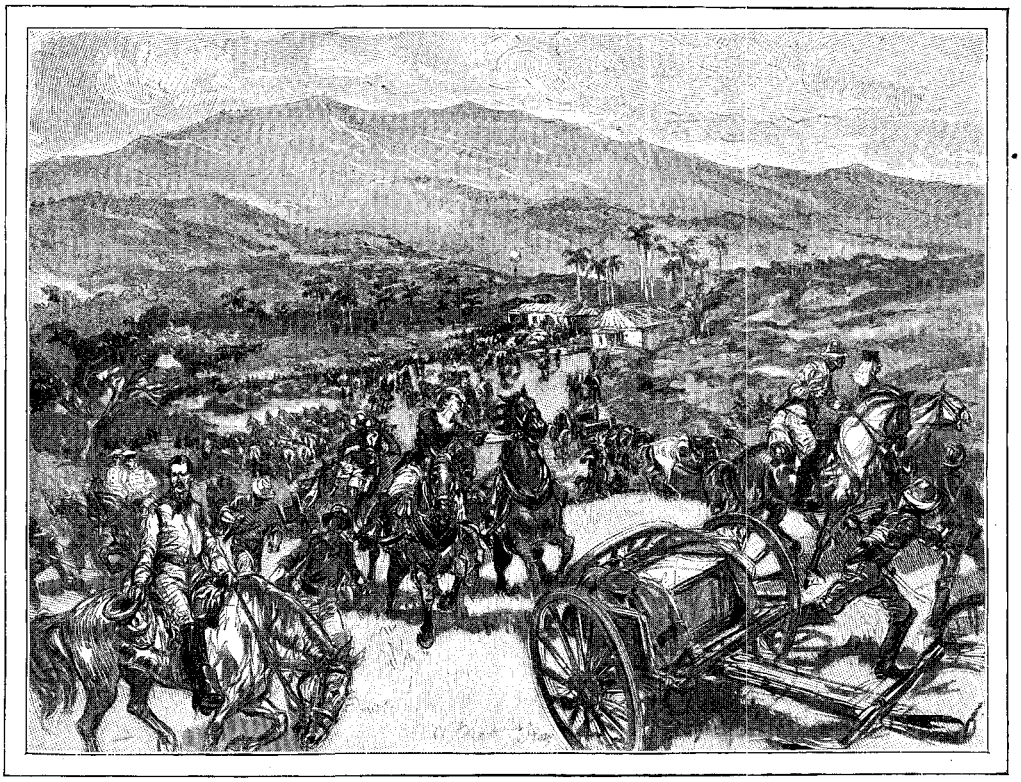

From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT, JUST BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF JULY 1ST.

The caissons are hurrying up the hill near El Pozo, on the top of which was Grimes's battery.

fantry, under Colonel Miles; and the Twelfth, Seventh, and Seventeenth United States Infantry, under General Chaffee, spent the night of the 30th upon the El Caney road under arms or lying in the mud by the roadside. They had left their camp without provisions and without an adequate supply of ammunition, and both were hurried up to them by mule trains during the night. The moment the tired soldiers fell asleep upon their arms, they were awakened with orders to get their cartridges or their rations. When daylight came the division was tired, but otherwise ready for the work that lay before it. Lawton, using the Ducrot house as a pivot, was to swing around to the right, drive the Spaniards from their outposts and blockhouses into El Caney, then surround and capture that place, and move out toward San Miguel, and so cut off and keep in our possession the Cobre, Bayamo, and the other roads, including the San Luis Railroad, running out of the city on the north, which were the only means the Spaniards then had of communicating with the outside world. When this movement had been completed—and so little thought was given to the possibility of a stout resistance on the part of the Spaniards that it was confidently expected to receive from Lawton by noon the next day the information that it was completed—he was to notify the corps commander and await orders.

At about the same time that Lawton's division was despatched toward El Caney, on the evening of June 30th, the dismounted cavalry division, composed of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth United States, under General Sumner; and the First and Tenth United States and Roosevelt's Rough Riders, under General Wood, broke camp and marched along the Santiago road to the sugar-house where Grimes's battery had taken up its position. Here they bivouacked for the night. The infantry division under General Kent, including the Tenth, Twenty-first, and Second United States, under Colonel Pearson; and the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth, under Colonel Wikoff, with the exception of the First Brigade, was also moved up the Santiago road, and camped on either side of it, behind the cavalry division. These two divisions were expected to keep in touch with Lawton, and, when he had taken El Caney and San Miguel, they were

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to swing in behind him and complete the investment of the city from the north. It was not contemplated that they should attack the Spanish position upon San Juan Heights, the strength and character of which had not been ascertained, and it was not believed that in carrying out these orders either of the divisions would necessarily become engaged.

Capron's battery—Light Battery "E," First Artillery—of light field guns opened the fight at El Caney a little before seven in the morning, and the three brigades of Lawton's division—Chaffee's, Miles's, and Ludlow's—began to close in upon the town. El Caney is situated upon a little plateau rising abruptly out of the valley into which the trails and depressions followed by our advancing troops all converged. Very soon it became apparent that at twenty-three hundred yards our artillery, so light in metal, so few in guns, could do very little damage to the great stone fort and earthworks just to the north of the village, which had been immediately recognized as the key to its possession. So for the first three hours of the morning the advance of our men was slow, and we paid dearly for every step forward. Every line of our approach was commanded by Spanish earthworks, and the damage we were able to inflict upon them was very small and insignificant indeed in comparison with the losses we had to deplore.

Then, about noon, and just as Lawton had decided to send the artillery in closer and push the fighting, a succession of aids and staff officers came galloping from headquarters with messages which plainly showed that confusion, if not disaster, had befallen

From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE FORD OF THE SAN JUAN—"THE BLOODY BEND."

At this point, not a mile from San Juan, the creek turns to the right. A great many men were hit here during the first advance, on July 1st; and even after the Spanish had been driven over the San Juan hill, the spent balls from their volleys continued dropping in while the place was being used as a dressing-hospital, killing and wounding a great many.

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the two divisions which, by the heavy firing, we had learned, to our great surprise, had become warmly engaged in the center. The orders to General Lawton from headquarters were peremptory in character—he was to pull out of his fight and move his whole division to the support of the center. Not only was General Lawton disinclined to execute this movement, but he doubted the expediency and even the feasibility of it; and after he had ridden over the line with Major Noble of General Shafter's staff, and had shown the danger of withdrawal at this critical moment, his orders were modified considerably. The situation of our men in the center was explained by a memorandum from headquarters, and the way and means by which his division could most quickly and effectually relieve their position of extreme danger was left to General Lawton's good judgment and discretion.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. S. WORTH,

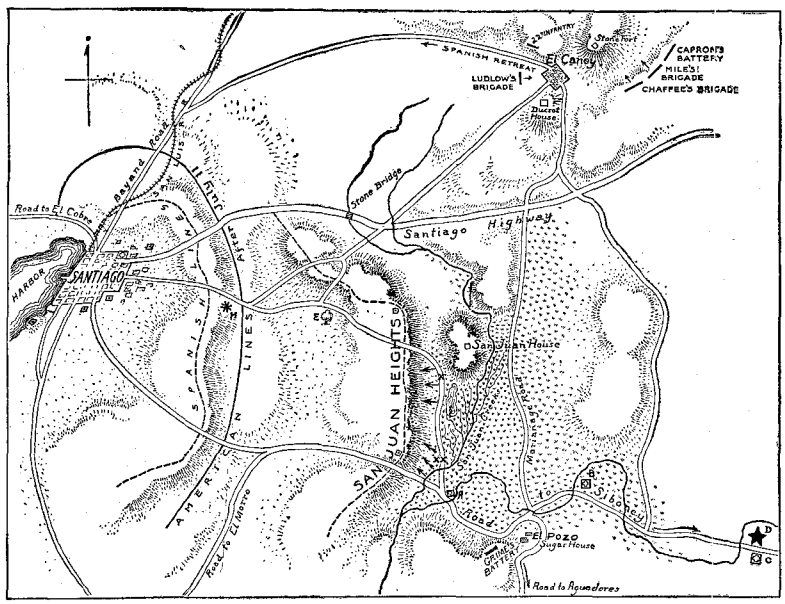
who commanded the Third Brigade, First Division, after Colonel Wikoff's death.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. H. LISCUM,

who commanded the Third Brigade, First Division, after Lieutenant-Colonel Worth was wounded.

A CRITICAL SITUATION AT THE CENTER.

We will now return to the center, where the firing about midday had become general all along the line. The orders under which the battle of San Juan was fought were given by Adjutant-General McClernand to General Kent, commanding the infantry division—consisting, in addition to the force with which he first moved to assist General Lawton, of the First Brigade, including the Sixth and Sixteenth United States and Seventy-first New York, under General Hawkins—and General Sumner, commanding the First Brigade, cavalry division—consisting of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth United States—at about nine o'clock in the morning. There is no question, fortunately, as to the exact wording of the orders. A little green knoll to the left of the Santiago road and half a mile short of the San Juan Heights was pointed out as the spot which was to be the extreme limit of the forward movement of the two divisions. Once there, further orders would be given. Had it been proposed to carry out the plan, as discussed and agreed upon at General Shafter's headquarters the night before, to advance along the right flank of the Spanish position, keeping in touch with Lawton, obviously these two divisions should have been directed to take the direct road which ran north from El Pozo to Marianaje and thence to El Caney. But the di-



MAP SHOWING THE FIELD OF ACTION FROM THE 1ST OF JULY TO THE SURRENDER.

A. *Field Hospital at Bloody Creek.* B. *Dressing-Hospital of the Seventy-first New York.* C. *Division Hospital.* D. *General Shafter's headquarters during the San Juan engagement.* E. *Tree under which negotiations for surrender took place.* H. *Where surrender took place.* ARROWS *indicate the advance of Kent and Wheeler's division on San Juan Heights, July 1st.* X. *The First and Tenth Cavalry, and to the extreme right the First Volunteer Cavalry ("Rough Riders").* XX. *The Seventy-first Volunteers, New York, and the Sixteenth, Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth Infantry. The American line in front of Santiago before the surrender was made up as follows: on going from left to right—General Bates's brigade, and General Kent's, General Wheeler's, and General Lawton's divisions.*

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From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE "ROUGH RIDERS" CHARGING UP THE SAN JUAN HILL, JULY 1ST, AND DRIVING THE SPANISH FROM THEIR INTRENCHMENTS.

visions were ordered to proceed along the Santiago road, and in a very few minutes came under fire. The original plans may have been changed at the last moment, of course; but as every movement that was subsequently made was in the line of carrying this plan out, until finally, on the 11th, General Lawton succeeded in completely investing the town on the north and west, this does not seem likely. The more probable explanation of the movement and of what followed, and the one accepted by general officers, is as follows: That it was still intended to follow Lawton's advance on the right, but that owing to our failure to develop the Spanish position in our front, and owing to our complete ignorance of the lay of the land, the flank movement was not begun until too late—when the troops had been led into a position from which they could be extricated only by wresting from the Spaniards the blockhouses and the trenches from which, unexposed and unseen, they were delivering such a galling fire upon our men, engaged in wandering aimlessly about in an almost trackless tropical jungle.

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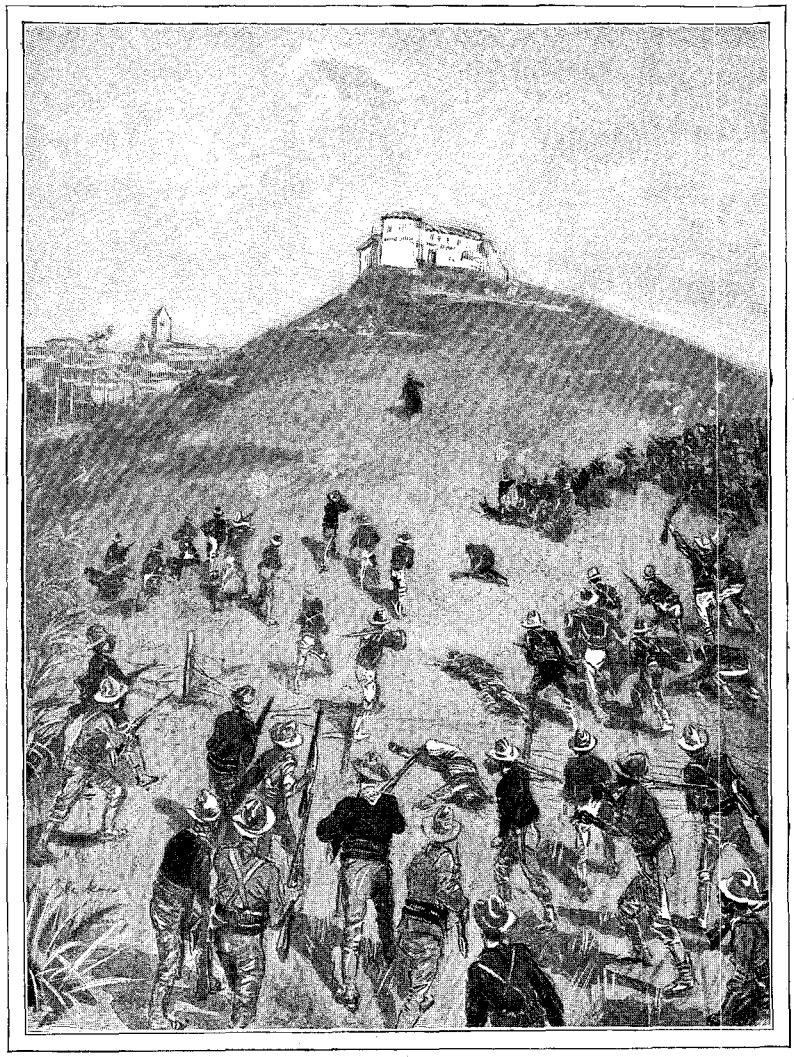
At this moment of great confusion and uncertainty, when the road was choked with the regiments of both the cavalry and infantry divisions, mutually hindering one another in their struggles to advance, and having to sustain a heavy and destructive fire which could not be answered, an ordeal even for the veteran soldier; at this moment, when something might still have been done to mislead the enemy and cover our advance, the war balloon was sent up directly behind our columns. This mistake gave away the exact location of our advance, and the Spanish fire became heavier and better directed, and our losses more severe. The six regiments of the cavalry division—consisting of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth Cavalry, under General Sumner, and the First and Tenth United States Cavalry and the Rough Riders, under General Wood—now moved out of the Santiago road, and extended in skirmish order through the country to the right, where they found partial shelter from the galling fire of the enemy behind the low foot-hills and in a sunken road. From out of this leafy labyrinth some of the more energetic climbed the slippery trees, to try to get a glimpse of the Spanish position and learn in a general way from what direction the fire came that could not be answered, for the land in their front was as little known to them as the land of Canaan. It was impossible to withdraw under such a fire from the front of the enemy. The actual losses of such a retrograde movement would have been as great as those which the subsequent advance entailed, and the moral effect upon the troops had to be taken into consideration. After a short delay, during which Colonel Hamilton of the Ninth and many other gallant officers were killed, General Sumner was seen to point toward the San Juan house hill, the most advanced position of the Spaniards we could discover. And well before the order came down the line, the cavalry were advancing swiftly through the chaparral and the jungle, like the old Indian fighters most of them were.



From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE TWELFTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY
taking the blockhouse of El Caney, July 1st.

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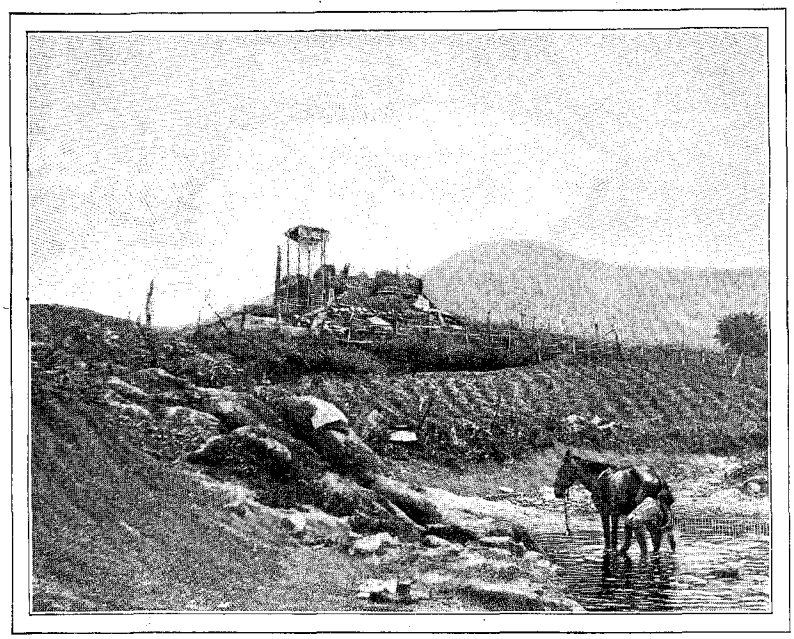

The "fortine" where the Spanish made their last stand at El Caney, July 1st. From a photograph by the author.

The infantry division continued its march up the main road and by the trail running parallel to it on the left. At certain points the firing was terrific, and in the more open spaces, of which, in anticipation of an advance, the Spaniards had taken the exact range, our losses were heavy. When the last creek had been crossed, the advancing columns seemed to fall into some confusion, but it was apparent and not real disorder, and was due probably to the efforts of the regimental officers to shield their men and keep them under cover as much as possible. Still the situation here, as indeed all along the line of the center, was most critical, and you can well understand the anxiety of Lieutenant Miley of the headquarters staff, a shining mark indeed as he galloped along the column, talking with the brigade commanders, giving orders, and receiving their impressions of the situation. It was about this time that information came to the effect that General Duffield had withdrawn from before Aguadores and was retiring upon Siboney. It was then apparent that this advance had utterly failed either to take the port, which was such a thorn in our side and such an obstacle to the perfect coöperation of the navy, or to throw confusion and an element of uncertainty into the defensive preparations of the Spaniards. General Duffield reported that the navy had dismounted all the guns of the Aguadores battery, with the exception of one gun commanding the railway track along which his

The church at El Caney where the Spanish wounded were kept, showing the guard at the door. From a photograph by the author.

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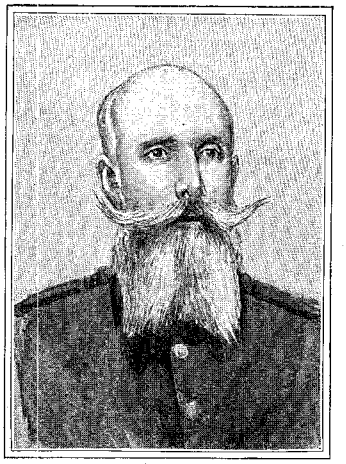
GENERAL LINARES,
commanding the Spanish forces at Santiago.

GENERAL JOSÉ TORAL,
who commanded at Santiago after General Linares' retirement, due to his wound.

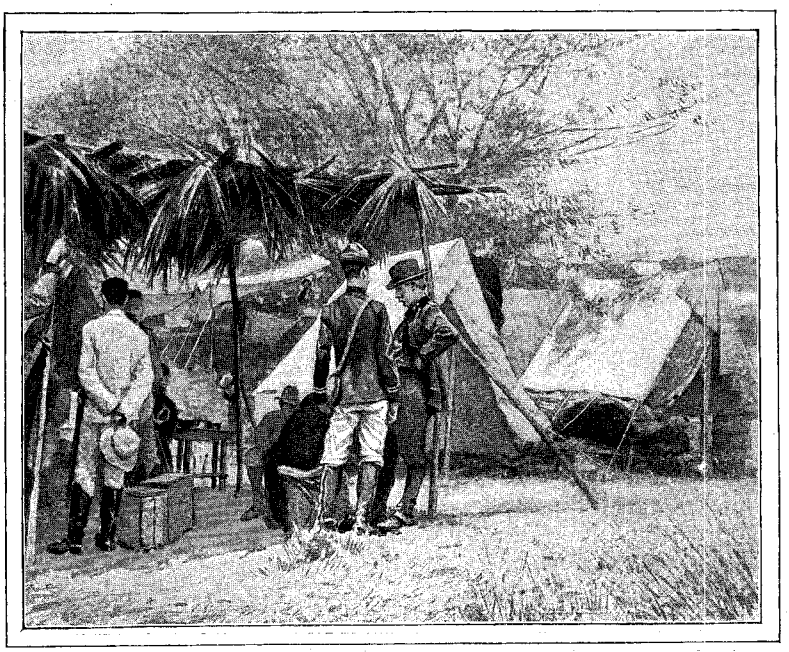


GENERAL VARA DEL REY,
commanding the Spanish forces at El Caney, where he was killed.

brigade had to advance. An attempt to find the ford by means of which the Spanish position could have been flanked proved unsuccessful; so the brigade retired, leaving the Spaniards on the left entirely free to act. Had the Spanish troops been as spirited in attack as they were stubborn on the defensive, had they been as numerous as at this time we believed them to be, it is not difficult to perceive how advantageously they might have availed themselves of the opportunity that was thus presented or how disastrously to our arms a flank movement upon our center from their right might have resulted.

THE CHARGE UP THE SAN JUAN HEIGHTS.

Then, as if by magic, as you rubbed your eyes and wondered, order came out of chaos, discipline sprang from confusion, and the incredible and never-to-be-forgotten charge occurred, the charge of the two brigades up the steep slopes of San Juan Heights. Hawkins's brigade came first out of the jungle into the open savannah. For a moment they crouched behind the scattered saplings and burrowed in the tall grass, but only long enough to straighten out and take a long breath before they were called upon for the supreme effort. It was long enough, however, for General Kent to see the hopelessness of such a charge, and before General Hawkins led his men out, another, the Third Brigade, un-



General Miles talking with Lieutenant Hobson at General Wheeler's headquarters. From a photograph by the author.

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der Colonel Wikoff,* was sent in to support him on the right.

The Spanish blockhouses rose straight before them, wreathed in the gorgeous red clusters of the flamboyant-tree. Now and again a gleam of the sunlight upon a rifle and the high-crowned guano hat of a Spanish soldier fascinate your gaze. You listen as in a dream to the quick, insistent tone of the orders, for the Spaniards are firing in volleys and not at will, and again you rub your eyes and smile incredulously, for the sun is shining peacefully on the heights, and there is not a speck of smoke anywhere to be seen to tell you from whence the firing comes. And yet, as the little clumps of blue coats that dot the fields and the roadside reveal to you only too truly, this is the stern reality of war. From every trench and blockhouse—you can only guess where they all are in a general way—the volleys are delivered as though by some quick-firing automaton. You hear the mechanical click of the rifle and often the very words of command. As the First Brigade starts up the hill to the left of the fort, you see that the Spaniards, who have been holding San Juan house on the advanced hill to the right with such stubborn resistance, are wavering. Then they hurry out of the trenches and run swiftly away down the hill to the right of the little lagoon, and the yellow flag of the cavalry division rises over the hill and bursts upon your gaze like a harvest moon, and then appear, like satellites in its wake, the innumerable troop guidons of red and white and yellow. The Spaniards have lost their advanced position, and we have gained one. The cavalry

* Colonel Wikoff was killed at the head of his command. Lieutenant-Colonels Worth and Liscum, who in turn succeeded him in command, were both desperately wounded within the space of five minutes, and upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers devolved the duty of leading the brigade to victory.

GENERAL SHAFTER AND STAFF.

At the time of the taking of the photograph (which is by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst) General Shafter was riding from headquarters—between Siboney and San Juan—to the front.

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do not rest long, and some forward spirits rush down the hill and are pretty well mixed up with the infantry brigade before that final charge is delivered which leaves the bullet-swept heights in our possession. Far from relaxing, the fire from the Spanish trenches, which our artillery has utterly failed to keep down, redoubles in vigor. The Spaniards fully recognize that the critical moment is come, and from their vantage they pour a leaden stream down into the valley where our columns are crouching preparatory to the spring. Perhaps, over and above the rattle of the musketry, they too hear and understand the bugle call of the white-haired brigadier, as he passes with the bugler along the line, feeling the heart-beat of his men, as it were, and collecting them for the charge he is soon to lead. It is certainly magnificent, it is certainly not war, and had it failed, it would have been called Quixotic. These two thin, depleted brigades, the First and Third, are absolutely unsupported by artillery, save two Gatling guns, while from the Spanish right they are swept by the schrapnel fire of the heavy batteries. This fire in itself is destructive, and upon men of less sturdy fiber could not have failed to exert a depressing effect.

And now, right in front, as if the small-arms fire, with all its automatic regularity, were not enough, you see the bushes shattered and whole lines of the guinea-grass lose their tassels as though falling under the mighty sweep of a scythe in the grasp of some strong, invisible hand. You do not need to hear the turning of the cog-wheel crank faster and ever faster to recognize that the Spaniards are pouring upon our men a steady stream of missiles from their machine-guns. Then, over the roar of musketry and the booming of the great guns and the quick, sharp moans of those who fall, you hear a sharp note of the bugle, and every man steps out, putting into word and into action the trumpet note, which means "Charge by rushes."

Each company falls into two platoons, and then the rush begins. From right to left, one little band rushes fifty yards, crouches, and fires; the platoon on the left passes them, crouches, and fires. And so they go, platoon after platoon. You have no eyes for the writhing masses of blue which mark their progress, particularly by the wire fences where the advance is slow; you only follow that line which rises and falls with the mechanical regularity of a piston-rod. In a moment they are under the hill, and, with a short, breathless cheer, commence to swarm up the slope. The fire of the Spaniards almost ceases, and then begins again, wild, irregular, and dies away in a desultory pitter-patter. The red and yellow flag disappears, and soon the blue flag of the infantrymen and the stars and stripes of us all float over the blockhouse. On the right, the six regiments of the cavalry division sweep around the right of the line, all except some of the Third Cavalry, who come around the left, and have fought shoulder to shoulder with the "dough-boys." They climb the heights before them in open skirmish order, the Spaniards give way, and we hold the heights of San Juan. But you cannot please everybody; the fire-eating major of the Second, Major Rafferty, the first regiment of the reserve brigade, crouching behind a little foot-hill five hundred yards away, heaves a mighty sigh as he swings his men out into the open and around to the left. "We were to go in, boys, the moment they wavered; but they didn't waver worth a cent. And so you've all missed being in the greatest charge that our army has ever made."

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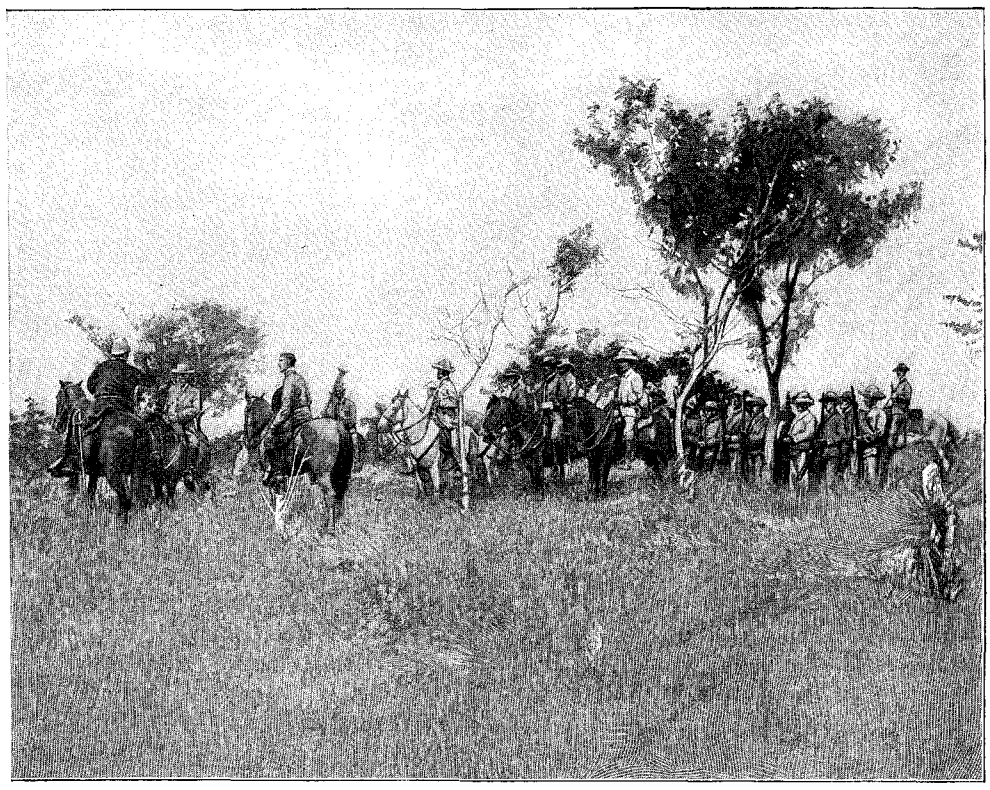

GENERAL TORAL SURRENDERING TO GENERAL SHAFTER.

From a photograph taken by a correspondent of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. *At the left of the picture on this page, with his back turned, is General Shafter; and next to him, bare-headed, is the interpreter, Señor Mendoza. Fronting them is General Toral. On the right are the Spanish general's staff and guard. The picture on the opposite page represents General Shafter's escort.*

THE FIGHTING BEFORE EL CANEY.

We will now return to the fighting before El Caney, where Lawton had concluded, with his quick, soldierly grasp of the situation, that the best way to relieve the strain on the center was by a complete victory on the right, and acted accordingly. Ludlow's brigade, on the left of the division, was thrust in between El Caney and Santiago, and a battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry crossed the Santiago road and took a hill which commanded, at point blank range, the only two possible avenues of retreat from El Caney to the city. Spurred on to redouble his efforts by the news of how the battle was going in the center, news which fortunately was never confirmed in all its alarming details, Chaffee took blockhouse after blockhouse, but not a one did he take until each and every one of its defenders was dead or disabled. And it was nearly five o'clock when his most advanced regiment, the gallant Twelfth Infantry, deployed into the valley and charged up the steep hillside, which was lined with Spanish trenches rising in irregular tiers and crowned with a great stone fort. The fort, however, under the concentrated fire of his four guns, at a point blank range of a thousand yards, Captain Capron had now converted into a shapeless ruin. Almost at the same moment the Twenty-fifth Colored Infantry, the leading regiment of Miles's brigade, which had been advancing in the center, started up the hill also.

The Spaniards resisted stoutly for a moment, and many of our men fell before they reached the military crest. Then the Spaniards fled precipitately down the ravine and up the other side, and into the town, where barricades had been erected and the church and the municipal building loopholed. Our men followed quickly upon their retreating footsteps, and, though they fought with dogged resistance, dislodged them one after another from every position they took in their stubborn, stern retreat. At last the Spaniards are driven out of the town, and into a line of trenches and blockhouses lying

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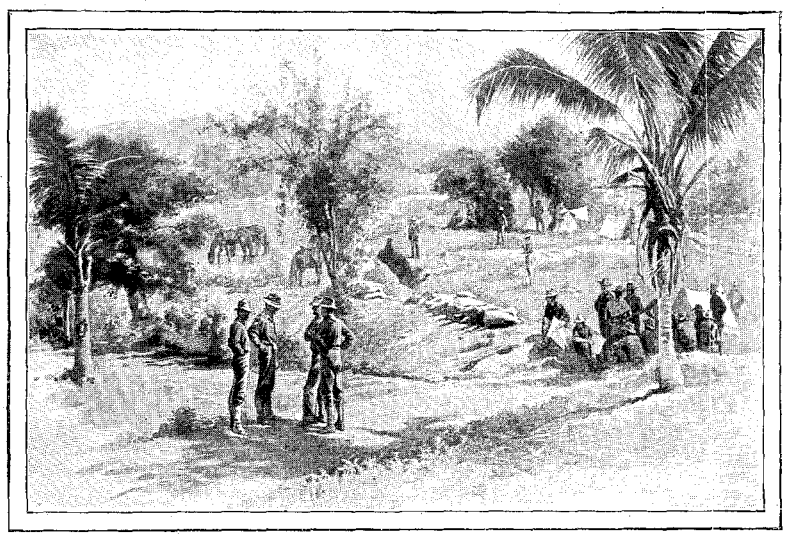

In the trenches during a truce, July 11th. The group of soldiers on the left are reading aloud the news from home out of a paper one month old. From a photograph taken by the author.

between the two roads to Santiago and extending to a point about a quarter of a mile from El Caney. One by one these little *fortines* are made untenable by our fire.

Then the last little fort, where the last stand has been made, catches fire, and the only alternative presented to the Spaniards is to make a run for it or surrender. Men who have fought as they have fought are not the men to surrender while there is still a loophole of escape, and they dash out, about two hundred strong, all that survived of fifteen hundred, from their last position, surrounding their general, Vara del Rey, in hope to fight their way through. They take the little road to the north, which brings them under the guns of the battalion of the Twenty-second, which has awaited this moment under a galling fire all day. Lockwood's men were sharpshooters; the execution they did was something terrific. In a moment, and within a distance of fifty yards, one hundred and sixty Spaniards lay on the ground, killed or with disabling wounds. An officer hoisted his handkerchief upon his sword, and the firing ceased. When our men went down into the road to take away the arms of their prisoners, they found the Spaniards wiping the dust and the blood from the face of the brave general who had inspired and directed the stubborn defense of the El Caney position. He lay there dead where they had carried him apart from the heaps of the slain and the wounded.

When the night closed in, nearly 2,000 American soldiers, doing our bidding in a humane cause, lay dead or wounded upon the firing line. The richest government in the world had only three ambulances there to carry her wounded sons to the dressing-stations. Had it been a rabble, and not an army subjected to an iron discipline, that saw this thing, some one would have been hung to the nearest guasima tree after the somewhat summary method of Cuban military procedure. But as the chief offenders were probably not within reach, it was well that our men suffered in silence, giving such little aid and comfort to those who had been stricken in the cause of suffering humanity as was within the very narrow limits of their power. But those who saw those scenes of suffering which might have been obviated—the heaps of wounded men huddled together in the army wagons, moaning with every step and every jolt of the interminable journey down to the hospital, and wounded men creeping about in the jungle for days with their wounds undressed—will never forget the sight, nor ever cease to hope that the fullest investigation may yet be made and that, when the responsibility for these barbarous scenes is placed beyond the peradventure of a doubt, the punishment will be meted out with an unsparing hand.*

A PROPOSAL TO WITHDRAW FROM SAN JUAN HEIGHTS.

The army was now confronted with a proposition to withdraw from the position which had been obtained at the sacrifice of so many lives. How the feeling—for it was a feeling rather than a conviction—arose in the minds of so many of our general officers that a withdrawal would be both expedient and wise, it is not difficult to determine. Doubtless the confusion that followed the

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—According to the report sent by General Shafter to Adjutant-General Corbin, the casualties in the fighting before Santiago during the days of June 30th and July 1st, 2d, and 3d, were as follows:—Officers killed, 23; men killed, 208; officers wounded, 80; men wounded, 1,203; missing, 81—total, 1,595.

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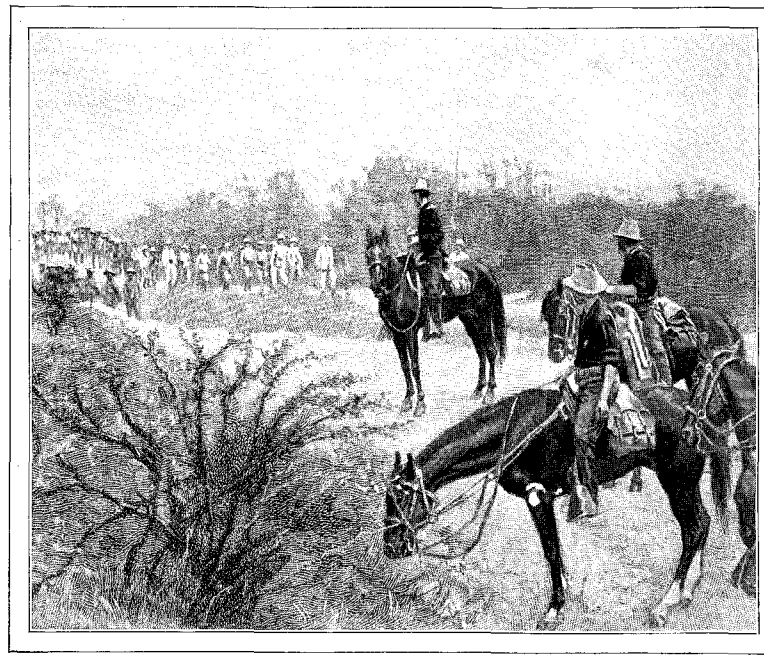

The first disarmed Spanish troops coming into the American lines after the surrender. From a photograph taken by a correspondent of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

fight for the possession of San Juan Heights, from which we did not immediately recover after the Spanish retreat, had much to do with it. The natural depression following upon such heavy and unexpected losses was another factor; and probably the fact that the position, which had been captured by our men at such heavy cost, was one that it had never been proposed to capture predisposed many to underestimate the advantages of the position and the uses that could be made of it. Again, the steadiness with which the Spaniards contested every inch of ground, the knowledge that 5,000 troops to reinforce them were not thirty miles away, the lack of suitable artillery, and the failure of the pop-gun artillery we had with us either to keep down the Spanish fire materially or to destroy their works, the distance we were from our base, and the great difficulty experienced in bringing up ammunition and supplies, all contributed to a frame of mind in which the proposed plan of retreat presented itself favorably to many as the only way to extricate the army from an unfortunate position. These misgivings as to our ability to hold our position began to reach corps headquarters in various forms early upon the evening of the 1st. A still more gloomy view of the situation was taken when the news was received that General Duffield's demonstration upon Aguadores had been unsuccessful and that the town remained in the possession of the Spanish. Our left flank was greatly exposed to an attack, and upon the center our men were lying on the ground upon the crest of San Juan Hill in some places not more than three hundred yards from the Spanish outposts and blockhouses. The ground was stony and most difficult to dig intrenchments in, even if the proper tools had been forthcoming. But there were not twenty picks and shovels with the two divisions, and the intrenching had to be done with the bayonet as a pick and the meat cans used as shovels.

It was indeed a critical moment in the fortunes of the Fifth Army Corps. Men who possessed the confidence and the admiration of the troops, who had gained new laurels upon this very day, strongly advised a withdrawal back to the Sevilla line. No one thought that our men could be dislodged from the position they had won for themselves by their gallantry, but it was believed that the losses and the fire to which we should be exposed on the following day would prove terrific, and that the advantages accruing from holding the position would be as nothing in comparison with the dangers and the disadvantages of such a course. It was also noted that the Spanish right, the strong position in which they could flank our left, was unknown and almost entirely undeveloped. It was thought that an attack from this quarter would throw our men into confusion. Those in favor of a withdrawal were strengthened, I believe, by the opinions which engineer officers expressed, some to the effect that our advanced position was not strong, others indeed going so far as to say that it was untenable.

With these gloomy thoughts and far from rosy prospects the men spent the night in digging trenches. The moon was at its full,

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and you could see quite as plainly, and perhaps more distinctly, than by sunlight. But the Spaniards rarely molested us, only now and again a few desultory shots, and so the trenches were dug. About midnight General Bates strengthened with his command our exposed position on the left, and General Lawton, coming from El Caney, was in position on the right at an early hour the next day. Before dawn the Spaniards began a heavy fire upon our position, which lasted for fourteen hours without ceasing or even relaxing in its fury. There had been no time during this hot day to discuss the proposition to retreat. In the face of such a fire as this such a movement would have meant general demoralization, if not the complete annihilation of our army. Throughout these interminable hours, a day when the sun seemed to stand still in its zenith, our men simply clung upon the crest of that hill by sheer force of grit. Toward six o'clock in the evening the Spanish fire relaxed, and the general officers were seen to turn over their commands, and, in obedience to summons received through staff officers, proceed toward the rear.

Strange and wonderful indeed are the ways which the soldier has of finding out what is going on around him. At this hour in the day there were few men in the trenches who did not know that a conference was in progress upon which depended the fate of the army. The excitement and anxiety, though kept well in hand by the mask of discipline, were intense. Every eye followed the generals as they rode down the valley to El Pozo house, which had been selected by General Shafter as the place of meeting. And there was not a single soldier of those who stood out in those shallow trenches exposed to the never-ceasing fire, there was not a single man in the crooked blue line zig-zagging around the crest of the hill, who was not unalterably opposed to the withdrawal, or, as the soldiers called it, to the retreat.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

It is not my purpose to go at any length into the details of what took place at this important meeting. Fortunately, what occurred here has been set down in black and white and forms a part of the military history of our country. Fortunately, I say and repeat, because nothing was said at this conference which does not reflect the highest honor upon those who spoke. The general officers when summoned were informed that each, commencing with the junior officer, would be given full opportunity to express his views upon the question of the advisability of retaining or withdrawing from the advanced position held by our troops. As all the world knows, it was decided to hold the heights we had gained with so much bloodshed; it would seem of little importance to set forth the particular views of particular general officers. It would also be unfair and unwise to point out to our blind hero-worshipers those who spoke for retreat and those who were for holding the position, because both were inspired by the same conscientious sense of duty, and the man who was strongest in favor of withdrawing was the man who, without wishing to make invidious comparisons, had perhaps been most instrumental in capturing the position.

It is only fair to General Shafter, however, to state exactly what his attitude at this critical moment was. The news that our men had captured the San Juan Heights on the afternoon of the 1st filled him with anything but unalloyed satisfaction: first, because of the heavy loss incurred, and, secondly, because it did not appear that we were now one step nearer completing the investment of the town and cutting off the garrison from reinforcements. But upon the morning of the 2d and later as the day wore on, whatever inclination General Shafter may have had the evening before to withdraw had vanished. And to the various statements from responsible officers that were made, setting forth and proving that our position was most uncomfortable and precarious, General Shafter answered that he did not doubt for a moment that this was true, but that he was of the opinion that the enemy's position was even more uncomfortable and unsafe, and that he believed we had better hang on. The conference came to an end by General Shafter announcing that he had decided to demand, in the morning, the surrender of the city, and his letter to this effect was then and there drafted, before the slightest intimation of the sailing of Cervera's fleet had been received.

On this evening, the night of the 2d, about half-past nine, occurred the so-called sortie or sally of the Spaniards, a much disputed question which I will not enter upon except to say that it caused another night of wakefulness and watchfulness, of picket alarm and panic volley. On the morning of the third day, a little before ten, while the men were watching eagerly for the envoy to go in who was to demand the surrender, there

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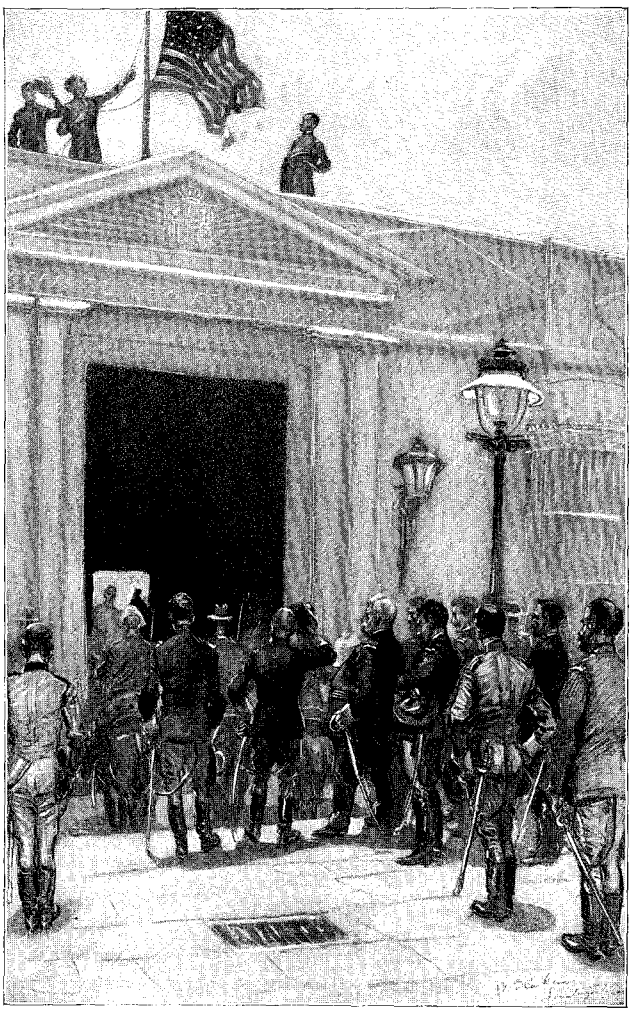
came into the trenches, how and whence no one knows, a rumor that the Spanish fleet had sailed out of Santiago and escaped. The soldiers said nothing, and it was only an hour later when the true news came which General Wheeler had sent along the trenches, that you could understand what a depressing blow the false report had been and how manfully they had stood up under it. When it became known that every vessel flying the Spanish flag had been destroyed, the men grew hysterical, and their exuberant joy could not be restrained within the confines of the trenches. Then the white flag went up over the Spanish line and the armistice began which, though greatly prolonged and once interrupted, finally terminated with the capitulation, not only of the city, but of all the troops in the military division over which the Spanish general held command, about 23,000 men, and so gloriously ended the campaign of the Fifth Army Corps.



THE RAISING OF THE FLAG OVER THE ROYAL PALACE AT SANTIAGO AT NOON, JULY 17, 1898.

Lieutenant Miley is raising the flag. General Shafter and his staff are standing uncovered in the foreground. From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE FIRST HOURS OF THE ARMISTICE.

During the first hours of the armistice our men could not wholly appreciate the changed conditions under which they lived. They found it strange not to be compelled to crawl back on all fours to the creek where the tepid water ran, not to have to crouch and hide from the sharpshooters' fire behind the graves of those who had been killed when engaged upon a water detail, perhaps with your canteen as well as those of others slung around his waist. It was strange to see them lying there under the little mounds that dotted the valley, strange to remember that for the present, be you as careless as you would, there was no chance of you, too, falling asleep there, to listen through the ages to the whisper of the warm winds through the waving grasses, to the ceaseless whir of a million creeping things, and to the mournful cadences of the song of the si-hoo bird. The men found it strange to light a fire and cook their coffee at their ease, for only an hour before a score of sharpshooters' bullets would have fallen into the thicket from whence stole up the first thin blue line of smoke. And it was only now, now that the strain was somewhat relieved, that we began to recognize that the men who had worked such heroic wonders, who had shown such whipcord endurance, were but human after all.

And it was only too true. Men were found now in advanced stages of paludic, malarial, and even yellow fever who, while the fight was on and their good rifles were so needed

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on the firing line, had not had the time or the heart to find out what ailed them. Those who were stronger wandered about the hillside easing the suffering of the sick and running little helpful errands, or gathering in mournful groups about the mounds and trenches where their fallen comrades lay, spinning yarns, or "chewing rags," as the soldiers say, about them, trying to remember just what the fallen soldier had said before his voice was hushed, what he wore when last they had seen him, and how he looked. Many a strong man wept like a child, as, wandering about the hillside, he came upon an unexpected grave and read upon the marker the name of a comrade with whom the battle was over.

I saw a lank cavalryman limping down the hillside, coming from the trenches. His face was yellow and wrinkled like a maple leaf in the chill autumn air. His clothing was caked with red clay from head to foot. He staggered along as though his legs were not under the best control, and every now and then he would sit down wearily and rest, looking about him with the slightly abashed smile of a strong man who has grown weak as a child and does not exactly understand it. Under his arm he carried a little, unvarnished shingle, upon one side of which was stenciled the inspector's stamp, "One thousand ball cartridges," and on the other side was cut by an unpracticed hand the inscription, "— — Trooper of the Sixth Cavalry, killed in action July 1, 1898."

He sat down by my fire, burning the letters deeper into the hard wood with the hot ashes, and then, pointing with a shy, awkward movement of the hand to the name upon the shingle, he said, "He was my bunkie, and he's buried a piece down the road. He joined at Tampa, coming from middle Georgia, where he had a hearthstone of his own and a six-horse farm, they say. But he never had no luck. He never even got a blue blouse to wear from the quartermaster, though no one was as crazy for Uncle Sam's coat as he was, and the brass button he polished up and sent back to his girl the night before the battle, he borrowed it from me. And in the fight he was knocked over by the first bullet before we threw off our packs and got ready for the fun. There was a little blue spot in his temple, and his face twitched for a moment, as if he was trying to smile as I gave him his canteen, patted him on the shoulder, and went on ahead with the rest of the boys. Late that night I found him again. Well, we buried him; that was all we could do for him. And now I've been whittling away at this marker to put at his head, so that if his folks send for him or if Uncle Sam takes him home, there will be no mistake in the man."

We looked around for some minutes, but could not find the grave. The cavalryman seemed puzzled, and finally admitted that the place looked changed. Then I remembered a scene that I had thought I could never forget, and yet which in a few hours had passed completely out of my mind. The grave we were looking for had stood by the roadside, and the starving refugees from Santiago, as they trudged wearily by, had covered it with delicate ferns, with great plantain leaves, and the red blossoms that grew everywhere about the place. Weak and broken with the journey as they were, it had shocked them to see the brown, ill-shapen mound under which lay a man who died to deliver them from their bondage. So they had covered it with the sweet, clean flowers of the field, before continuing their almost hopeless quest for bread. Later a more than usually heavy rain had fallen, and, as I camped near by, we were awakened in the night by a great noise and uproar in the road, where we found a mule train and a crowd of Arizona packers all mixed up in picturesque confusion. When we brought up lanterns the dead soldier was discovered, there right across the trail, where he had been washed out of his shallow grave. We buried him again, a little farther from the road, and a little deeper in the swampy soil. Then there came another rain, a perfect deluge, as though the heavens had opened. The road became a river, and the army wagons, laden with wounded coming down from the front, were mired. And when the first light of day came, I saw that the new road had passed over the soldier's grave, the little mound had been beaten down so that no one could find the exact spot where we had placed him the evening before.

Something of this I told the cavalryman as we talked there in the dusk of the evening, and the vultures passed overhead and circled about with heavy, droning flight. "I wonder whether the folks at home," he said, as we turned and walked toward the commissary tent, where, it was rumored, the lime juice that the sick were thirsting for had at last arrived, "I wonder whether they'll remember boys like him who went through this campaign just a-hitting licks and not saying nothing, and whether they'll try to put a little marker over their graves—I wonder!"

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THE ASCENT OF ACONCAGUA.

THE FIRST CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA.

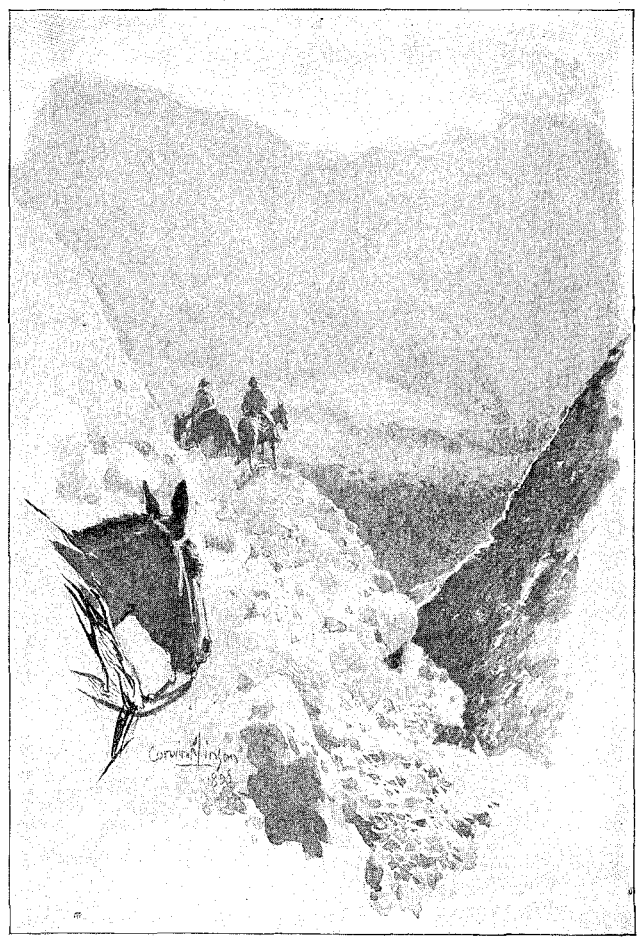
By Edward A. FitzGerald,

Author of "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps."

WHEN I was traveling through the "Alps from end to end" with Sir Martin Conway some years ago, we met an Austrian climber at a remote Alpine inn in the Tyrol. During a conversation we had with him, he told us many interesting tales about the Alps. He then went on to tell us of some adventures that had befallen him while in South America: how he had set out to climb and explore in the regions surrounding Aconcagua, America's highest mountain; how he had been stopped by the Chilian insurgents, and had been compelled by them to join their ranks and fight against Balmaceda.

These tales made a vivid impression upon my mind, so much so that I made a resolution to try my luck on Aconcagua upon the next favorable opportunity that should present itself. To climb this giant of the Andes, that had so long defied the attempts of those who had tried to conquer its virgin snows, was henceforth the ambition of my life. I was, however, planning an expedition to New Zealand, and as I started for that country a few months later, my thoughts were fully occupied by my explorations there. On my return to England, a year later, I found myself in the midst of the work of publishing my book on the New Zealand Alps, so that it was not until the spring of 1896 that I found time to turn my thoughts towards the high Andes of Argentina.

The great peak of Aconcagua naturally presents a most attractive field for the climber and explorer, partly because it is the highest mountain in the world, outside of the great ranges of Asia, and partly because it is a prominent feature seen from the coast, its lofty peak being clearly visible some twenty leagues inland from the harbor



ASCENDING THE HORCONES VALLEY.

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CROSSING A SWOLLEN MOUNTAIN STREAM.

of Valparaiso. Accordingly, during the spring and summer of 1896 I spent my time organizing an expedition to these regions, and early in October sailed for Buenos Ayres, accompanied by my three colleagues —Mr. Stuart Vines, Mr. de Trafford, and Mr. Philip Gosse, the latter of whom was to act for us as naturalist. Mr. Lightbody joined us later on. We had with us Matthias Zurbriggen, my old guide, who had accompanied me in my expedition in New Zealand; and also five porters from Switzerland and Italy. We did not remain long at Buenos Ayres, but pushed on as soon as possible to Mendoza, first, however, visiting the government observatory at Cordova, to adjust and regulate our various instruments.

THE RAILWAY INTO THE ANDES—AN OUTFIT OF MULES.

Mendoza is the terminus of the Great Western Railway of Argentina, and it is here that the Transandine Railway commences. This little line, which styles itself "Il Ferro Carril Trasandino de Buenos Aires a Valparaiso," has during the last few years stopped construction, owing to the bankruptcy of Clark and Co., its contractors. It was, and is still, I believe, the intention of its promoters to run it through the Andes from Mendoza to Santa Rosa de Los Andes in Chile, where it would meet the wide-gauge government railway to Valparaiso, thus completing the first transcontinental route for South America. The line at present ends on the Argentina side, at a point called Las Vacas, seventy-five miles from Mendoza, while on the Chilian side only twenty miles have so far been constructed, and there remains a considerable link still to be built before the communication is complete, including a great tunnel that is to be pierced under the Cumbre Pass. It is a narrow-gauge line, with rack and pinion for the steep grades, similar to the railway from Visp to Zermatt in Switzerland.

We spent some days at Mendoza, in order to procure mules, and men to take charge of them, *arrieros*, as they are called in the country. The mules in the Cordilleras are small, but very strong. I have seen them carry as much as three hundredweight across the passes from Argentina to Chile. The average cost of them is from fifteen to thirty dollars. The mule drivers are extremely picturesque in their native costumes. They ride, as a rule, on a Mexican saddle, with a number of sheepskins strapped to it, their stirrups being quaintly carved out of solid blocks of wood in the form of a slipper. They are very fond of silver trappings and accoutrements. The bit they use is an extremely cruel one, but as they never use their reins much, it is more barbarous in appearance than in practice. The men themselves always wear a "poncho," as they style it, which consists of a blanket of variegated color with a hole cut through the center, through which they thrust their heads, the cloth falling in folds on all sides of them. This is generally made out of guanaco wool, while, occasionally, one sees more valuable ones made from the skin of the vicuna. These men never walk, and would, I believe, ride their horses over the edge of a sheer precipice rather than take the trouble to climb down it on foot. They wear slippers made of soft raw-hide, while their head-dress is usually a brilliant handkerchief surmounted by a broad-brimmed felt hat. We engaged two men, a father and his son, Tomas Soso by name, together with a troop of about twenty mules, making arrangements that they should meet us a few days later at Las Vacas—the last station on the Transandine line.

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PICKING OUT A WAY AND PREPARING A PLAN OF ATTACK.

We traveled up to Las Vacas in a few days, and pitched our camp near the railway station. Our first work was to make a reconnaissance of the side valleys which lead toward Aconcagua, and as information concerning it was difficult to obtain, our general impression of the country was naturally rather vague. Curiously enough, though we were not more than twenty miles from our mountain, it was some time before we were able to discover its exact whereabouts. All the natives stoutly deny that any of the peaks in the surrounding valleys is really Aconcagua. They confine themselves to stating that what one sees is probably a rib, ending perhaps in a peak, which might *possibly* be a spur of the mountain—nothing more! They also give you different names for the peak, as viewed from different sides, which is confusing. These names differ with each man, but all agree that the true summit of the mountain is not to be seen.

After a couple of weeks spent in examining the different available approaches to the mountain, I decided to make my first attack by way of the Horcones Valley. We had now formed a base camp, near Puente del Inca, about eleven miles from Las Vacas and close to the mouth of the Horcones Valley, and here we deposited all our luggage. There are some interesting warm springs by the riverside, close to a natural bridge which spans the Rio Mendoza, where the water bubbles up from the rocks at a temperature of about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. We had fair pasturage for our mules, and also fresh and wholesome water—a most important point in these regions, as we discovered later on to our cost, for many of the Andine streams are so charged with chemicals that they produce acute dysentery.

Zurbriggen and I, with four porters, twelve mules, and a native arriero, started, on the morning of December 23d, with the intention of fixing a camp as high up on the slopes of Aconcagua as possible, to serve as a base from which to ascend the mountain. I had sent Zurbriggen up this valley some days before, and he had reported to me favorably on the possibilities of getting mules up to about 14,000 feet. He thought it would be possible to reach the northwest face of the mountain, from which side we knew that it could be ascended, as it was from here that Dr. Gussfeldt had attempted the climb, and had taken some excellent photographs. The valley we found extremely rough, and the animals suffered much from the rolling stones on the moraine heaps we were repeatedly obliged to traverse. Frequently we were compelled to make great detours, to avoid the steep narrow cañons made by the river, where the banks seem to rise up almost perpendicularly from the stream. In such places we were obliged to seek the slopes above. Later on we constructed a fairly direct track, though even then we had some unpleasant accidents and lost much of our luggage from the mules slipping and rolling down the precipices into the water below.

There is some sort of legendary belief in which the English tourist is carefully inoculated, to the effect that mules are absolutely sure-footed and pass along the crumbling verges of precipices as though suspended by an invisible string from paradise. To the man who has traveled in the Andes and lost his best camera or even his breakfast through the reckless shuffling of a mule among loose boulders, this faith is no longer tenable. As a matter of fact, my experience is that horses are the more trustworthy animals.

IN A ROCKY CLEFT.

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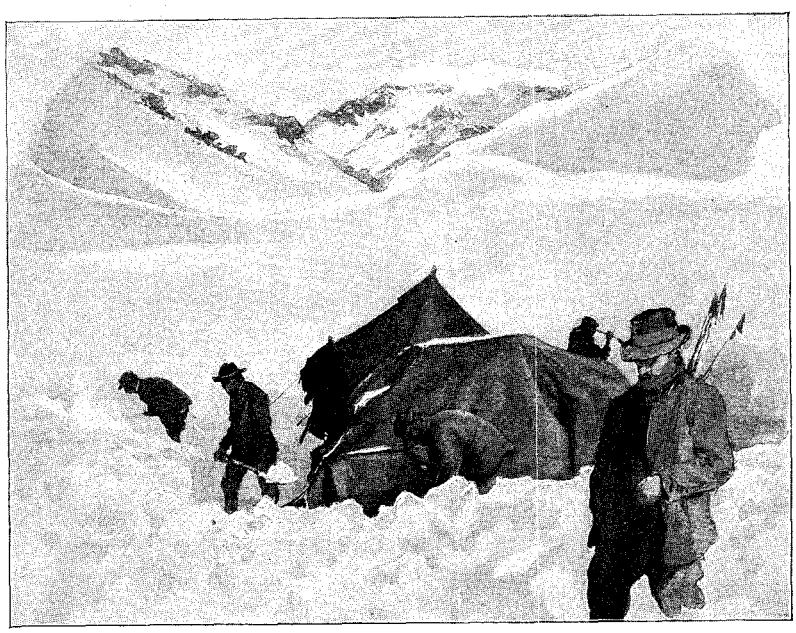
Now for the first time we got an experience of what, later on, proved one of the most dangerous parts of our work. This was crossing the swollen mountain torrents. Our animals were mostly small, and what with the rush of water and the insecure footing the river-bed afforded, it being mostly composed of loose, round, rolling stones, we ended in many cases with disastrous accidents. The animals were frequently swept down many yards by the torrent, totally unable to get footing or to stem the stream, so that when they at last crawled out upon the opposite bank, they were terribly cut about the knees and hocks.

UP TO AN ALTITUDE OF 16,000 FEET.

In the afternoon we reached the head of the valley, fortunately without accident or loss of luggage. As it was not yet four o'clock, I determined to continue forward on foot and to pitch my camp as high as possible that night. We were at an altitude of about 14,000 feet, and were obliged to abandon the mules, as our path lay over the steep snout of a glacier. I accordingly picked out what part of the luggage I thought we should require for our immediate wants, leaving the rest to be brought up on the next favorable opportunity that should present itself. We climbed up to the glacier, and turned our steps towards the saddle that lay to the northwest side of the mountain, where I hoped to form a permanent camp for future operations. As it was already late in the day, I called a halt when we had reached an altitude of about 16,000 feet, and decided to camp for the night. The sun was just setting over the hills towards the Pacific, and night was coming rapidly on us. The cold was intense as soon as the sun left us, and as we were much fatigued we decided not to pitch the tent, but to simply crawl into our sleeping-bags for the night. No one had the energy to make for himself a smooth place on which to lie. We sought shelter under a friendly overhanging rock, huddled as close to one another as possible for the sake of warmth, and tried to get what sleep we could. During the night one of my Swiss porters, a great, powerfully-built man, Lochmatter by name, fell ill. He suffered terribly through the night from violent nausea and faintness, which I was powerless to check. Towards morning he seemed better.

As soon as the sun tinged the peaks of the opposite mountains, we crept from our bags, miserable and cold, our attempts at sleep having been in most cases a failure. We tried to prepare some coffee, but our cooking apparatus, which was worked with spirits of wine, on the principle of the Russian furnace, struck work, and it was with great difficulty that we were able to melt some soft snow. We made some tepid coffee, but it was poor stuff at best.

It was some time before the sun caught the slope we were on. The giant cliffs and crags of Aconcagua towered above us to the east, a great mass of rock rising like the battlement of some stupendous castle. The varicolored stratifications, running in straight regular lines along its face, gave it the appearance of some structure piled up by the hand of man, but that its vast proportions,



PITCHING THE TENT AT AN ALTITUDE OF 16,000 FEET.

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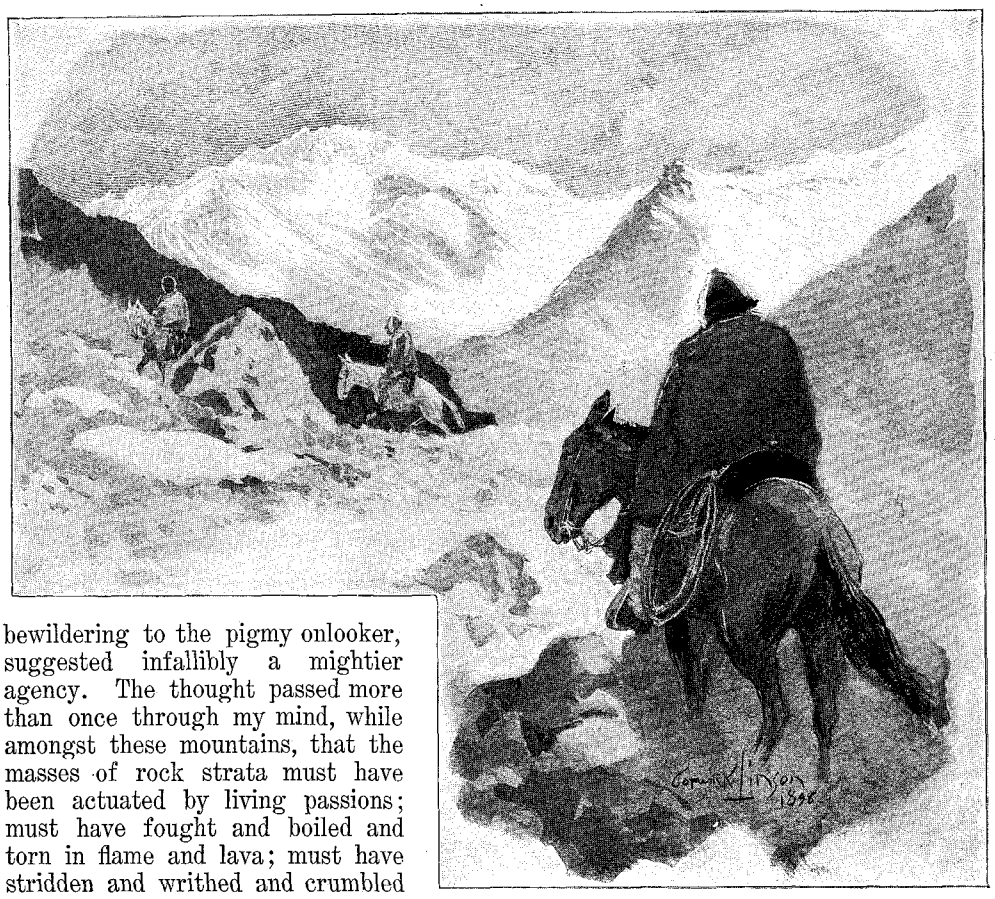

REACHING THE HEAD OF THE HORCONES VALLEY, 14,000 FEET HIGH.

bewildering to the pigmy onlooker, suggested infallibly a mightier agency. The thought passed more than once through my mind, while amongst these mountains, that the masses of rock strata must have been actuated by living passions; must have fought and boiled and torn in flame and lava; must have stridden and writhed and crumbled along in frozen glacial majesty; that here, in such places as the amphitheater of peaks and valleys round Aconcagua, was one of the arenas of that early world-drama, æons and æons ago; here was the scene of the tragedies and high moments of the greater actors.

AN EXHAUSTING DAY AND AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT

I sent one of the men down to the lower camp by the snout of the glacier, to bring up a further supply of provisions, while the rest of us collected our luggage and pushed on. We were all feeling very ill and weak that morning, and I soon came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to reach the saddle we had in view. We had reached one of those great slopes composed of small loose stones of which we saw so much afterwards, and were by no means pleased with our first experience of it. Every step we took we slipped back, sometimes half the distance, sometimes more than the whole distance, we had originally risen. We straggled up this slope, each man taking a line for himself; but I noticed that we were all steering straight towards a small patch of snow that lay in a gully above us. We were repeatedly obliged to make long halts, sometimes for as much as half an hour. Towards mid-day we reached the head of this gully filled with snow, and I saw, both from my own condition and that of the men with me, that it would be unwise, if not impossible, to think of climbing higher that night. Lochmatter was getting very pale and ill again, so I was obliged to send him down with another man to our lower camp by the glacier, telling him to remain there till he was perfectly recovered. We were very eager to have our tent comfortably pitched, as the recollection of the last night spent in the open was far from pleasant, so we set to work at once to make an encampment on a flat bit of ground, fairly sheltered by a large boulder. Pitching the tent was something of an undertaking, as it had fourteen guy-ropes, all of which had to be fixed to large loose stones, the ground being too hard

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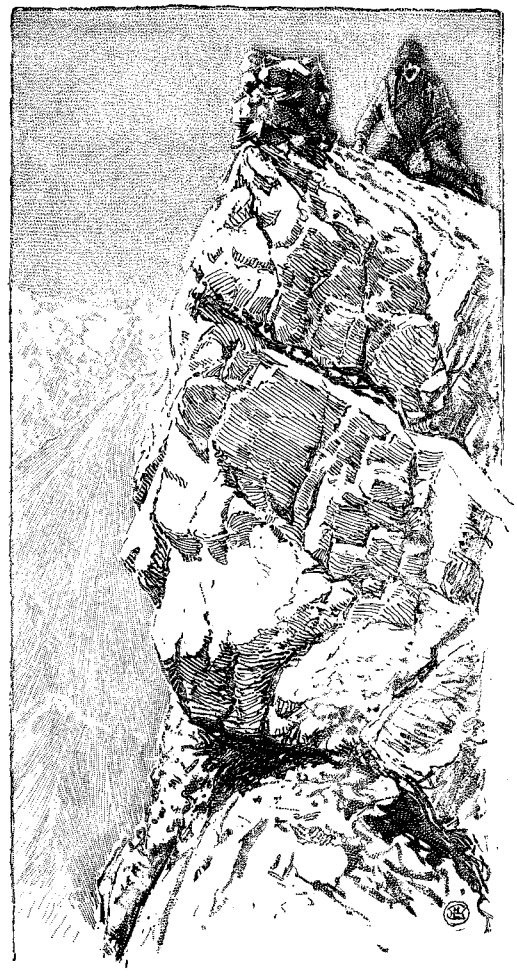
to admit of anything like a peg being driven into it.

I had suffered acutely during the afternoon from nausea, and from an inability to catch my breath, my throat being so dry from the continual breathing through my mouth that at times I was obliged to cough. This momentarily stopped my breathing, and would end in an unpleasant fit of choking. There were four of us sleeping in the tent—Zurbriggen, myself, and the two porters. I was unable to sleep, partly because of the difficulty I had in breathing, and partly on account of the dreadful noise the men made snoring. They would begin breathing heavily, and continue on in an ascending scale till they eventually ended in a severe fit of choking. This would usually wake them up, and they were quiet generally for ten minutes or so, when gradually I would hear the whole thing recommence with the regularity of clockwork.

Our tent was a small one, about six feet square, ending in a peaked roof three feet six inches from the ground. The floor of it was securely sewn to the sides, so as to prevent the wind from getting under it. The drawback of this was that towards morning it got extremely stuffy inside, but the cold outside was so intense that we dared not open the flap of the tent. We crawled out of our tent after the sun was up. The day was not a promising one. Great clouds were banked up to the northwest, and the wind was blowing heavily. I saw the hopelessness of any serious attempt being made till a suitable provision of wood was brought up. What one requires at these altitudes is light, nourishing food, such as is given to invalids, or people recovering from severe fevers.



THE HEAP OF STONES IN WHICH DR. GUSSFELDT LEFT HIS CARD.

UP 19,000 FEET.

I was determined to fix our camp on the ridge before turning back, and, accordingly, I sent a couple of porters down to bring up fresh provisions. In the afternoon, as we were beginning to feel slightly better, Zurbriggen and I started out to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to find a suitable camping ground on the shoulder of the ridge above us. The weather had greatly improved since morning, the clouds dispersing as the wind subsided. We were feeling distinctly weak about the knees, and were obliged to pause every dozen steps to catch our breath. After about two hours and a half we reached the shoulder, and climbed to the top of a small mound at about 19,000 feet, whence we got a magnificent view of what was practically the peak of Aconcagua, though it was a point, as we afterwards discovered, about 150 feet lower than the actual summit. It was, therefore, some 4,000 feet above us, but at the moment it looked so close that Zurbriggen said he would walk up to it in the morning, while the men were moving the camp up to the ridge, and see what lay behind. We then thought that the peak itself must lie some distance beyond and much higher. It was not till afterwards that we discovered, by bitter experience, the fact

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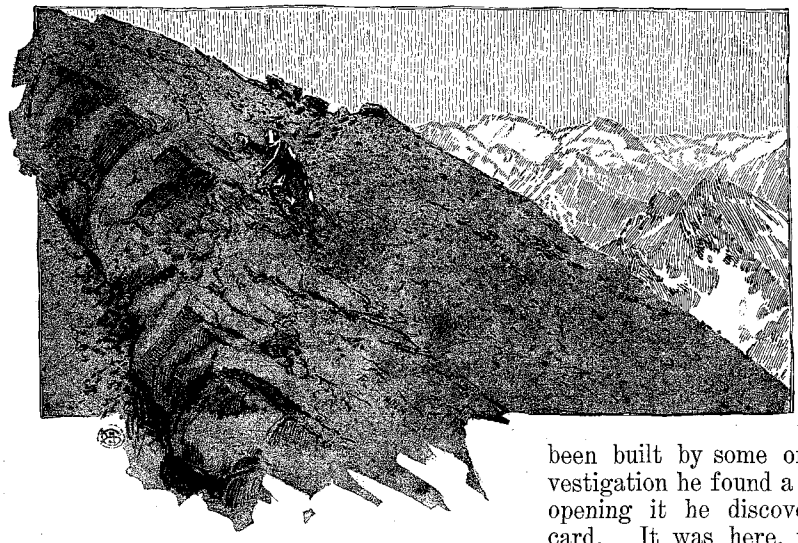
that it was a good eight to ten hours' climb. Our idea at the time was that it could be reached in two or three hours. The view out towards the Pacific was obscured by clouds, and the wind had sprung up again, and was blowing heavily from the northwest.

I was attacked with several severe fits of nausea here, and as it was late and the weather threatening, we thought it advisable to return at once. Returning, we noted a suitable spot to make a camp at about 18,700 feet. It was in the cleft of a great rock, more or less sheltered from the north and west wind, while the mass of the mountain itself more or less sheltered us from the south.

I was completely done up that evening.



ONE OF THE SLOPES COMPOSED OF SMALL LOOSE STONES THAT GAVE THE PARTY SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THE ASCENT.

The men arrived after dark, bringing with them a fresh supply of provisions and a quantity of spirits of wine, after which, with a great deal of trouble, we succeeded in preparing for ourselves some hot coffee. We crept into our tent early, as the cold at this altitude seems absolutely unendurable after sunset. I have seen our men sit down and cry like children, so discouraged were they by the intensity of the cold, while their circulation was so low that they really seemed unable to resist it. The nights that one spends at these altitudes are really the most terrible part of the work. It was very difficult to sleep for more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at a time without being awakened by a fit of choking. Another discomfort lay in the fact that our tent was so small, and we were wedged so tightly in that it was impossible to turn round without waking everybody.

PUSHING THE BASE CAMP FARTHER UP.

On the morning of the 26th, I decided to push our encampment up to the saddle, northwest of the peak of Aconcagua. We accordingly spent the day in moving our tent and provisions up to the spot Zurbriggen and I had selected the previous day. The men made two journeys, and were extremely exhausted by the evening.

Zurbriggen went out to find a route towards the peak we had seen the day before. He started from our camp at nine o'clock in the morning, and returned to our new camp late in the evening, completely exhausted. He reported that he had gone about 2,000 feet above our high camp, and that from here the peak still looked as far off as ever. On returning he was attracted by a small heap of stones that had the appearance of having been built by some one. Upon closer investigation he found a small tin box, and on opening it he discovered Dr. Gussfeldt's card. It was here, then, that the great German explorer, accompanied only by a young lad, found it necessary to turn back, owing to the intense cold and the fact that night was nearly on him. He turned literally to save his life, and left this signal on the highest point that had ever been reached by any previous party upon Aconcagua. On the card was written, "A la Segunda Entirda del cerro Aconcagua Maerz 1883."

At night we tried to heat some coffee with our Russian furnace. The whole concern blew up with a loud report, sprinkling us with boiling spirits of wine and nearly blinding us. We were obliged to content ourselves with cold fare that night. We all felt extremely ill, owing to the impossibility of procuring warm food. I determined, therefore, to beat a retreat next morning and return to our camp in the Horcones Valley at 12,000 feet, where there was plenty of wood.

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I sent young Pollinger down early with instructions to get to Inca as soon as possible and return with a further supply of provisions, wood, a cooking-stove for wood, and if possible some fresh vegetables. Above all, he had orders to bring the best fresh meat procurable. We followed soon afterwards, and, as we reached our camp at the foot of the glacier, we felt completely restored and were able to walk down to our camp at 12,000 feet. As there was plenty of wood, we were able to build a large fire and prepare a suitable meal, of which we were in great need.

THE ATTACK RENEWED.

We spent a couple of days recruiting our strength, and it was not till December 30th that we started out to renew our attack. We had sent for our horses and mules, and were thus able to ride up to our camp at the end of the glacier, which we reached at about 11 A.M., and started almost immediately for our high level camp, taking with us an abundant supply of fresh meat.

The rest had evidently done us much good, for we reached our camp at 18,700 feet towards sundown, and though we were much fatigued, we had on the whole done the journey with much less effort than on the previous occasion. We were able to light a fire and cook ourselves a good meal, which went a long way towards cheering us, and we crawled into the sleeping-bags that night with the impression that we were going to sleep soundly and awake ready for an attempt on the mountain next day. In this, however, we were doomed to disappointment, for we suffered more than ever that night. We had the greatest trouble in breathing, and suffered much from the cold, the thermometer registering six degrees as a minimum for the night.

We rose early on the morning of the following day, before the sun had risen, and prepared some hot coffee. We left our camp at 5.45, and the day being fine, we had great hopes of success. We walked gradually up over the loose crumbling rocks in a direct line for our peak, and zigzagged up the slopes where they were steep, so as not to exert ourselves more than was absolutely necessary, as we wished to husband our strength for the last part.

ZURBRIGGEN OVERCOME BY COLD.

I noticed that Zurbriggen was going very fast, and I was obliged to call to him several times to wait for me, as I did not wish to be hurried for the first few hours. It is unusual for him to hurry at the commencement of a climb. His maxim is always to begin the day very slowly, and gradually to increase the speed. This unusual action on his part surprised me very much, and set me to thinking, and I soon discovered the reason for it. He was apparently suffering from the cold, which was intense, the sun not having yet risen high enough to reach us over the brow of Aconcagua. I promptly asked him if his feet were cold, and he answered that he had no sensation left in them at all. He tried for a few minutes, by kicking about and dancing, to warm them, but this proved useless. The two porters we had with us had been lagging behind, unable to keep up as Zurbriggen had increased his pace. They soon, however, overtook us as we stood talking, and I directed them to take off his boots and rub his feet. This they did at once, and I then realized for the first time what immediate danger he was in, for though they rubbed as hard as they could, he apparently had no sensation in them. I then got seriously alarmed, and we started working on him all together with increased force, to see if we could not bring back the lagging circulation. Fortunately, in another five minutes of sharp work he began to feel the effects of the rubbing and complained of sharp pains. This encouraged us to redouble our efforts, and as the blood slowly came back to the frozen parts the agony he suffered was intense. He rolled over and over, screaming, cursing, and writhing in his agony, but we, knowing that his only chance of salvation lay in this continued treatment, went on without taking any heed. Finally, we were compelled to absolutely hold him down, as he got so violent that he tried to stop us forcibly.

The sun rose over the top of Aconcagua, and with it came a marked change in the temperature. We stopped rubbing, and gave him a strong dose of brandy, but he still suffered intense pain. We wrapped his feet up in bandages, and succeeded in getting him in an erect position between the two porters. Thus, half walking, half carried, they succeeded in dragging him back to the camp. I followed behind with the rucksacs and ice axes.

As soon as we reached the tent, he wanted to lie down and be left alone, but here we commenced rubbing his feet again, as during his descent they seemed to have got cold, and we did not leave him until we had

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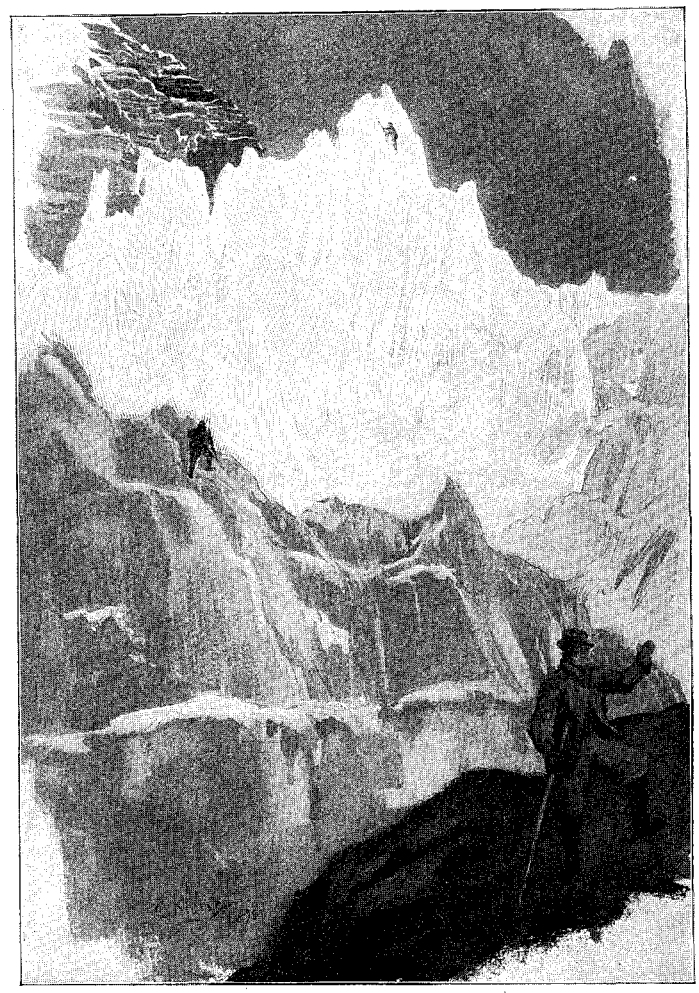
completely restored the circulation. As the sun had now risen, the atmosphere was fairly warm in the tent, and he gradually went off to sleep; when he woke later on he affirmed that he felt perfectly well again, and, in fact, was able to get up and put on his boots and take a stroll about outside the camp.

He was very much depressed during the day, and kept on muttering that it was the first time he had ever turned back from a climb owing to illness. He got so well towards night that we decided to make another attempt next day.

Next morning the men rose early, about five o'clock, and prepared some hot coffee. I, however, delayed the departure till eight o'clock, as I had no desire for a repetition of yesterday's disasters. The day was intensely cold, and there was a furious wind blowing, but as the sun was shining brightly we were better able to resist it. We took the same route as on the previous day, and walked up the great slope of loose stones that led towards a great rock buttress some thousand feet below the peak. On reaching an altitude of about 21,000 feet, we found the altitude and the intensely cold wind were telling on us heavily. We accordingly turned off to the left, with the intention of reaching some rocks where possibly we could shelter ourselves from the icy blasts of the wind. We succeeded in reaching a hollow surrounded by high rocks about 11.30, and made an attempt to heat some soup, but only partly succeeded. Food did not seem to agree with us, and we were already beginning to feel the effects of severe nausea. One of the porters was feeling very ill, his face having turned a greenish, livid hue. In less than an hour we were obliged to push on, as the cold was too intense to permit of our remaining tranquil any longer. We scrambled up some rocks, and progressed fairly rapidly for a while, but towards 1.30 the wind rose to such an extent that it seemed almost to strangle us, and we were unable to catch our breath. This, taken in conjunction with the fact that the feeling of nausea was returning, compelled me to turn back. We, accordingly, with great reluctance, commenced the descent at an altitude of about 21,500 feet. It was not till four o'clock that we reached our camp, thoroughly worn out by our exertions of the day. We were all suffering from severe headache and from acute mental depression. I, therefore, decided that our best course of action would be to return to our base camp, and remain there some days till we should have thoroughly recovered from the effects of all the cold and exposure to which we had been subjected during the last week. The next day we accordingly descended to a lower altitude.



CROSSING A GREAT SNOW-MOUND.

The weather turned out bad during the

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ensuing week, and it was not till the 9th of January that I started out again with Zurbriggen and the men. On the following day we reached our high level camp. The weather was extremely bad during the night, and we suffered intensely from breathlessness in consequence. The minimum temperature during the night was one degree above zero. As we had not succeeded in getting any rest, we did not attempt anything that day, but spent our time in resting —sheltering ourselves under the rocks from the cold winds and occasionally getting some sleep in the sun. On the next morning I made another attempt on the mountain. I was not able to go far this day, and had to turn back about 2,000 feet above the camp, completely doubled up with pains and nausea. Zurbriggen, who seemed in good health, went on to see if it were not possible to select some easier route. He came back late, extremely exhausted, and reported that by bearing somewhat to the left of the ridge of rocks leading to the summit, it was possible to shelter oneself from the wind, and at the same time the route was not so steep. On the following day, January 12th, we struck directly up towards the north ridge, at the spot where Dr. Gussfeldt turned back. The day promised well, and there was little wind, while the sun rose in a cloudless sky. We had not gone more than two hours when I again fell ill, and was obliged to stop. I rested for over an hour, but it was no use, and at a little over 21,000 feet we were obliged to turn back. We turned in to rest at seven that evening, determined to make a desperate attempt to reach the summit next day.

On the morning of the 13th we commenced at about 5.30 making preparations for the day. This time we tried the plan of taking a hot breakfast, including some grilled meat, and then resting for about an hour or so, to give time for digestion. As soon as the sun struck the tent we started; it was then 7.30.

The party consisted of Zurbriggen, the younger Pollinger, Lanti, and myself. Getting under the shelter of the north ridge, we continued on, keeping to the east of it, till about mid-day, when we reached an altitude of about 21,000 feet. Here it was that I first began to feel acutely the effects of the altitude, and had great trouble in breathing.

We rested for a while, and as we had brought a small supply of wood with us, lighted a fire and prepared some tea. This did not have the desired effect of restoring me, and as it was already late I sent on Zurbriggen, instructing him to reach the summit if he could. About three-quarters of an hour after he left me, I again struggled on, and managed to reach the base of the great cliff which rises to the summit of Aconcagua. It is necessary to skirt along the base of this till the small couloir is reached by which the final ascent is made.

Here, at an altitude of 22,000 feet, I was completely disabled and was obliged to lie flat down on my back and gasp for breath. I saw that it would be impossible for me to reach the summit that day, so I was obliged again to turn back, this time about 1,000 feet from the summit. I was so weak in the knees that I was unable to hold myself up for more than a few paces at a time, and I continually fell forward, cutting myself upon the sharp stones that covered the mountain side. I crawled along in this miserable plight towards a long patch of snow that extended down the slope, and, overcome by sheer exhaustion, I was obliged to measure my length on the ground and roll down the mountain side.

Zurbriggen returned just after sunset in a terribly exhausted condition. So weary was he that I was unable to get any information out of him beyond the bare fact that he had reached the summit. On the following day he said that, after leaving me, he had continued up to the base of the mountain, reaching it about three in the afternoon. From here, in about two hours, he had reached the summit by way of the smaller couloir that leads up to the saddle between the eastern, or highest, and the western peak. He was unable to see anything from the top, as he was enveloped in clouds, and snow fell heavily for part of the time. He reported the wind to be something terrible. He was immensely fatigued coming down, and was indeed scarcely able to stand up part of the time. The next day we returned to our camp at Inca, whence we telegraphed home the news of the ascent of Aconcagua.

EDITOR'S NOTE —Six days after the success of Zurbriggen in reaching the summit of Aconcagua, it was reached a second time by members of Mr. FitzGerald's party; and on this occasion, the weather being favorable, it was possible to make interesting and important observations. A second paper by Mr. FitzGerald will relate the story of this last ascent and also how the party reached the top of Tupungato, another of the great South American peaks.

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JIM WAINRIGHT'S KID.

A RAILROAD STORY.

By John A. Hill.

AS I put down my name and the number of the crack engine of America—as well as the imprint of a greasy thumb—on the register of our roundhouse last Saturday night, the foreman borrowed a chew of my fireman's fine-cut, and said to me:

"John, that old feller that's putting on the new injectors wants to see you."

"What does he want, Jack?" said I. "I don't remember to have seen him, and I'll tell you right now that the old squirts on the 411 are good enough for me—I ain't got time to monkey with new-fangled injectors on *that* run."

"Why, he says he knowed you out West fifteen years ago."

"So! What kind o' looking chap is he?"

"Youngish face, John; but hair and whiskers as white as snow. Sorry-looking rooster—seems like he's lost all his friends on earth, and wa'n't jest sure where to find 'em in the next world."

"I can't imagine who it would be. Let's see—'Lige Clark, he's dead; Dick Bellinger, Hank Baldwin, Jim Karr, Dave Keller, Bill Parr—can't be none of them. What's his name?"

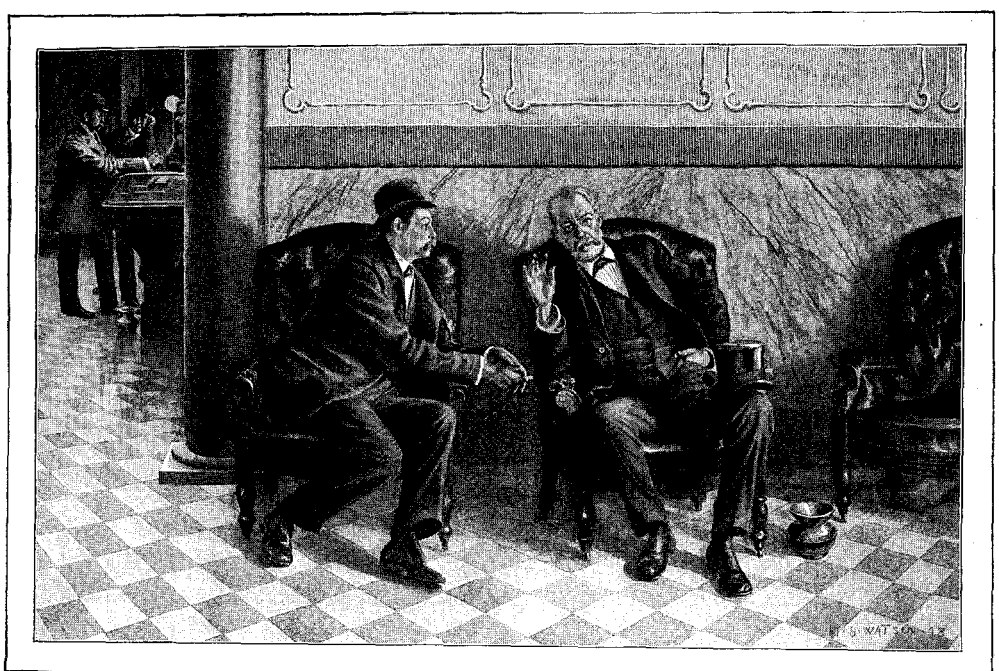
"Winthrop—no, Wetherson—no, lemme see—why, no—no, Wainright; that's it, Wainright; J. E. Wainright."

"Jim Wainright!" says I, "Jim Wainright! I haven't heard a word of him for years—thought he was dead; but he's a young fellow compared to me."

"Well, he don't look it," said Jack.

After supper I went up to the hotel and asked for J. E. Wainright.

Maybe you think Jim and I didn't go over the history of the "front." "Out at the front" is the pioneer's ideal of railroad life. To a man who has put in a few years there the memory of it is like the memory of



"Maybe you think Jim and I didn't go over the history of the 'front.'"

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marches, skirmishes, and battles in the mind of the volunteer soldier. I guess we started at the lowest numbered engine on the road, and gossiped about each and every crew. We had finished the list of engineers and had fairly started on the firemen when a thought struck me, and I said:

"Oh, I forgot him, Jim—the 'Kid,' your cheery little cricket of a firesy, who thought Jim Wainright the only man on the road that could run an engine right. I remember he wouldn't take a job running switcher—said a man that didn't know that firing for Jim Wainright was a better job than running was crazy. What's become of him? Running, I suppose?"

Jim Wainright put his hand up to his eyes for a minute, and his voice was a little husky as he said:

"No, John, the Kid went away——"

"Went away?"

"Yes, across the Great Divide—dead."

"That's tough," said I, for I saw Jim felt bad. "The Kid and you were like two brothers."

"John, I loved the——"

Then Jim broke down. He got his hat and coat, and said:

"John, let's get out into the air—I feel all choked up here; and I'll tell you a strange, true story—the Kid's story."

As we got out of the crowd and into Boston Common, Jim told his story, and here it is, just as I remember it—and I'm not bad at remembering.

"I'll commence at the beginning, John, so that you will understand. It's a strange story, but when I get through you'll recall enough yourself to prove its truth.

"Before I went beyond the Mississippi and under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, I fired, and was promoted, on a prairie road in the Great Basin well known in the railway world. I was much like the rest of the boys until I commenced to try to get up a substitute for the link motion. I read an article in a scientific paper from the pen of a jackass who showed a Corliss engine card, and then blackguarded the railroad mechanics of America for being satisfied with the link because it was handy. I started in to design a motion to make a card, but—well, you know how good-for-nothing those things are to pull loads with.

"After my first attempt, I put in many nights making a wooden model for the Patent Office. I was subsequently informed that the child of my brain interfered with about ten other motions. Then I commenced to think—which I ought to have done before. I went to studying *what had been done*, and soon came to the conclusion that I just knew a little—about enough to get along running. I gave up hope of being an inventor and a benefactor of mankind, but study had awakened in me the desire for improvement; and after considerable thought I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to try to be the best runner on the road, just as a starter. In reality, in my inmost soul, my highest ideal was the master mechanic's position.

"I was about twenty-five years old, and had been running between two and three years, with pretty good success, when one day the general master mechanic sent for me. In the office I was introduced to a gentleman, and the G. M. M. said to him in my presence:

"'This is the engineer I spoke to you of. We have none better. I think he would suit you exactly, and, when you are through with him, send him back; we are only lending him, mind,' and he went out into the shop.

"The meaning of it all was that the stranger represented a firm that had put up the money to build a locomotive with a patent boiler for burning a patent fuel—she had an improved valve motion, too—and they had asked our G. M. M. for a good engineer, to send East and break in and run the new machine and go with her around the country on ten-day trials on the different roads. He offered good pay, it was work I liked, and I went. I came right here to Boston and reported to the firm. They were a big concern in another line, and the head of the house was a relative of our G. M. M.—that's why he had a chance to send me.

"After the usual introductions, the president said to me:

"'Now, Mr. Wainright, this new engine of ours is hardly started yet. The drawings are done, and the builders' contract is ready to sign; but we want you to look over the drawings, to see if there are any practical suggestions you can make. Then stay in the shops, and see that the work is done right. The inventor is not a practical man; help him if you can, for experience tells us that ten things fail because of bad *design* where one does because of bad manipulation. Come up into the drawing-room, and I will introduce you to the inventor.'

"Up under the skylight I met the designer of the new engine, a mild little fellow—but he don't figure in this story. In five minutes I was deep in the study of the drawings.

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Everything seemed to be worked out all right, except that they had the fire-door opening the wrong way and the brake-valve couldn't be reached — but many a good builder did that twenty years ago. I was impressed with the beauty of the drawings — they were like lithographs, and one, a perspective, was shaded and colored handsomely. I complimented him on them.

"'They are beautiful, sir,' he said; 'they were made by a lady. I'll introduce you to her.'

"A bright, plain-faced little woman with a shingled head looked up from her drawing-board as we approached, shook hands cordially when introduced, and at once entered into an intelligent discussion of the plans of the new record-beater.

"Well, it was some months before the engine was ready for the road, and in that time I got pretty well acquainted with Miss Reynolds. She was mighty plain, but sharp as a buzz-saw. I don't think she was really homely, but she'd never have been arrested for her beauty. There was something 'fetching' about her appearance — you couldn't help liking her. She was intelligent, and it was such a novelty to find a woman who knew the smoke-stack from the steam-chest. I didn't fall in love with her at all, but I liked to talk to her over the work. She told me her story; not all at once, but here and there a piece, until I knew her history pretty well.

"It seems that her father had been chief draughtsman of those works for years, but had lately died. She had a strong taste for mechanics, and her father, who believed in women learning trades, had taught her mechanical drawing, first at home and then in the shop. She had helped in busy times as an extra, but never went to work for regular wages until the death of her father made it necessary.

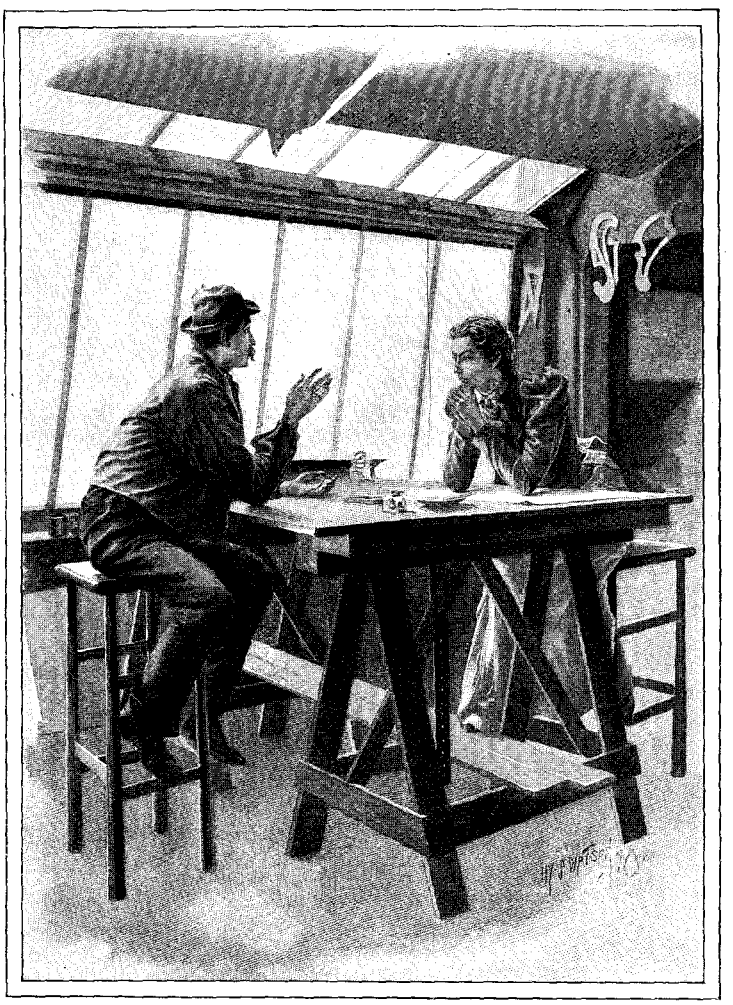
"She seemed to like to hear stories of the road, and often asked me to tell her some thrilling experience the second time. Her eyes sparkled and her face kindled when I touched on the snow-bucking experience. She often said that if she was a man she'd go on the railroad, and after such a remark she would usually sigh and smile at the same time. One day, when the engine was pretty nearly ready, she said to me:

"'Mr. Wainright, who is going to fire the Experiment?'

"'I don't know. I had forgot about that; I'll have to see about it.'

"'It wouldn't be of much use to get an experienced man, would it — the engine will burn a new fuel in a new way?'

"'No,' said I, 'not much.'



". . . *I liked to talk to her over the work.*"

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"'Now,' said she, coloring a little, 'let me ask a favor of you. I have a brother who is just crazy to go out firing. I don't want him to go unless it's with a man I can trust; he is young and inexperienced, you know. Won't you take him? Please do.'

"'Why, I'll be glad to,' said I. 'I'll speak to the old man about it.'

"'Don't tell him it's my brother.'

"'Well, all right.'

"The old man told me to hire whoever I liked, and I told Miss Reynolds to bring the boy in the morning.

"'Won't you wait until Monday? It will be an accommodation to me.'

"Of course I waited.

"The next day Miss Reynolds did not come to the office, and I was busy at the shop. Monday came, but no Miss Reynolds. About nine o'clock, however, the foreman came down to the Experiment with a boy, apparently about eighteen years old, and said there was a lad with a note for me.

"Before reading the note I shook hands with the boy, and told him I knew who he was, for he looked like his sister. He was small, but wiry, and had evidently come prepared for business, as he had some overclothes under his arm and a pair of buckskin gloves. He was bashful and quiet, as boys usually are during their first experience away from home. The note read:

"*Dear Mr. Wainright.*—This will be handed you by brother George. I hope you will be satisfied with him. I know he will try to please you and do his duty; don't forget how green he is. I am obliged to go into the country to settle up some of my father's affairs and may not see you again before you go. I sincerely hope the 'Experiment,' George, and his engineer will be successful. I shall watch you all.

"G. E. REYNOLDS."

"I felt kind of cut up, somehow, about going away without bidding Old Business—as the other draughtsman called Miss Reynolds—good-by; but I was busy with the engine.

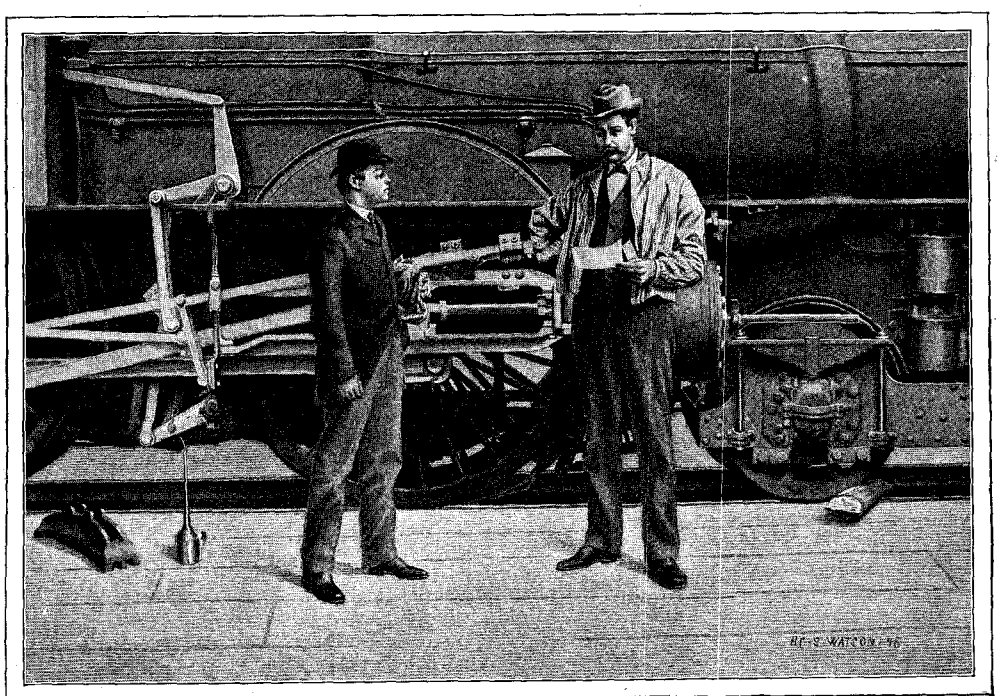
"The foreman came along half an hour after the arrival of young Reynolds, and seeing him at work cleaning the window glass, asked who he was.

"'The fireman,' said I.

"'What! that kid?'

"And from that day I don't think I ever called young Reynolds by any other name half a dozen times. That was the 'Kid' you knew. When it came quitting time that night, I asked the Kid where they lived, and he said, Charlestown. I remarked that his voice was like his sister's; but he laughed, and said I'd see difference enough if they were together; and bidding me good-night, caught a passing car.

"We broke the Experiment in for a few days, and then tackled half a train for Providence. She would keep her water just about



"He was small, but looked wiry, and evidently came prepared for business."

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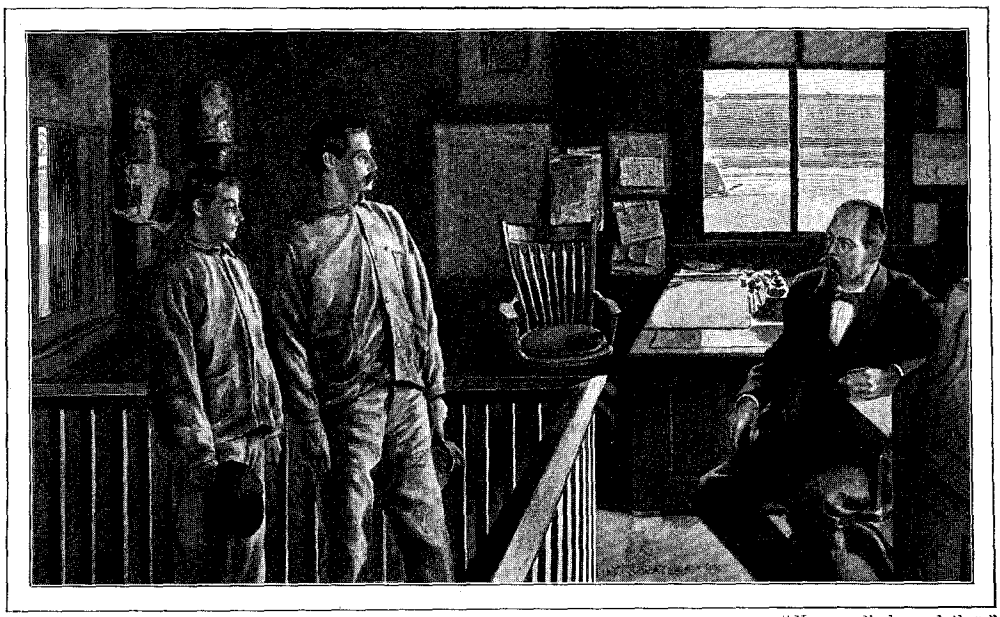

"You are discharged, then."

hot enough to wash in with the pump on. It was a tough day; I was in the front end half the time at every stop. The Kid did exactly what I told him, and was in good spirits all the time. I was cross. Nothing will make a man crosser than a poor steamer.

"We got to Providence in the evening, tired; but after supper the Kid said he had an aunt and her family living there, and if I didn't mind, he'd try to find them. I left the door unlocked, and slept on one side of the bed, but the Kid didn't come back; he was at the engine when I got there the next morning.

"The Kid was such a nice little fellow I liked to have him with me, and, somehow or other (I hardly noticed it at the time), he had a good influence on me. In them days I took a drink if I felt like it; but the Kid got me into the habit of taking lemonade, and wouldn't go into drinking places, and I soon quit it. He gave me many examples of controlling my temper, and soon got me into the habit of thinking before I spoke.

"We played horse with that engine for four or five weeks, mostly around town, but I could see it was no go. The patent fuel was no good, and the patent fire-box little better, and I advised the firm to put a standard boiler on her and a pair of links, and sell her while the paint was fresh. They took my advice.

"The Kid and I took the engine to Hinkley's, and left her there; we packed up our overclothes, and as we walked away, the Kid asked: 'What will you do now, Jim?'

"'Oh, I've had a nice play, and I'll go back to the road. I wish you'd go along.'

"'I wouldn't like anything better; will you take me?'

"'Yes, but I ain't sure that I can get you a job right away.'

"'Well, I could fire for you, couldn't I?'

"'I like to have you, Kid; but you know I have a regular engine and a regular fireman. I'll ask for you, though.'

"'I won't fire for anybody else!'

"'You won't! What would you do if I should die?'

"'Quit.'

"'Get out!'

"'Honest; if I can't fire for you, I won't fire at all.'

"I put in a few days around the 'Hub,' and as I had nothing to do, my mind kept turning to Miss Reynolds. I met the Kid daily, and on one of our rambles I asked him where his sister was.

"'Out in the country.'

"'Send word to her that I am going away and want to see her, will you, Kid?'

"'Well, yes; but Sis is funny; she's too odd for any use. I don't think she'll come.'

"'Well, I'll go and see her.'

"'No, Sis would think you were crazy.'

"'Why? Now look here, Kid, I like that sister of yours, and I want to see her.'

"But the Kid just stopped, leaned against the nearest building, and laughed—laughed

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until the tears ran down his cheeks. The next day he brought me word that his sister had gone to Chicago to make some sketches for the firm and hoped to come to see us after she was through. I started for Chicago the day following, the Kid with me.

"I had little trouble in getting the Kid on with me, as my old fireman had been promoted. I had a nice room with another plug-puller, and in a few days I was in the old jog—except for the Kid. He refused to room with my partner's fireman; and when I talked to him about saving money that way, he said he wouldn't room with any one—not even me. Then he laughed, and said he kicked so that no one could room with him. The Kid was the butt of all the firemen on account of his size, but he kept the cleanest engine, and was never left nor late, and seemed more and more attached to me—and I to him.

"Things were going along slick enough when Daddy Daniels had a row with his fireman, and our general master mechanic took the matter up. Daniels' fireman claimed the run with me, as he was the oldest man, and, as they had an 'oldest man' agreement, the master mechanic ordered Smutty Kelly and the Kid changed.

"I was not in the roundhouse when the Kid was ordered to change, but he went direct to the office and kicked, but to no purpose. Then he came to me.

"'Jim,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'are you satisfied with me on the 12?'

"'Why, yes, Kid. Who says I'm not?'

"'They've ordered me to change to the 17 with that horrible old ruffian Daniels, and Smutty Kelly to go with you.'

"'They have!' says I. 'That slouch can't go out with me the first time; I'll see the old man.'

"But the old man was mad by the time I got to him.

"'That baby-faced boy says he won't fire for anybody but you; what have you been putting into his head?'

"'Nothing; I've treated him kindly, and he likes me and the 12—that's the cleanest engine on the——'

"'Tut, tut, I don't care about that; I've ordered the firemen on the 12 and 17 changed—and they are going to be changed.'

"The Kid had followed me into the office, and at this point said, very respectfully:

"'Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Wainright and I get along so nicely together. Daniels is a bad man; so is Kelly; and neither will get along with decent men. Why can't you——'

"'There! stop right there, young man. Now, will you go on the 17 *as ordered?*'

"'Yes, if Jim Wainright runs her.'

"'No *ifs* about it; will you go?'

"'No, sir, I won't!'

"'You are discharged, then.'

"'That fires me, too,' said I.

"'Not at all, not at all; this is a fireman row, Jim,'

"I don't know what struck me then, but I said:

"'No one but this boy shall put a scoop of coal in the 12 or any other engine for me; I'll take the poorest run you have, but the Kid goes with me.'

"Talk was useless, and in the end the Kid and I quit and got our time.

"That evening the Kid came to my room and begged me to take my job back and he would go home; but I wouldn't do it, and asked him if he was sick of me.

"'No, Jim,' said he. 'I live in fear that something will happen to separate us, but I don't want to be a drag on you—I think more of you than anybody.'

"They were buying engines by the hundred on the Rio Grande and Santa Fé and the A. & P. in those days, and the Kid and I struck out for the West, and inside of thirty days we were at work again.

"We had been there three months, I guess, when I got orders to take a new engine out to the front and leave her, bringing back an old one. The last station on the road was in a box-car, thrown out beside the track on a couple of rails. There was one large, rough-board house, where they served rough-and-ready grub and let rooms. The latter were stalls, the partitions being only about seven feet high. It was cold and bleak, but right glad we were to get there and get a warm supper. Everything was rough, but the Kid seemed to enjoy the novelty. After supper I asked the landlord if he could fix us for the night.

"'I can jest fix ye, and no more,' said he; 'I have just one room left. Ye's'll have to double up; but this is the kind o' weather for that; it'll be warmer.'

"The Kid objected, but the landlord bluffed him—didn't have any other room—and he added: 'If I was your pardner there, I'd kick ye down to the foot, such a cold strip of bacon as ye must be.'

"About nine o'clock the Kid slipped out, and not coming in for an hour, I went to look for him. As I went toward the engine, I met the watchman:

"'Phy don't that fireman o' yourn sleep

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in the house or on the caboose floor such a night as this? He'll freeze up there in that cab wid no blankets at all; but when I tould him that, he politely informed meself that he'd knowed men to git rich minein' their own biz. He's a sassy slip of a Yankee.'

"I climbed up on the big consolidation, and, lighting my torch, looked over the boiler-head at the Kid. He was lying on a board on the seat, with his overcoat for a covering and an arm-rest for a pillow.

"'What's the matter with you, Kid?' I asked. 'What are you doing freezing here when we can both be comfortable and warm in the house? Are you ashamed or afraid to sleep with me? I don't like this for a cent.'

"'Hope you won't be mad with me, Jim, but I won't sleep with any one; there now!'

"'You're either a fool or crazy,' said I. 'Why, you will half freeze here. I want some explanation of such a trick as this.'

"The Kid sat up, looked at me soberly for a few seconds, reached up and unhooked his door, and said:

"'Come over and sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you something.'

"I blew out the torch and went over, half mad. As I hooked the door to keep out the sharp wind I thought I heard a sob, and I took the Kid's head in my hands and turned his face to the moonlight. There were big tears in the corner of each tightly closed eye.

"'Don't feel bad, Kid,' said I. 'I'm sure there's some reason keeps you at such tricks as this; but tell me all your trouble—it's imaginary, I know.'

"There was a tremor in the Kid's voice as he took my hand and said, 'We are friends, Jim; ain't we?'

"'Why, of course,' said I.

"'I have depended on your friendship and kindness and manhood, Jim. It has never failed me yet, and it won't now, I know. I have a secret, Jim, and it gnaws to be out one day, and hides itself the next. Many and many a time I have been on the point of confessing to you, but something held me back. I was afraid you would not let me stay with you, if you knew——'

"'Why, you ain't killed any one, Kid?' I asked, for I thought he was exaggerating his trouble.

"'No—yes, I did, too—I killed my sister.'

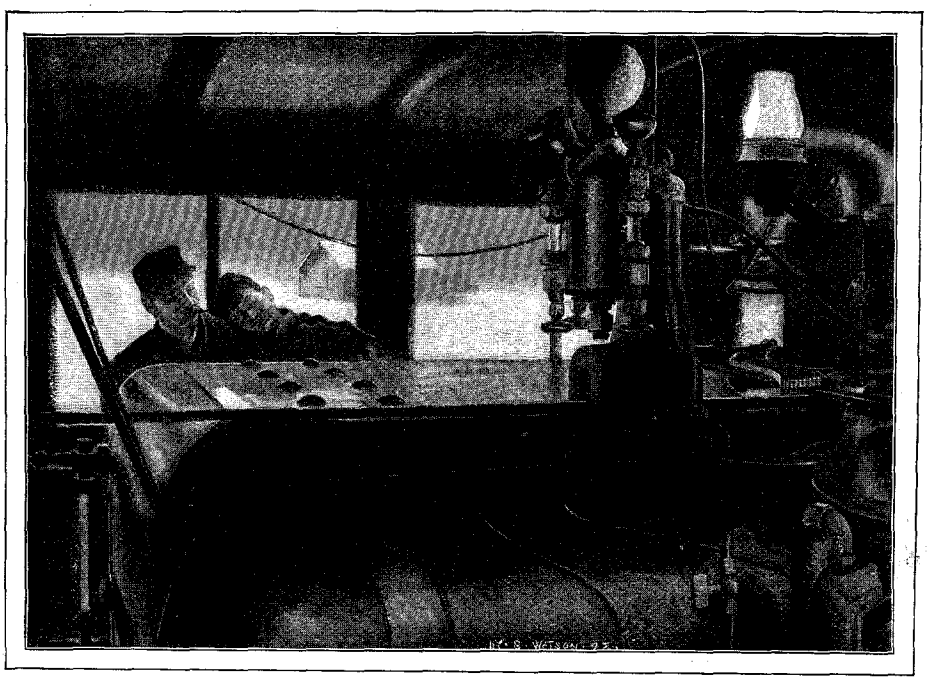
"I recoiled, hurt, shocked. 'You——'

"'Yes, Jim, there is no such person to be found as my sister, Georgiana—*for I am she!*'

"'You! Why, Kid, you're crazy!'

"'No, I'm not. Listen, Jim, and I will explain.

"'My father was always sorry I was not a boy. Taught me boyish tricks, and made me learn drawing. I longed for the life on a locomotive—I loved it, read about it, thought of it, and prayed to be transformed



"It was a strange courting . . . there on that engine."

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into *something* that could go out on the road. My heart went out to you early in our acquaintance, and one day the thought to get started as a fireman with you shot into my brain and was acted upon at once. After the first move there was no going back, and I have acted my part well; I have even been a good fireman. I am strong, healthy, and happy when on the road with you. I love the life, hard as it is, and can't think of giving it up, and—and you, Jim.'

"And then she broke down, and cried as only a woman can.

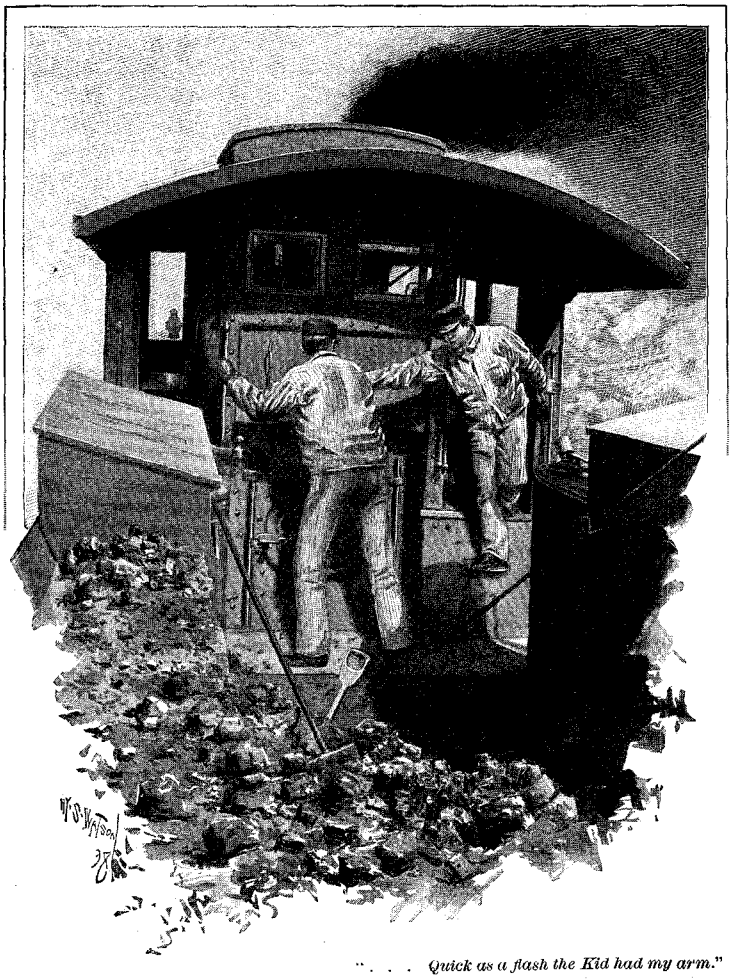
"I took both her hands in mine and kissed her—think of kissing your fireman on the engine—and told her that we could be happy yet. Then I told her how I had tried to get a letter to the lost sister, and how they never came back, and were never answered—that I loved the sister and loved her. She reminded me that she herself got all the letters I had sent, and was pretty sure of her ground when she threw herself on my protection.

"It was a strange courting, John, there on that engine at the front, the boundless plains on one side, the mountains on the other, the winds of the desert whirling sand and snow against our little house, and the moon looking coldly down at the spectacle of an engineer making love to his fireman.

"That night the Kid slept in the bed in the house, and I stayed on the engine.

"When we got back to headquarters the Kid laid off to go home, and I made a trip or two with another fireman, and then I had to go to Illinois to fix up some family business—Kid and I arranged that.

"We met in St. Louis, the Kid hired a ball dress, and we were married as quiet as possible. I had promised the Kid that, for the present at least, she could stay on the road with me, and you know that the year you were there I done most of the heavy firing while the Kid did the running. We remained in the service for something like two years—a strange couple, but happy in each other's company and our work.



". . . Quick as a flash the Kid had my arm."

"I often talked to my wife about leaving the road and starting in new, where we were not known, as man and wife, she to remain at home; but she wouldn't hear of it, asking if I wanted an Irishman for a side-partner. This came to be a joke with us—'When I get my Irishman I will do so-and-so.'

"One day, as our 'hog' was drifting down the long hill, the Kid said to me, 'Jim, you can get your Irishman; I'm going to quit this trip.'

"'Kind o' sudden, hey, Kid?'

"'No, been hating to give up, but—' and then the Kid came over and whispered something to me.

"John, we both quit and went South. I got a job in Texas, and the Kid was lost sight of, and Mrs. J. E. Wainright appeared

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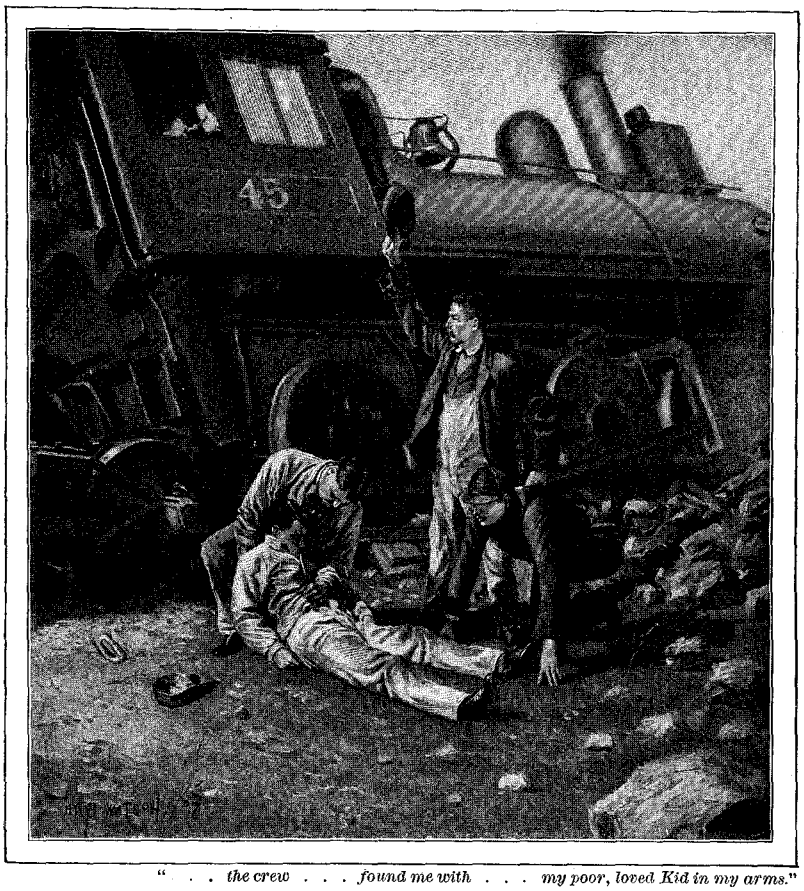
on the scene in tea-gown, train, and flounces. We furnished a neat little den, and I was happy. I missed my kid fireman, and did indeed have an Irishman. Kid had a struggle to wear petticoats again, and did not take kindly to dish-washing, but we were happy just the same.

"Our little fellow arrived one spring day, and then our skies were all sunshiny for three long, happy years, until one day Kid and I followed a little white hearse out beyond the cypress grove and saw the earth covered over our darling, over our hopes, over our sunshine, and over our hearts.



"... the crew ... found me with ... my poor, loved Kid in my arms."

"After that the house was like a tomb, so still, so solemn, and at every turn were reminders of the little one who had faded away like the morning mist, gone from everything but our memories—there her sweet little image was graven by the hand of love and seared by the branding-iron of sorrow.

"Men and women of intelligence do not parade their sorrows in the market-place; they bear them as best they can, and try to appear as others, but once the specter of the grim destroyer has crossed the threshold, his shadow forever remains, a dark reminder, like a prison-bar across the daylight of a cell. This shadow is seen and recognized in the heart of a father, but it is larger and darker and more dreadful in the mother heart.

"At every turn poor Kid was mutely reminded of her loss, and her heart was at the breaking point day by day, and she begged for her old life, to seek forgetfulness in toil and get away from herself. So we went back to the old road, as we went away—Jim Wainright and Kid Reynolds—and glad enough they were to get us again for the winter work.

"Three years of indoor life had softened the wiry muscles of the Kid, and our engine was a hard steamer, so I did most of the work on the road. But the work, excitement, and outdoor life brought back the color to pale cheeks, and now and then a smile to sad lips—and I was glad.

"One day the Kid was running while I broke up some big lumps of coal, and while busy in the tank I felt the air go on full and the reverse lever come back, while the wheels ground sand. I stepped quickly toward the cab to see what was the matter, when the Kid sprang into the gangway and cried 'Jump!'

"I was in the left gangway in a second, but quick as a flash the Kid had my arm.

"'The other side! Quick! The river!'

"We were almost side and side as she swung me toward the other side of the engine, and jumped as we crashed into a landslide. I felt Kid's hand on my shoulder as I left the deck—just in time to save my life, but not the Kid's.

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"She was crushed between the tank and boiler in the very act of keeping me from jumping to certain death on the rocks in the river below.

"When the crew came over they found me with the crushed clay of my poor, loved Kid in my arms, kissing her. They never knew who she was. I took her back to our Texas home and laid her beside the little one that had gone before. The Firemen's Brotherhood paid Kid's insurance to me and passed resolutions saying: 'It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, George Reynolds,' etc., etc.

"George Reynolds's grave cannot be found; but over a mound of forget-me-nots away in a Southern land, there stands a stone on which is cut: 'Georgiana, wife of J. E. Wainright, aged thirty-two years.'

"But in my heart there is a golden pyramid of love to the memory of a fireman and a sweetheart known to you and all the world but me, as 'Jim Wainright's Kid.'"

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SAW AT SIBONEY.

By Elsie Reasoner.

AS the "State of Texas" steamed into port, we sighted on our starboard bow four gray, sinister battleships, while to port, a white, hopeful messenger of courage, rocked the great relief boat "Solace." Massive cruisers and blunt-nosed torpedo boats were about us, and here and there, like swallows, skimmed tiny yachts and launches.

I talked with Miss Barton of her experience. She told me how, the night after our first great battle, when hungry men needed food, weak men needed stimulant, and wounded men needed care, word came from General Shafter to seize all means of transportation and to hurry supplies to the front. It was at this juncture that the Red Cross people arrived. When they went ashore, they found no suitable habitation for the nurses. Yet, undaunted, the nurses packed their satchels, and went forward to their work. Under the efficient direction of Miss Barton, supplies from the Red Cross boat were sent to the front long before any other. After superintending the loading of two carts of provisions, she took her seat beside the driver, and rode to the firing line, ten miles away. Her story of her experience is most thrilling.

"We arrived," she said, "at night, in a drizzling rain. All along the line the wounded were lying in trenches. A few were nursing a sickly fire of soaked brushwood. No food nor comforts of any kind were visible. We immediately kindled an opposition fire and unloaded one cart of provisions. Out of the extracts and cordials we had brought with us, I succeeded in making a great kettle of excellent gruel. Little did I think, twenty-five years ago, when doing the same thing for our boys in blue and gray, that at this time and place I should be following the same old recipe. Our next trouble was in clothing the wounded. Their terrible condition cannot be described. When they were carried in from the battlefield, their clothes were soaked with blood and rain, and caked with mud. Heroic measures were necessary. With a few quick slashes they were cut loose, stripped off, and thrown away. A few surgeons were there to attend to the care of their wounds; but with no shelter, no clothes, no provisions of any kind, the poor fellows were reduced to the primitive condition of the savage, and could only be laid in rows, weak, wounded, unconscious, and stark naked, upon the bare, wet ground. I hope that never again may I see such a pitiful sight. From some rolls of muslin we had luckily brought with us we tore strips the length of a man and covered them. All night we tended the fitful brush fire, and made kettle after kettle of the strengthening broth. Next day we journeyed back, and the following night I slept on a dry-goods box in the old abandoned post-office."

In a near-by house were the fever patients, tossing restlessly, impatience of the enemy in their veins, eager to be once more in the thick of the battle smoke. Moving noiselessly among them, bathing here a fevered brow, administering there a helpful medicine, were the sisters of the Red Cross. Deftly, quietly, and skilfully they performed their work, equal to any emergency. One sat in a corner, with the head of a negro in her lap, carefully bathing his black face, and fanning away the troublesome insects. He

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had fought gallantly; had proved that in his dusky veins flowed the true soldier's blood. For two hours the nurse sat, her cramped position bespeaking complete fatigue. In an outer room, over a hot fire, others were making kettles of strengthening gruel, and still others were assisting the surgeons in dressing wounds.

At midday the heat was intolerable. The blinding sunlight beat down in great waves, and the white sand gathered it up and threw it back with dazzling brilliance that blinded the eyes and made strong brains reel. Not a breath was stirring. Up the narrow street the silence was broken by strange moans and cries. It was the hospital of the wounded Spanish prisoners. Small, uninviting tents were scattered here and there, and in them lay weak, despairing men. Some babbled in delirium, others cried like children with the pain of their wounds, while all of them shot out sullen looks of revenge. Among them, with steady hands and unmoved faces, were the Red Cross doctors. A number of gaunt, half-clad reconcentrados looked on idly.

The quiet courage of the American soldiers, who accepted all that came without complaint, was in sharp contrast to the constant moaning of the Spaniards, many of whom were not badly hurt.

A lieutenant of one of the regular regiments was brought in horribly wounded. A Mauser ball had pierced his shoulder, and half of his hip was shot away. The surgeons looked at him and shook their heads. Then he smiled, and called a newspaper correspondent who was standing in the doorway of the tent.

"Will you send a cable message for me?" he asked.

Taking a pencil, he wrote an address and two words: "Am well," and asked that it be sent to his wife at a frontier fort in Montana.

As we stood in an open tent, a poor fellow was brought in on a litter. He had a nasty wound which threatened life-long enfeeblement. As he entered the tent he spied a friend. "Hello, Fred," he shouted, "where did they get you?" "In the shoulder," replied his comrade. "And you?" "They did me in both legs. Good shot for the Dons, wasn't it?" was the laughing retort. In all the place there was not a groan, not a word of complaint, save now and then an ejaculation of impatience lest the fighting should be over before they should have another chance.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN DESPATCHER.

DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS DESPATCHER ON VARIOUS RAILROADS.

By Captain Jasper Ewing Brady, Jr., United States Army.

CAPTAIN J. E. BRADY, JR., U. S. A.

THE whole length of a railroad from starting point to terminus is literally under the eyes of the train despatcher. By means of reports sent in by a hundred different operators, he knows the exact location of all trains at all times, the number of "loads" and "empties" in each train, the number of cars on each siding, the number of passing tracks and their capacity, the capabilities of different engines, the gradients of the road, the condition of the road-bed, and, above all, he knows the personal characteristics of every engineer and conductor on the road. In fact, if there is one man more important than another on a railroad it is the despatcher. During his eight hours "trick" he is the autocrat of the road, and his will in running trains is absolute. Therefore despatchers are chosen with very special regard to fitness for the position. They must be expert telegraphers, quick at figures, and, above all, they must be as cool as ice and have nerves of steel. An old despatcher once said, "Sooner or later a despatcher, if he sticks to the business, will have his smash-up, and then down goes his reputation as a despatcher, and his name is inscribed on the roll of has-beens."

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Before the despatcher comes the operator. The Biblical saying, "Many are called, but few are chosen," is well illustrated by the small number of good despatchers there are; it is easy enough to find good operators, but an excellent despatcher is a rarity among them.

MY FIRST OFFICE.

I learned telegraphy some fifteen or sixteen years ago at a school way out in western Kansas. After I had been there three or four months, I was the star of the class, and I imagined that the spirit of Professor Morse had been reincarnated in me. No wire was too swift for me to work, no office too great for me to manage. In fact, visions of a superintendency of telegraph flitted before my eyes.

During my stay at the school, I formed the acquaintance of the night operator at the depot, and it was my wont to spend most of my nights there, picking up odds and ends of information. I used to copy anything that came along for my own benefit; but the young man in charge never left me entirely alone. Night operators at small stations have to take care of their own lamps and fires, sweep out, and, in short, be porter as well as operator; and for the privilege of being allowed to stay about, I used to do this work for the night man of the office in question. His name was Harry Burgess. After a few weeks he was transferred up the road to a day office, and by his help I was made night operator in his stead. Need I say how proud I felt when I received a message from the Chief Despatcher telling me to report for duty that night? I think I was the proudest man, or boy rather, on earth. Just think of it! Night operator, porter, and baggage-man, working from seven o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning, and receiving the magnificent sum of forty dollars a month!

I had heretofore had Burgess to fall back upon in copying messages or orders, but now I was alone. I got through the first night very well, because all I had to do was to take a few commercial messages, "O. S." trains, and load some ten big sample trunks on No. 2. The trains were all on time, so there were no orders. I was proud of my success, and went off duty at seven o'clock with the feeling that my services were well nigh indispensable to the road.

The second night everything went smoothly until toward eleven o'clock, when the despatcher began to call "Mn," and gave the signal "9." Now, the signal "9" means "train orders." The situation was anything but pleasant for me, because I had never yet, on my own responsibility, taken a train order. I did not answer the despatcher at once, as I should have done, for I hoped he would get tired of calling me, and would call "Og" and give him the order. But he didn't. He just kept on calling, increasing his speed all the time. In desperation I went out on the platform and stamped around for five minutes to keep warm, thinking he would stop when he found I did not answer. But when I returned, instead of calling me on one wire, he had his operator calling me on the commercial line, while he was pounding away on the railroad wire. At the rate at which those two sounders were going they sounded to me like the crack of doom. I finally mustered up courage and answered.

The first thing the despatcher said was, "Where in h—l have you been?"

I didn't think that was a very nice thing for him to say, so I simply replied, "Out fixing my batteries."

"Well," he said, "I'll fix you when I get through with you. Now copy 3."

"Copy 3" means to take three copies of the order that follows. I grabbed my manifold order-book and stylus, and prepared to copy. There is a rule printed in large bold type in all time cards which says, "Despatchers, in sending train orders to operators, will accommodate their speed to the abilities of the operators. In all cases they will send plainly and distinctly." If the despatcher had sent according to my ability just then, he would have sent that order by mail. But instead, from the first word, he fired it at me so fast, that before I had started to take it he was way down in the body of it. I had written down only the order number and date when I broke and said, "G. A. To." That made him madder than ever, and he went at me again with increased violence. I think I broke him about ten times, and finally he said, "For heaven's sake, go wake up the day man." Strangely enough I got all of his nasty remarks without any trouble, while having so much difficulty with the order. However, I finally got it all down, repeated it back to him, and got his O. K.

When the train arrived, the conductor and the engineer came in the office, and I gave them the order. The conductor glanced at it for a moment, and then said, "Say, kid, which foot did you use in copying this?" My copy

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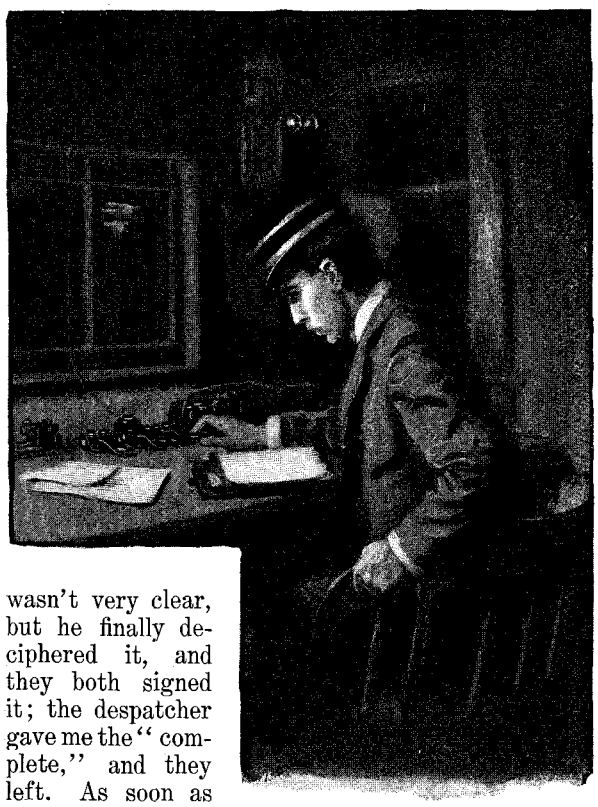

"I broke him about ten times."

wasn't very clear, but he finally deciphered it, and they both signed it; the despatcher gave me the "complete," and they left. As soon as the train, which was No. 22, a live-stock express, had departed, I made my O. S. report, and heaved a big sigh of relief.

Scarcely had the tail-lights disappeared around the bend when the despatcher called again, and said, "For God's sake, stop that train."

I said, "I can't. She's gone."

"Well," he said, "there's a good chance for a fine smash-up to-night."

That scared me, and I looked at my retained copy of the order. It read all right, but all the same I felt creepy. About thirty minutes afterward the hind brakeman came tramping back, and cheerfully saluted me with, "Well, I reckon you've raised h—l to-night. No. 21 and No. 22 are up against each other hard about a mile and a half east of here. They met on a curve, and engines, box-cars, and live-stock are piled up in a fine heap. No one is killed, but one engineer and a fireman are pretty badly scalded, and Shorty Jones, the head man, has a broken leg, caused by jumping. You better tell the despatcher."

Visions of the penitentiary for criminal neglect on my part danced before my disordered brain; all my knowledge of telegraphy fled; I was weak in the knees, sick at heart, and as near a wreck as a man could be. I finally told the despatcher that Nos. 21 and 22 were in the ditch, and he snapped back, "D—n it, I've been expecting it. I've ordered out the wrecking outfit. You turn your red light, and hold everything that comes along. Meanwhile go and call the day man. I want an operator there."

When the day man came in, half-dressed, he said, "Well, what's the matter?"

I was speechless. I simply pointed to the order, and the brakeman told him the rest. I never spent such a night in my life. The day man regaled me with charming little incidents about men he knew who, for having been criminally negligent, had been shot by infuriated engineers, or sent up for ten years. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in telling me these things. I would have run away if I hadn't been too weak. About seven o'clock he patronizingly told me that it wasn't my fault at all; that the despatcher had given a "lap order," and that the blame was on him. The reaction was almost as bad as the first feeling of horror. I went home and, after a light breakfast, to bed; but not to sleep, for every time I closed my eyes, visions of wrecks, penitentiaries, dead men, and ruined homes crowded upon my disordered brain.

About half-past ten they sent for me from the office. I went over, and Webster, the agent, said that the superintendent wanted to see me. I had never seen the superintendent, and he seemed to me to be about as far off as the President of the United States, but I mustered up courage and went in. I saw a kindly looking gentleman seated before Webster's desk, but I was too much frightened to speak and stood there like a clam. Presently Mr. Brink, the superintendent, turned to Webster, and said, "I wonder why that night man doesn't come?"

I tremblingly replied, "I am the night man, sir."

He looked at me for a moment, and smilingly said, "Why, my lad, I thought you were a messenger boy." He then asked me for my story of the wreck. When I had told it, he seemed satisfied, and gave me

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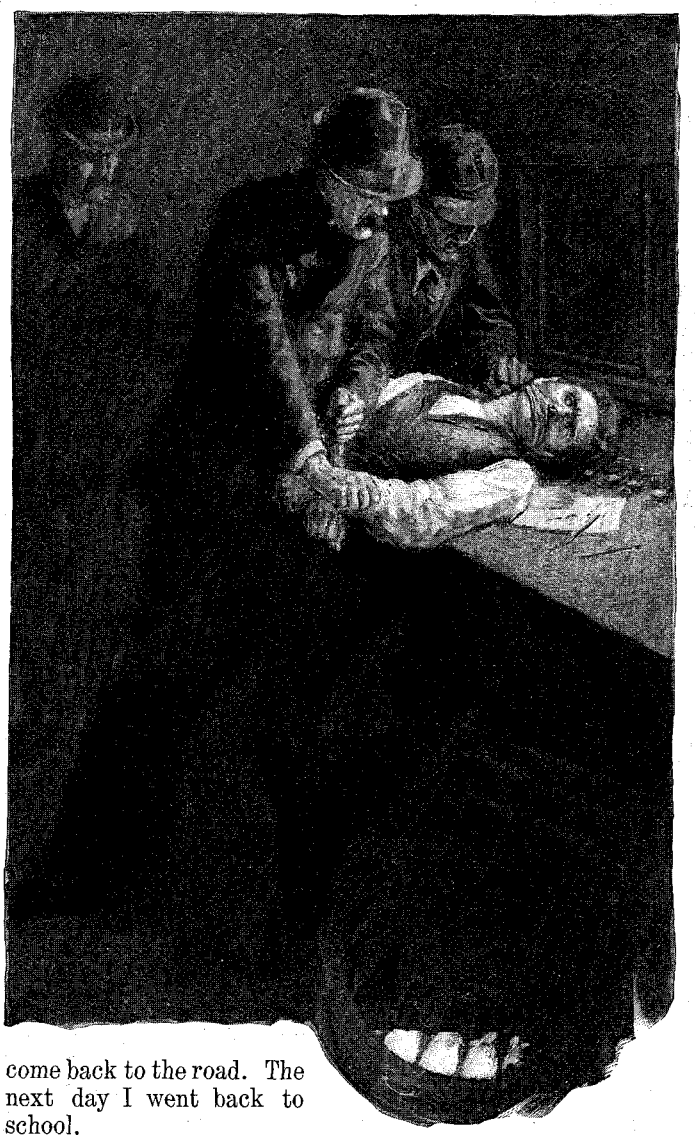
much good advice; but in the end he said that I was too young to have the position, and I was discharged. But he added that in a few years he would be glad to have me come back to the road. The next day I went back to school.



"Two of them tied my hands in front of me."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.

My first attempt at holding an office had proved such a failure that I thought I should never have the heart to apply for another. I worked faithfully in school about a month, and then the fever to try again took hold of me. I knew it would be no use to apply to Mr. Brink, so I wrote to Mr. R. B. Bunnell, Superintendent of Telegraph of the P. Q. & X. Railroad, at Kansas City, Mo., saying that I was an expert operator and desired a position. Mr. Bunnell must have been under a hypnotic spell, for by return mail he wrote, enclosing me a pass to Alfreda, Kansas, and directing me to assume charge of the night office there, at $37.50 a month. This was a slight decrease from my former salary, but I didn't care. I wanted a chance to redeem myself, and I felt confident that I could be more successful in my second attempt. So I packed my few belongings, bade good-by to the school, and away I went.

When I left "Mn," I said nothing about my destination to anyone. I did not know a thing about Alfreda, except that it was near the border line between Kansas and Colorado. The brakeman on the train, in talking to me, told me it was a very pleasant place; but when he said so, I fancied I detected a sarcastic ring in his voice, and I was in no doubt about it when I arrived and saw what a desolate, dreary place Alfreda was. The only things in sight were a water-tank, a pump-house, and the telegraph office; and I wish you might have seen that office. It was simply the bed of a box-car, taken off the trucks, and set down with one end toward the track. A small platform, two windows, a door, and the signal board perched high on a pole completed the outfit.

I arrived at 6.30 in the morning; there wasn't a living soul in sight. An hour later a man who proved to be the pumper came along. He looked at me, and after I had made myself known, he grinned and said, "Well, I hopes as how yez'll loike the place. Burke, the man who was here afore ye, got scared off by thramps."

I found that there was no day operator, and the only house around was the section house, two miles up the track. The operator and pumper boarded there with the sec-

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tion boss; but the company was magnanimous enough to furnish a railroad velocipede for their use. How I felt the first night, stuck away out there in that box-car, two

"After many efforts I finally reached the bottom cross-arm."

miles from the nearest house and twelve miles from the nearest town, I must leave it to be imagined. My heart sank and I had many misgivings, but I set my teeth hard and determined to do my best, with a hope that I might be promoted to a better office. I did win promotion, but I wouldn't go through my experiences there again for the whole road.

One night after I had been there about a month, I went to work at seven o'clock as usual. It was a black night, threatening a big storm. The pumper had not gone home yet, and he remarked that it was "going to be a woild night," but that he hoped "the whistlin' of the wind" would "kape me company." Then he jumped on the velocipede, and off he went.

I didn't much relish the idea of the storm, for I knew the reputation of Kansas as a cyclone State, and my box-car office was not well adapted to stand a hurricane. However, I went inside, and after lighting my lamps, sat down and wrote letters, when I was not taking train orders. This office was kept up because it was a convenient place to deliver orders to freight trains at night when they stopped for water. About 12.30 in the morning my door opened suddenly, and a man stepped quickly in. I was startled, because this was almost the only man besides the pumper and the train-crews who had been there since I came. Once in a while a stray tramp had gone through, but this man was not a tramp. He wore a long overcoat buttoned up to his chin, with the collar turned up. A slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes so far concealed his face that his features were hardly visible. He came over to my desk and asked, "What time is there a passenger train east to-night?"

I answered that one went through at half-past one, the Overland Flyer, but it did not stop. Quick as a flash he pulled a revolver, and, poking it in my face, said: "Young man, you turn your red light and stop that train or I will make a vacancy in this office mighty quick."

The longer I gazed down the barrel of that revolver the bigger it grew, and it looked as if it were loaded to the muzzle with buckshot. When it had grown to about the size of a Gatling gun I concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor" and turned my red light. Meanwhile the door opened again, and three more men came in. These were masked, and as soon as I saw them I knew that they were going to try to hold up the Overland Flyer. Often this train carried large amounts of bullion and currency East, and I supposed they had heard that there was a shipment to go through that night.

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I was standing with my back to the table, and just then I heard the despatcher say that the Flyer was thirty minutes late from the West. I put my hands quietly behind me and let them rest on the key. I then carefully opened the key, and had just begun to speak to the despatcher when one of the men suspected me and said to the leader, "Bill, watch that little cuss. He's monkeying with that instrument, and may give them warning."

I stopped, and was trying to look unconcerned, when "Bill" said that "to stop all further trouble" he would bind and gag me. Thereupon two of the men tied my hands in front of me, bound my legs securely, and then thrust a villainously dirty gag into my mouth. When this was done, "Bill" said, "Throw him across those instruments, so they will keep quiet." They flung me upon the table face downwards, so that the relay was just under my stomach, and of course my weight against the armature of the relay stopped the clicking of the sounder. As luck would have it, my left hand just touched the key, and I found I could move the hand slightly. So I opened the key, and then pretended to be choking and struggled quite a little. The leader came over, and, giving me a good stiff punch in the ribs, said with an oath, "Keep quiet, or we will make you." I became quiet again, and then, when the men were engaged in earnest conversation, I began to telegraph softly to the despatcher. The relay being shut off by my weight, there was no noise from the sounder, and I sent so slowly that the key was noiseless. Of course I did not know on whom I was breaking in, but I kept on. I told the exact state of affairs, and asked him either to tell the Flyer not to heed my red light and go on through, or, better, to send an armed posse from Kingsbury, twelve miles up the road. I repeated the message twice, so that he would be sure to hear it, and then trusted to luck.

The cords and gag were beginning to hurt, and my anxiety was very great. The minutes dragged slowly by, and I thought that hour never would end; but it did end at last, and all of a sudden I heard the long calliope whistle of the Flyer coming down the grade. This was followed by two short blasts, that showed she had seen my red light and was going to stop. My one thought was, "Has she been warned?" The men went out, leaving me helpless on the table. I heard the whistle of the air-brakes and knew that the train must be slowing up. My anxiety was intense. Presently I heard her stop at the tank, and then, in about a second, I heard the liveliest fusillade that I had ever heard in my life. It was sweet music to my ears, I can tell you, for it indicated to me, what proved to be the fact, that a posse was on board and that the robbers were foiled. One of them was shot and two were captured, but "Bill," the leader, escaped. They had horses hitched to telegraph poles, and as "Bill" went by the office I heard him say, "I'll fix that operator, anyhow." Then bang, crash went the glass in the window, and a bullet buried itself in the table not two inches from my head. I was not exactly killed, but I was frightened so badly, and the strain was so great, that when the trainmen came in and released me I at once lost consciousness. When I came to, I was surrounded by a sympathetic crowd of passengers and trainmen, and a doctor who had happened to be on the train was pouring something down my throat that soon made me feel better. As soon as I had recovered myself a little, I telegraphed to the despatcher what had happened, and the Chief, who had been sent for in the meantime, told me to close up the office, come East on the Flyer, and report for duty in his office as a copy operator.

That is how I won my promotion.

My change from Alfreda to the chief despatcher's office in Nicholson was indeed pleasant. The despatchers seemed somewhat dubious as to my ability to do the work, but I was rapidly improving in telegraphy, and, in spite of my extreme youth, I was allowed to remain. But railroad life is very uncertain, and one day we were very much surprised to hear that the road had gone into the hands of receivers. There were charges of mismanagement made against a number of the higher officials of the road, and one of the first things the receivers did was to have a "house-cleaning." The general manager, general superintendent, and a number of division superintendents resigned, and my friend the chief despatcher went with them. He was succeeded by the man who had been working the first "trick." This man did not like me, and, rather than give him the opportunity to dismiss me, I quit.

I was at home idle for a few weeks, and then, hearing that there might be an opening for operators on the C. Q. & R., a new road up in Nebraska, I once more started out. It was an all-night ride from my home to the division headquarters, and I thought I would be luxurious for once, and took a

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sleeper. My berth was in the front end of the last car on the train. I retired about half-past ten and soon dropped off to sleep. I had been asleep perhaps two hours, when I was awakened by the car giving a violent lurch and then stopping suddenly. I was stunned and dazed for a moment, but I soon heard the cracking and breaking of timbers and the hissing of steam painfully near. I tried to rise up, but found that my narrow quarters would not permit of it. I then realized that we were wrecked. I felt that I had no bones broken, and my only fear was that the wreck would take fire. My fears were not groundless, for I soon smelled smoke. Then I felt that my time had come, and I had about given up hope when I heard the train-crew and passengers working above me, and in a few minutes I was taken out. It was an awful night—raining torrents and blowing almost a hurricane.

I now found that our train had stopped on account of a hot driving-box on the engine; the hind brakeman had been sent back to put out a flag, but, imagining there was nothing coming, he had neglected his duty, and before he knew it, a fast freight had come tearing around the bend, and a tail-end collision was the result. Seeing the awful effect of his neglect, the brakeman took out across the country and was never seen again. Two people in the sleeper were killed, and three were injured, while the engineer and the fireman of the freight were badly hurt by jumping.

As I stood watching the wrecked cars burn I heard the conductor say that he wished he had an operator with him. I told him I was an operator, and he said that there was a pocket instrument in the baggage-car, and asked me if I would cut in on the wire and tell the despatcher of the wreck. I assented, and we went forward to the baggage-car, where he gave me a pair of pliers, a pocket instrument, and about eight feet of office wire. I asked for a pair of climbers and more office wire, but neither was to be had. Here, therefore, was a pretty problem. The telegraph poles were thirty feet high; how was I to make a connection with only eight feet of wire and no climbers? I put the instrument in my pocket, and undertook to "shin up" the pole as I used to do when I was a schoolboy. After many efforts I finally reached the bottom cross-arm, and seated myself on it with my legs wrapped around the pole. There was only one wire on this arm, so I had, comparatively speaking, plenty of room. On each of the other two cross-arms there were four wires, and there was also one strung along the tops of the poles. This made ten wires in all, and I had not the least idea which was the despatcher's wire. The pole was wet from the rain, which made the wires hot to handle. I had the fireman hand me up a piece of old wire he happened to have on the engine, and with it I made a flying cut in the third wire of the second cross-arm. Then with my eight feet of office wire I attached the little pocket instrument, and upon adjusting I found I was on a commercial wire. There I was, straddling a cross-arm between heaven and earth, with the instrument held on my knee, and totally ignorant of any of the calls or of the wire I was on. I yelled down to the conductor and asked him if he knew any of the calls. No; of course he didn't; and he was so excited that he didn't have sense enough to look on his time card, where the calls are always printed. Finally I opened my key, broke in on somebody, and said: "Wreck." The answer came, "Sine." I said, "I haven't any sine. No. 2, on the C. K. & Q., has been wrecked out here, and I want the despatcher's office. Can you tell me if he is on this wire?"

Now there is a vast difference between sending with a Bunnell key on a polished table, and sending with a pocket instrument on your knee, especially when you are perched on a thirty-foot telegraph pole, with the rain pouring down in torrents and the wind blowing almost a gale. Consequently, my sending was pretty "rocky," and some one came back at me with, "Oh, get out, you big ham." But I hung to it and made them understand who I was and what I wanted. The main office in Ouray cut me in on the despatcher's wire and I told him of the wreck. He said that he suspected No. 2 was in trouble, but he had no idea that it was so serious. He ordered out the wrecking train, and had the doctors come with it; so in about an hour our anxiety was relieved, the wounded were taken care of, and a decent wrecking office was put in. The division superintendent came out with the wrecking outfit, and for my services he offered me the day office at X——, and I accepted.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is the first of a series of real life stories, narratives of the personal experiences of a railroad telegrapher, which possess the same quality of stirring human interest that marked Herbert E. Hamblen's railroad articles.

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EVICTION

AT DUNSHAUGHLIN BOG.

By M. G. Sampson.

ALL the world knows Dunshaughlin Bog near the river Finn. Keep the roadway till you come to the Ballinasloe Lodge of Ballina Castle, then strike up into a bridle path at the left to Raphoe Mountain. From this, Ballina Castle can be seen—one of the most perfect castles in Donegal. The late Lord Ballina had passed here a life of festivity, but the present peer had left Ireland and established himself in India, and the domain was Dunmoyle's on a lease, the tenants paying Dunmoyle double what their fathers had paid Lord Ballina, and being consequently often in arrears.

Shannon and his wife had been all the way to Castlereagh, a good ten miles. Peggie had taken off her shoes, her temper proof against the wagon ruts, and was trying to pacify Shannon, a strong, off-hand looking young Irishman, for not having had a sixpence in his pocket to buy a half pound of tobacco.

"Lord bless me, Michael," Peggie said, stepping up close beside him, "isn't this for all the world like the evening the hailstorm come on and the car ran away with my father, and he coming home from McCoy's wedding, and a crowd of people in the road from Raphoe fair, and it all broke up with the stones going to be pounded, and the red shawl he had bought my mother in the gripe of the ditch, and she screaming, and the two wheels off and tattered, and a power of boys in the cabin drinking to Lord Ballina for letting the rent run on, and I dancing the ten toes off myself till the fiddle tumbled on the floor? Where in the world would you see an evening like that?"

Shannon threw Peggie a look.

"I mind well your father was bent that night, Peggie, you should settle on Rathdonnel. His tongue was wore to a shred trying to keep me away. My heart used be all as one as in my mouth when I'd see him teaching you toss up for fog-berries."

"God look down on us all," said Peggie, laughing a little. "Sure, Michael, it was hard for any of us to know what me poor father said that night. There wasn't a wiser spoken man in the wide world, turn out who they could against him. Sure, my grandfather thought to make him a priest, but he was as good as dead that night with the whisky went down his throat, but he didn't care a brass button for Rathdonnel. He used to swear at him behind his back, only Rathdonnel hadn't the luck to hear him."

"Well, Peggie, you split Rathdonnel's heart into two halves," said Shannon.

A clear moon lit up the heavens when they reached Dunshaughlin Bog, on the edge of which stood their cabin. The door was open, and before it a pig lay sleeping in some fresh-turned earth. The beast raised himself on his hind legs, and looked at them.

Peggie was still almost a child in years, but the chubby round face of a boy peered above her shoulder. Shannon stooped slightly forward to enter the cabin door, threw off his cap, kicked his brogues from him, and seated himself on a three-legged stool close by the peat fire, a dreary look coming over his face. Peggie cleared her blue hooded cloak from a bramble, and perched herself on one corner of a deal table, heaped with potatoes upon which the earth was still moist, and began preparing them for a small pot beside the hod. She was a handsome, brave, warm-hearted young woman, with Irish blue eyes in which love seemed always stirring—one who could walk almost as lightly over the thorns of life as over its flowers.

"Michael," she said, pushing back the pig from the potatoes, "what's become of Rooney, the chap with one eye who was working at the public?"

"Rooney is going to leave before this time next week for America," said Shannon.

"Thank God," said Peggie, "for he would only starve with the hunger if he staid here."

"I haven't a doubt, Peggie, he would," said Shannon, directing his eye to a gap in the window where a hen was roosting, half through the glass. "God knows if we all live a twelvemonth. It's little I thought more than the man never was born to be having my cow go round to the pound and

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Dunmoyle, fractious old trader, buying her up, and you, Peggie, getting Poor Law relief. I see the day, and Lord Ballina living, when geese come as fast as we could eat them, and as good bacon as ever was made, let alone herrings, fresh and salt."

"Well, faith, Shannon, I wish some one would put a morsel of herring in my mouth," said Rathdonnel, who now came. An old Irish setter, which had walked sulkily step by step behind him, at the door of the cabin pushed through before him, casting his eye at a little snug place underneath the bed. "But if my stomach is empty, I have something down here in my pocket has cost me trouble enough. There it is, and it's from Dunmoyle"—holding up a summons. "Sure, the sheriff's been chasing after me this three days, and I running round and back and everywhere through Dunshaughlin Bog to keep out of his way. He is ferreting me out of my life calling for money. Rent must be paid with all of us," Rathdonnel said, with an oath that made Peggie cross herself, "or we'll be turned out. Sure, I never slept a wink all night, thinking of it, and my turf stack ready for the winter."

Peggie, who was hospitable in her own way, bestirred herself about the potatoes. Rathdonnel took them from her hand, and peeled off the skins with his fingers.

"God bless you both," she said, "don't be thinking of Dunmoyle now. Time enough and we put to our shifts with the agent in the cabin. I wish to the Lord I could drag Lord Ballina out of his grave; he'd rid you of summonses. But if I live till Monday, Michael, I go down to Raphoe and get the plait and bring it home and sew it into bonnets and hats. That will pay for the meal, and with the blessing of God, this weather will soon fill out the potatoes."

"Och, Peggie, they won't buy hats of you in Raphoe," said Rathdonnel, in a tone of annoyance, "for those cursed sewing machines of Dunmoyle leave no work. He's never easy unless turning two guineas into three."

"If it wasn't Peggie would cry fit for ten burying, I'd be along with Rooney to America," said Shannon.

"I would drop dead myself," said Peggie, wiping her blue eyes, first with one corner of her apron, then with another; "but they wouldn't let you land, Michael, and you not a penny in your pocket. Sure you'd be sent back without even a blessing."

"Michael," said Rathdonnel, "did Rooney give you a hint so you see the ricks burning last night? It was a fine sight, the whole face of the earth lit up with one of Dunmoyle's barns. He may grind the face of us and bring a lawsuit every day in the week, but if it pleases Heaven spare us, it may cost him a plump bit in the end. I tell you, Peggie, a man that will dig up a fairy-mount, as Dunmoyle did, will have no luck. Sure, Lord Ballina's bailiff himself sent five women see could he stop it; but no, Dunmoyle took every grain of sand in it, and there isn't a Christian of us now knows where it is. Little wonder all to be upside down with us. The heathen, not know a fairy-mount when he sees it!"

The pig was trying all this time to get a potato from the baby. Peggie brought things to a crisis by firing one of Shannon's brogues over his head, whereupon the hungry pair began munching the potato together.

"Well, it would take a man twice as good as Dunmoyle to bring me before the justice," said Shannon, "and I'll not pay him a shilling either. Look at the bit of a rental he pays Lord Ballina and throw all the distress on us."

"Don't fret, Michael," said Peggie. "Sure, I dreamed in my bed last night you had ditching brought you in a pound."

"What in the devil's name, Peggie, makes you never know you are wet till you're drowned?" said Rathdonnel, springing impatiently to his feet. "Better have a shilling in your pocket than a pound in a dream. You mustn't want spirit."

"There is a differ between wanting spirit and wanting sense," said Peggie, walking up to Shannon's side.

"I could give Dunmoyle my heart's blood if he'd do by me as he should," said Shannon: "treat me as if I was a man."

"Every station has that right," put in Rathdonnel. "I lay a shilling, with all his pretensions, Dunmoyle's lived in a small cage sometime. It isn't all his life he sat with a pipe in his mouth watching a dog-fox go by to the turnip field."

"He don't dare sit a horse hasn't plenty of bone beneath the knee," laughed Shannon. "Isn't so? Lord save us, Lord Ballina was a gentleman, and heart and soul a sportsman. He didn't care for money; he spent every week what Dunmoyle would spend in a year; he'd as soon pay twice over the worth of a thing; he lived like the men about him, and wasn't afraid if his checks once in a while did come back to him."

"You were only a small slip then," said Rathdonnel, turning an admiring glance

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towards Peggie, "but Shannon and me mind the castle full every winter, hunting and shooting. You couldn't see the turnips for the partridges then, and the sky black with the woodcock. A Donegal linen draper's no hand at anything like that; he knows a five note and the ways of Dame Street, that's all. He sent Cusick off—I saw it myself—to bring out some trash for the dairy, and he only paid him ninepence, made him carry three stone of earthenware and a slab of marble thirteen miles."

Shannon went presently to the baby, and laid one hand on his amber-tinted head. "Peggie," he said, "I'll wrack every stick in the place in smithereens before Dunmoyle shall touch the cabin, and I'll send him a civil message to say so."

"He'll be after giving you a skinful of broken bones to bring to Peggie," said Rathdonnel, rising from a rickety little stool on which he had maintained his balance with difficulty.

"I don't care a traneen if he does," said Shannon, querulously. Just then a blackbird gave his tally-ho of a whistle. "Talk of shooting," continued Shannon, "I am fond of shooting myself, but I never get a shot now without the risk of a jail. It would be cheaper for me to kill a cow than a woodcock; but I'll fly a salmon whensoever I get a spot that nobody sees me, and draw the river, too, with a line at night. Dunmoyle may call it poaching if he likes, but the Lord put the salmon in the Finn, and I see nothing amiss in me filling my basket; call it poaching if he likes. What would Dunmoyle care if I never snapped a cap or threw a line?"

Rathdonnel passed out from the cabin to the garden, where he came upon Peggie standing beside the pig. The moon was shining brightly, illuminating the old frieze clothes that were broken and full of patches. "I'm as bare of clothes," he said, when just abreast of her, "as the day I was born."

"God go with you, Rathdonnel," said Peggie, her blue eyes fixed gravely upon him. "I wish your soul was as bare of sin."

Rathdonnel made no attempt to revolve this caustic characterization, but flicked off the ash of his pipe and laughed.

Troubles were soon flying all around Raphoe. A fresh constabulary had been brought, the sergeant had made some unwarranted arrests, and there were rumors of more to follow.

Peggie sat in the door of the cabin; the bog was silent; the only sound about the place was the crowing of the baby. Suddenly she heard a step, and Shannon, who had come back from Raphoe, was in the garden.

"I've had a quarter of a mile to walk through a mob of men," he said. "I can tell you, Peggie, as we have supper. The constabulary drove to the station; some of them was leaving by the train. Half an hour after they left, Lackeym was near hamstringing Dunmoyle in the glen between him and Colonel Byrne."

Peggie had seated herself at the table with the baby upon her knee, one arm passed around his trim strong waist. Shannon glanced across at her. "I'm not sure, Peggie," he said, "but I'd be willing myself have the vagabonds beating the bog for me if I could know there was a bullet ready to be took out of Dunmoyle's ugly body."

"God help us, Michael," said Peggie, "don't you be swore to murder, or we'll all have bad luck and a curse. Look how the lot fell on McMann. Poor as we are, we can walk the high road now in the face of day; better that than trembling in a copse."

Shannon desisted from argument, but the ligaments of his neck were elongated as he thrust his head forward, conscious that Peggie was watching him. He was a man of excitable and affectionate nature, strong and brave, but he loathed his life as it was at present, and longed to strive after another.

Meetings were arranged for every night. The society met in Raphoe; the old room on the second floor of the public was always crowded, and hosts of little papers upon Dunmoyle's cruelty and Dunmoyle's injustice poured from the Raphoe press. Shiel, a cousin of Rathdonnel's, was shot in attempting to resist the service of a warrant for his arrest.

"Shiel was a fine, brave fellow," said Shannon. They were all just back from the churchyard. "God help us. To think of the children and only Bridget's two hands to work for them now!"

"I wonder will Dunmoyle look to her now?" said Mullins. "It's a pity Lord Ballina is not in it. He saw to every one. The blessings of the poor he had, carried his soul to heaven."

"Well, the widow of Shiel shall never make a poor mouth to Dunmoyle," said Rathdonnel. "There was always full and plenty in Shiel's father's house, and Dunmoyle's taken all except Shiel's heart's blood, and that he took at last like a cow or a horse, and no time to make his soul. I

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didn't know his face when I looked on it. Think of that, Shannon, his own cousin didn't know his face."

"Dunmoyle'll never look near Bridget," said Mullins. "He'll only think it's a nuisance that she's there at all." As he spoke, Dunmoyle came in view, mounted on a somewhat fidgety mare.

"Look at him," laughed Shannon, "the measly chestnut is the pick of his stables. I'd like to see Dunmoyle with the hounds running. The only thing he cares is not to get wet on his leathers."

At the funeral Rathdonnel had indulged in five or six glasses of raw spirits, and, thrusting his hat over his face, made his exit across the little Raphoe street and took a bridle path which led around Ballinasloe Mountain. The solitude, broken only by pheasants chasing one another and the corncrake poking across the stubble, influenced him as it never had done before, and the thought of living in a world like this homeless, or languishing in a country beautiful as Donegal without food, exasperated him.

As he lay, his face to the earth, the sound of stones torn by a horse's feet caught his ear, and looking ahead, he saw Dunmoyle's mare, the mists folding her in drapery, stepping gingerly over the boles of fallen trees, rounding a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel crawled through the brambles, and rolled a boulder down the incline of the mountain directly in front of Dunmoyle.

Rathdonnel was a man of great strength; a blow from his shillalah, which had been tempered in a dung-heap, would fell Dunmoyle. Still, if he took his chances with him, it was not impossible that, braced with anger, the fight would go wrong and he might find himself lodged in Raphoe jail. Dunmoyle stopped before reaching the boulder, and, letting the reins fall on the mare's neck, dismounted to tighten the girth, giving the stone a whack which knocked the riding whip out of his hand.

Something seemed to break loose in Rathdonnel's brain. He raised his hand and thrust at Dunmoyle, and springing forward got the whip from his hand, and with a gesture of his arm sent him headlong down the steep descent. Then, pushing his way back through the stubble where the mare stood restless, the rims of her nostrils expanding, he took hold of the bridle that hung down, and switching her on the belly, watched her scramble down the mountain. Her return to Ballina Castle would be the token of a fatal fall from the saddle, without a trace of foul play.

Early the next morning he came under Shannon's window. In a corner of the cabin Peggie and Shannon lay sleeping, the baby between them. Leaning through the broken pane, radiating an aroma of tobacco, he said: "Michael, do you hear the word they're making about Dunmoyle? Sure, since yesterday they haven't a trace of him only that he went the road over Raphoe Mountain; but the mare's come back to the stable, and they're going to search the gulch. No one only a cat could reach it. McCrum says he'll let himself down with a rope, but if it's there Dunmoyle is, we'll leave him till he rots. He'll never be in Raphoe again, for it's the nearest place to hell in Ireland."

"How did he get there?" said Shannon, embracing Peggie with one arm.

"No one only God can tell that," said Rathdonnel; "but he was strange to the mountain, and if he has tried his luck at a tumble, maybe he got a lodging he didn't dream of."

"Och, Rathdonnel, but you take the sight out of my eyes," said Peggie, turning away her face and holding fast the baby. "Give me the cloak, Michael, behind you, quick, and let me out of the cabin; I'm smothering."

Wrapped up in her blue cloak, Peggie stepped over the threshold and sat down in one corner of the garden, and began braiding her long, thick, black hair. "Please God, nothing has happened Dunmoyle," she said, slowly turning her blue shaded eyes on Rathdonnel, who had followed. "It would be a bad thing to see a man go before the Lord and no soul in him."

"Where were you, Michael, at the heel of the evening?"

"Where was I?" said Shannon. "Sure, it was last night, and the shindy was at Mullin's to finish Shiel's wake. We had the pipes and tobacco, and Mullin let me have the whisky on credit, so I was sittin' down in Dunshaughlin Bog, singing to myself, when I come home to keep myself from sleeping."

The baby, his sleeves rolled up, was crowding himself behind Peggy to have a spree over some curdled milk.

"For heaven sakes, Michael, what's the matter?" she said, pointing towards the bog, where a sergeant of police and three soldiers in red coats were hurrying toward the cabin. "What brings them here?"

"They're everywhere, and will be till they nab some one," said Rathdonnel.

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"I have a warrant here," said the sergeant, as though addressing them all; and then turning to Shannon, "Mullin's whisky made you talk last night," he said. "You swore to destroy all belonging to Dunmoyle. No one can find him. The town is fuller than it can hold, and they say you must be put before the justice."

Peggie, without knowing what she was doing, had left the corner and was in the doorway, listening to the conversation, looking at Shannon and he at her, as they went from one word to another. As the sergeant watched her, the baby with its fat little hand seized hold of the warrant. "God be with us, Michael, do you know anything about Dunmoyle?" she asked, unlocking the blue cloak and pulling it down below her shoulders as though to breathe the better.

"Shannon saw Dunmoyle go off on the mare," said the sergeant; "I know that for sure."

"Dunmoyle went by the public, and the whole of Shiel's funeral watching him," said Shannon.

"Well, we can't find him," said the sergeant, drawing tighter the strap of his belt, "and I must take you."

Peggy turned pale as Shannon gave a bound to his feet to say good-by, but on the edge of the bog he heard a cry, and after going a few steps more, saw Peggie in the arms of Rathdonnel, and tearing himself away from the soldiers and swearing an Irish oath, he went back to her.

"It's a pity of her," said the sergeant; "she's near dead with the fright, and small blame to her. She came of honest, decent, God-fearing people. Bad cess to you, Shannon; this is your cursed work. Feel of her heart. Sure it's moving every way."

Shannon dropped on his knee by Peggie's side and threw the long blue cloak on the turf. "Peggie," he whispered, "I am holding you in my own arms. Don't you feel me? Lord have mercy on us, Peggie, I'm telling you only the truth. I never raised a finger to hurt Dunmoyle."

"Don't let her die without the priest who christened her," said the sergeant; "I'll go every inch of the way, have him myself."

"Och, I'm easy as to the life of Peggie's soul," said Shannon. "What I want is to see her put her blue eyes on me."

"Of course you do, Shannon," said the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctor, and I tell you she has panted the breath of her body out. Her heart hasn't beat this fifty seconds. The blood in her veins is still."

The soldiers stood about in a variety of positions, the baby among them. Suddenly Shannon felt Peggie's heart beating against his arm. He gave a rather contemptuous glance at the sergeant.

"Rathdonnel," he said, "come you here and look at her. See, Peggie, darling, there's the bed in the corner for you."

Rathdonnel looked at Peggie, Shannon's thick fingers in her handsome black hair.

"See here," he said to the sergeant, "no one's hands shall be heavy on her. It wasn't Shannon give Dunmoyle the length of himself last night in Ballina Gulch. I did it myself, and there's no sin on my soul, for many's the day and night Dunmoyle gave me an empty stomach. Glory be to God left me strength to do it. Sure, Dunmoyle will not be missed out of Raphoe by so much as a dog; and why should he, starving facing us? Not a cabin to put me head in, nor land to give a rabbit a run. The thing for me to do is better myself or die. I'm like to do that lying in the road."

"Och, saints in heaven, Rathdonnel," said Peggie, crossing her forehead, her lovely blue eyes opening and responding to Shannon's glances, "don't be talking ill of the dead."

The sergeant wondered to see Rathdonnel taking the blame on himself. "If you stand to this, Rathdonnel," he said, "do you know what will become of you?"

"Damn what becomes of me," said Rathdonnel, coolly picking up his shillalah. "You may have the law of me. Sure, I haven't a wife like that at the back of me. I'd sooner part with my neck than let anything harm her."

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A COUPLE O' CAPTAINS.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," "The Story of the Railroad," etc.

"JIMINY Christmas," groaned Tom, "how my arm aches!"

"Don't think o' your arm," said Gene, twisting in his blankets. "I'd take your wound for the prospect of promotion that hangs over your head."

"Be quiet," said Tom, and he sighed heavily.

The stars were burning like coals of fire in the blue above them, and all about the winds were breathing in the sage-brush. The two boys had been in battle that day—a hot fight with the Sioux—and Tom had labored and larruped a wily warrior single-handed and alone under the very nose of the Colonel, and for that reason and not because he had received a slight, though painful, wound in his arm, his comrade Gene argued that promotion would come to Tom. It did come, and still another, and in less than a month's time he was a captain.

Gene was a big, brave, strong youth, and it was not long until he, too, began to take on markers at the tops of his shoulders. Without any of that invisible something commonly called "pull," both boys fought themselves up so that at the end of the five years' strife with the Sioux they were captains of cavalry. It was all very exciting: even thrilling at times. But the war ended one fine day, as wars will, and the two captains found themselves without employment, and, one of them at least, without tangible means of support. The disbanding of the army had thrown some thousands of men suddenly upon a country in which all the good jobs seemed to be filled.

"We must do something," said Tom.

"Yes," assented his friend; "we'll have to get married or go to work sooner or later, I suppose."

"I wish we could get into something together."

"Like enough if we did get in together, they'd put us in separate cells," said Gene. He had money—not much, perhaps, but money—and parents well-to-do, and could afford to joke. But it was a serious matter with Tom. He was as poor as a Greek and as proud as a Spaniard. One day he hailed Gene with a happy shout, and announced that he had a job for both, where they could work together by day and bunk together at night.

"So it's work, is it?" asked Gene, looking his friend over.

"Well, yes. You were not expecting a job stopping balls in a tennis court, were you?"

"Not exactly; but I thought we were going into some sort of business together."

"This is business—good business, and you wind it up with a brake-chain every time the whistle blows."

"What is it?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

"W-h-a-t?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

Gene smiled.

The Burlington had just been opened as far as Omaha, and Ottumwa was only a small settlement. Iowa was right out on the raw edge of the wide, wild West. The Indians were wrecking stations and robbing freight cars, and a flagman three cars from the caboose couldn't call his scalp his own.

"Passenger train, I presume?" said Gene, breaking the hush.

"Freight."

"What?"

"Freight."

"Say, Tom, you're crazy. What you want to throw yourself away on a box-car for? It won't do—not for me—it's preposterous!"

"It beats walking."

"Perhaps, but we haven't had to walk yet. Think of it! Society column of the Chicago 'Tribune,' 'Captain Smith and Captain Jones are braking on freight out of Ottumwa.' Come, Tom, I'm not broke yet; besides, you are too young and handsome to be killed."

"Then you won't go?"

"No," said Gene, and he began to sing:

> "Don't you go, Tommy, don't go;
> Stay away, Tommy, don't go."

"Well, I've always feared it would come

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to this sooner or later," said Tom. He held out his hand, and Gene took it.

"I love you, Tommy," said he, "but I can't join you in a blue jumper and go skating with you over the icy tops of rolling box-cars."

"Good-by," said Tom.

"Good-by! God be good to you, captain—my captain!"

"The same to you," called Tom, and his friend watched him wander away down among the cars in the newly railed freight yards.

"Ticket," called the conductor.

The man was reading.

"Ticket," and he touched the man's shoulder, and the man looked up.

"Why—hel-lo, Tom. What you doing?"

"I'm trying to run this train," said Tom, passing the punch to his left hand in order to shake the hand the passenger held out.

When the conductor had worked the train, he came back to the passenger with the book.

"Say, Gene," said the ticket-taker, "I was so elated over this unexpected pleasure that I forgot to get your ticket. You ought to be ashamed to make me ask the third time for it."

"Well, you can keep right on, for I've got no ticket. I had barely time to throw myself aboard as the train pulled out."

"Well, you've got money, haven't you? 'Cause if you haven't, I know where you can borrow."

Gene smiled and gave up, and then the two ex-captains of cavalry sat and talked of the old days, when there were no railroads there.

"Well, Tom, you've made a great success of this railroad business, and I'm proud of you," said Gene, glancing at the bright blue uniform the Captain wore.

Tom smiled. "What are you driving at, Gene?"

"Readin' law."

"Well," said Tom, "I guess that'll beat brakin' on freight."

And so the two men talked on to the end of the run, the conductor dropped off, and the law student went on to Chicago.

In the jam and crowd about the gates of the Burlington station at Chicago men often bump up against old comrades unexpectedly, and so it fell out that as Gene was sweeping through a narrow gate he ran bang into a man.

"Hello, Gene," said the man, "wait a moment."

Gene waited impatiently for five minutes, it seemed to him. He was glad enough to meet an old friend, but the diagram had gone to the sleeping-car conductor, and Gene wanted to secure a place. Finally, as the train was about to pull out—in fact, the time was up by the big clock on the wall—the waiting traveler was gladdened by the reappearance of the busy man.

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Do you want me to get left?"

Tom smiled. "My dear Gene, don't you know this train would not pull out without you?"

"That's all very funny," Gene replied; "but I've got no place to sleep."

"Well, you won't sleep much to-night, for you are going to sit up and visit with me."

By this time Tom had been met by a smart black porter, who, at a faint signal from his master, took the hand baggage from the over-anxious traveler and ran up the rear steps of the rear-most car.

"Is this my car?" asked Gene, stopping and glancing along the platform.

"No, it's mine; but you can ride. Come, hand yourself aboard; I shan't make you put up this trip."

The train conductor, ever alert, saw the two men enter the car, lifted his white light, and the big engine breathed softly, and moved out of the station shed.

Gene, following the trail of the black boy, stood upon the platform of a car that seemed to be all plate glass, and stepped hesitatingly into a luxurious drawing-room.

"Now what's all this folderol, Tom?" asked Gene, for he had been abroad and had lost track of his old "pal" of the plains.

Tom was a modest man, and so told his friend in a modest way that he was the General Manager and that this was the private car that the company had given over for his comfort and convenience. We may suppose it was a pleasant evening that the two captains passed as the train carried them away to the West.

A few years later Tom left the Burlington and went over to take charge of the Union Pacific. He had an agreement that gave him a fabulous salary, and the written promise of the owners of the property that the road should be run by him from Omaha and not by anyone else, and, above all, that he should not be compelled to take signals from

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the seaboard, given by men who were in the habit of putting a day coach in the shops to have the stove changed to "the front end," instead of turning the car on the table or running it round a "Y."

This good and useful man had been at his new post but one short year when he was called in by the Great Manager of the Universe, and when the news of his death went over the wire it made heavy the hearts of thousands of railway employees all over this Continent, for he was, without question, one of the most humane managers that has ever lived.

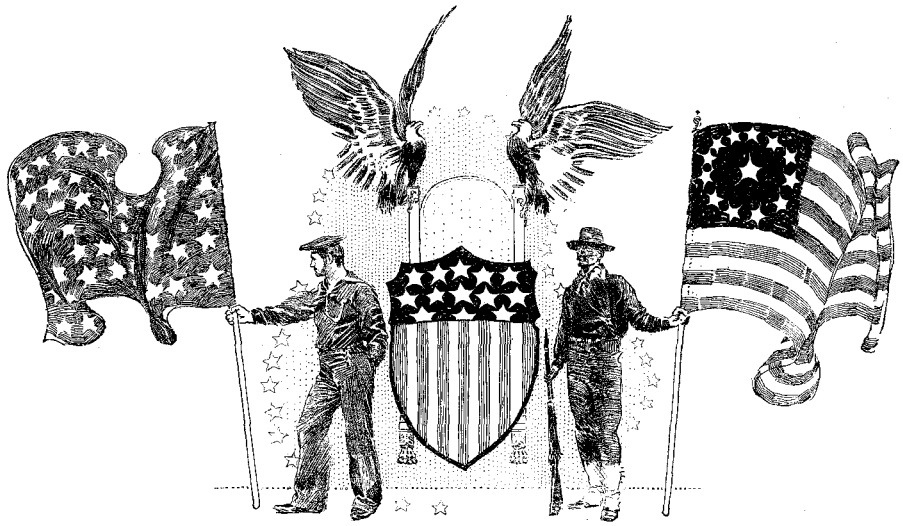
All night long, from North to South, from East to West, as the conductor swung down from a coach or a way car the operator would meet him and say in a low tone, "Tom Potter's dead." In most cases the conductor would make no reply, but when he handed the order up to the engineer he would say, as the operator had said to him, "Tom Potter's dead."

"No!" the engineman would say, turning to watch the conductor, who was already taking his way sadly back to the caboose to break the news to the brakemen.

"What's that?" asks the fireman.

"Tom Potter's dead." And then the engineer would open the throttle slowly, and if she slipped, he gave her sand and humored her, and he didn't swear.

The other captain, who has also made a name and a place for himself, is still with us. He is the "split-trick" in the prosperous law firm of Gleed, Ware, and Gleed, of Topeka. He is the wholesome, happy, two-hundred-pound poet of the Kansas capital whose *nom-de-plume* is "Ironquill"; and if you doubt this story, it is probably because you have been reading romances and have lost confidence in the simple true tales that from time to time appear in print.



THE COST OF THE WAR.

By Frank A. Vanderlip,

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

SUCCESS in modern warfare is largely a matter of money. Without a well-supplied war chest neither armies nor navies can be made effective. It cannot be denied that intelligence and valor are prime requisites, and that dauntless courage bears a leading part in the victory. Without the persevering bravery of General Shafter's troops, and the skill and intrepidity of our naval heroes, the strongholds of Santiago might still be in possession of the Spanish soldiery. Their achievements are now a part of the world's imperishable history. Back of these men, however, were energiz-

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ing influences—the wealth and resources of the richest nation in the world. Millions were required in order that the instruments of warfare might be placed in their hands, and untold millions still in reserve gave them assurance that if they fell others would be pushed forward until their mission was accomplished. The war power of a people, as represented by their wealth, must therefore be held to share in the glories of their successes.

THE COST OF WARS IN GENERAL.

The cost of war is not merely to be reckoned by the loss of men and the expenditure of money. We must consider also the less apparent but greater loss which is represented by the destruction of capital. It is comparatively easy, when the strife is over and the accounts are rendered, to determine with some degree of accuracy the loss of life and the outlay of treasure. The English statistician Mulhall tells us that the wars of ninety years, down to 1880, involved an expenditure of $14,778,000,000, besides the loss of 4,470,000 lives. The cost of our Civil War is given at $3,589,000,000. This evidently does not include expenditures since the close of that war for property destroyed, nor the pension roll of thirty-three years—all the direct result of the war. The Treasury accounts for these items even so long ago as June 30, 1879, amounted to $2,500,000,000. No separate accounts of such expenditures have been kept since that date, except for pension payments, which alone aggregate, for that period, $1,800,000,000, making a grand known total of nearly $8,000,000,000 to the present year, while pension payments will not cease for many years to come.

The Franco-German War, which began July 15, 1870, and ended February 26, 1871, and is destined to bear some analogy to the Spanish-American War, at least in the matter of duration, cost both nations, in round numbers, $1,537,814,000.

In any war conducted for the purpose of mere conquest or revenge there is a cost which is beyond estimate. Influences are propagated which affect the state and individual and which must be reckoned as a part of the gain or expenditure. As an illustration, it is said that after the Hundred Years' War in France and the Thirty Years' War in Germany there was a very perceptible decline in the civilization of each of these countries, and that it required decades (some say several centuries in the case of the Hundred Years' War) for them to be restored to their former condition. It may easily be seen that here was a loss which simply passes all understanding.

THE FIRST APPROPRIATION FOR THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

Concerning the inquiry as to the cost in dollars of our war with Spain, we may properly begin with the first appropriation looking to the national defense. It will be recalled that while active preparations were being made, both by the army and by the navy, so far as regular appropriations would permit, prior to March 9th nothing in the way of money especially intended for war purposes had been provided. The suggestion, however, of the Spanish government looking to the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana was so menacing that President McKinley consulted with the leaders in both the Senate and the House, and Congress unanimously and without debate appropriated $50,000,000 at once for the national defense. All the world knows how prompt was the action of Congress and how well prepared was the Treasury, which, on that day, held as an available cash balance the sum of $224,541,637, of which $168,863,179 was in gold. Fifty millions more could have been as easily spared, and there was a question whether for the moral effect it would not have been better to have appropriated that amount. However, fifty millions set apart at one time for war preparation was sufficient to draw attention abroad to the fact that the United States was, so far as money resources were concerned, ready to enter into conflict. The money thus appropriated by Congress was to be expended under the direction of the President, and he was hampered by not a single restriction. The President proceeded to distribute to the several Executive Departments such portions of the appropriation as he deemed were required by the necessities of their services. The allotments thus made were as follows: Navy Department, $29,973,274.22; War Department, $19,811,647.95; Treasury Department, $55,000; and State Department, $53,860.89; a total of $49,893,783.06, leaving $106,216.94 unallotted.

THE COST OF GETTING THE NAVY READY.

All are familiar with the extraordinary energies which were set on foot by the money thus devoted to preparation for the national defense. Harbors long defense-

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less were mined; work on coast defenses was rushed; supplies and equipments for the army were hastily ordered; the markets of the world were drawn upon for these to the full extent, and for ammunition and guns; and the work of strengthening the navy was pushed with remarkable vigor. The number of vessels in the navy was more than doubled, the list of new vessels including 27 converted yachts, 26 tugs, 8 colliers, 8 cruisers, and 9 torpedo boats, ferry boats, lighters, and supply ships.

This fleet was purchased at a total cost of $17,748,385. Many vessels were also leased for use as transports, ice boats, lighters, and water barges. The auxiliary cruiser "Harvard," formerly the steamship "New York," and the "Yale," formerly the "Paris," each cost the Government $2,000 a day. They were appraised at $1,900,000 each, and in case either had been lost the Government would have been responsible for that amount. The "St. Louis" and the "St. Paul" were hired to the Government at $2,500 a day each, and their appraised value was $3,175,000 each.

The guns of the navy are expensive arms. The cost of a 13-inch gun is $63,000, and its mount, $18,500. An 8-inch gun costs $12,000, and its mount, $5,500. To fire one of the 13-inch armor-piercing shells costs $560, and the 8-inch shells, which have proved so effective in this war, are fired at a cost of $134 (sums materially less than imaginative war correspondents have put them). These expensive charges have been fired many times since the war began, and no doubt the ammunition supplies have been heavily drawn upon, to be immediately replenished. Some idea of the cost of ammunition may be had from a statement of the Secretary of the Navy.

THE COST OF SUPPLYING AND MOVING A BATTLESHIP.

"The cost of materials for a complete supply of ammunition," says Secretary Long, "to once refill all the vessels of the navy, including the five unfinished battleships, would be $6,521,985; not including them, $1,836,482 less." The cost of ammunition for one battleship of the "Kearsarge" class is $383,197. Admiral Dewey probably carried into Manila Harbor powder, shot, and shell to the value of $1,000,000. Each of the five times his squadron passed the firing arc before the doomed Spanish fleet, it expended a round $100,000 for overthrowing the cruelties of Spanish rule. An equal sum—another $500,000—expended in destroying Cervera's fleet, cost Spain more than thirty times that sum, since the Spanish vessels were valued at $16,500,000. The collier "Merrimac," sunk by Lieutenant Hobson in the attempt to blockade Santiago Harbor, cost $342,000, a comfortable fortune even in the United States, and yet of small significance placed alongside the important motive and splendid daring of its crew.

Each battleship and armored cruiser of the navy represents a very large outlay of money. The "Oregon" cost $3,791,777; and the average cost of such vessels in recent years has been three and a quarter million. Besides this, the vessels of our new navy have earned premiums for exceeding speed limits ranging from $414,600, by the "Minneapolis," to $36,857, by the "Newark," and aggregating almost $3,250,000 for the whole twenty-four speed earners.

An illustration of what it costs to move war vessels may be found in the expense of the trial trips. The average cost to the Government for each such trip is about $25,000. Therefore, to move a whole fleet hundreds of miles, repeating the experience at frequent intervals, soon runs into large figures. To illustrate: Admiral Dewey's coal bill alone for the month of April last was $81,872.91. It was, however, with this coal that he steamed from Hong Kong to Manila, and there won his memorable victory.

HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED.

The expense of carrying on a war necessitates either the raising of funds by borrowing or by increased taxation. The excuse for a loan, instead of at once raising the whole amount required by taxation, is found in the fact that it is inconvenient and often impossible to raise by taxation the amount needed within the time required. The experience of the United States at the present moment demonstrates such a condition. Congress has taken the middle ground on this question by giving authority for raising a portion of the amount required by a loan, and at the same time by levying additional taxes. The act to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures, approved June 13th, in addition to the increased taxation provided, carries with it the authority for an issue of bonds, and in pursuance of that authority, $200,000,000 of twenty-year three-per-cent. bonds have been issued. At the

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present time the money raised by this loan is in the national Treasury, and available, as declared by the act, only for the expenses of the war. If it should be the pleasure of the Government to redeem these bonds, in accordance with their terms, at the expiration of ten years, the interest to be paid thereon will have amounted to $60,000,000; or, if it should be more convenient to permit them to run for the full period, the interest paid will have amounted to $120,000,000. Either of these amounts, as the case may be, must be taken as a part of the cost of the war. To this must be added the expense of floating the loan, which amounted to something less than $200,000, or one-tenth of one per cent. In passing, it may not be amiss to say that the bonds of the war loan of 1898 have been placed in the hands of the people without any intermediate expense for commission. It is the most successful loan the Government ever has floated. Expenses, including commissions paid during the refunding of the Civil War loans, when $1,395,000,000 of bonds were issued, amounted to one-half of one per cent., or $6,976,729.

There is still another source of war revenue. Many patriotic gifts have been made to the Government by individuals in aid of the present war. These have come from rich and poor alike, and are entered in a separate new Treasury account opened for this purpose. An old soldier of Indiana, who did not give his name, sent a twenty-dollar national bank note, to which was pinned a slip of paper reading: "An old soldier divides his pension with the Government to assist in the prosecution of the war." Miss Helen Gould of New York gave $100,000 in cash, and another wealthy resident of New York presented a vessel to the navy. A Polish Jew of Nebraska sent his check for $200, and in transmitting it he said that he was beyond military age, but that he was now a naturalized citizen of the United States, and he knew of no other way to show his appreciation of the boon of liberty than by asking the Government to accept his donation. President McKinley himself acknowledged this gift. Greater still than the money value of these unsolicited gifts is the spirit they reveal of a love of country and of humanity which makes us all one people.

COMPARISON OF PEACE AND WAR APPROPRIATIONS.

Perhaps a better idea may be obtained as to the cost of the war by contrasting the appropriations made in ordinary times with those which Congress has provided for the present emergency. Since 1890 the annual expenditure for the army and navy has averaged not quite $250,000 a day, while the present expenditure is five times that sum. A few examples will give a clearer appreciation of this increased expenditure. For the whole of the last fiscal year Congress appropriated for army subsistence $1,650,000; for only six months up to December 31, 1898, Congress has already appropriated more than $23,000,000 to cover the extraordinary expenses of the war. The corresponding items for transportation are: $2,400,000 and $89,000,000; for clothing, $1,050,000 and $36,000,000; for horses, $130,000 and $5,000,000.

The most significant item relative to the cost of the war is the total of appropriations made by the Fifty-fifth Congress between March 9 and July 1, 1898, amounting in all to $361,788,095. This vast sum may be taken as the entire direct treasury cost of the war, since it is the opinion among high officials of the Government that no other appropriations will be necessary during the current year.

$98,000,000 PAID OUT FOR ARMY AND NAVY.

As a matter of fact, only $98,000,000 was paid out by the Treasury Department on account of the army and navy during the actual continuance of the war, from March until August 12th, when the protocol was signed. The following statement will show these expenditures in detail, and will give a graphic idea of the immensely greater expenditure for the army than for the navy, although in the present war the navy accomplished the greater results:

1898.	WAR.	NAVY.	TOTAL.
March.....	$600,000	$2,400,000	$3,000,000
April.....	1,200,000	9,800,000	11,000,000
May.....	12,000,000	7,000,000	19,000,000
June	16,500,000	6,500,000	23,000,000
July.....	29,500,000	5,500,000	35,000,000
August 12.....	5,500,000	1,500,000	7,000,000
	$65,300,000	$32,700,000	$98,000,000

This total of $98,000,000, however, does not by any means represent the expenses incurred for this period, for in the rush and hurry of warfare men have not had the time to present their accounts for settlement with the promptness required by the Department in times of peace. The accounting officers

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of the Treasury are of the opinion that not more than fifty per cent. of expenses actually incurred up to the end of the war have been brought to the attention of the Department.

WAR EXPENSES INCURRED BY THE STATES.

It is presumed, then, that the actual Treasury outlay will not exceed $361,000,000. But this is only one of many expenses which may properly be charged to the war. For instance, an expense of more than $10,000,000 has been incurred by the States for the equipment and subsistence of their quotas, as presented to the Auditor of the Treasury for the War Department. These two sums—represented by the national appropriations and by the State accounts—are the only expenditures accurately known at the present time, and it may be seen that they are materially less than the fanciful figures of the cost of the war given in many newspapers, which have ranged as high as $1,000,000,000, a sum obviously exaggerated. To these actual known expenses there must later be added amounts which now can only be estimated. There will be a pension roll; there will be claims for property taken and used by the army and the navy; there will be interest on the war loan; and who knows but that the administration of our new possessions may not add an item which may be considered as a war expense? Aside from the Government's expenditures, assistance has been rendered by individuals and associations, such as the Red Cross, but there is no means now of accounting for the amounts expended in the work of mercy.

The Government actually paid out an average of $860,000 for each day of the Spanish-American War. To this must be added, however, an estimate of fifty per cent. of accounts not yet presented for settlement, which will bring the total up to approximately a million and a quarter a day. And this maximum of expense continued for several weeks after the close of the war, the subsistence of troops and their transportation remaining very much the same as if an actual state of hostility still existed. With these figures some very interesting comparisons can be made with other wars.

COST IN COMPARISON WITH OTHER WARS.

Accepting the statistics of Mulhall as to the National Treasury cost of our own Civil War, each day of that war cost the Federal Government an average of $2,476,760. It will thus be seen that, unless when all accounts are rendered a much different result from that anticipated appears, the daily cost of the Spanish-American War was only about fifty per cent. of that of the Civil War. It must be remembered, however, that there were millions of men in the field during the latter struggle, where only a quarter of a million were engaged in the Spanish-American War, and if actual figures could be given of the cost of the late war based upon the number of men engaged, it would probably be found that the cost of fighting has not been reduced with the introduction of improved arms and ships. The Franco-Prussian War, of course, must be looked upon as one of the most expensive in the history of the world. Mulhall gives the total cost to both sides as £316,000,000, or $1,537,814,000. Lasting a period of 222 days, the average daily cost to both sides was, therefore, $6,927,090. The total number of men engaged was 1,713,000, of whom 1,300,000 were Germans, and an estimate as to the cost of maintaining the German and French armies would indicate that the average daily cost to the successful Germans was about $4,000,000, or very much larger in proportion than the cost of either our Civil War or the recent war.

Fortunately, the character of the present war is such that we shall escape the more serious cost which in most instances follows war. We have been the invaders, and have ourselves been safe from any invasion by the enemy. This fact alone saves the United States from loss which cannot be measured by money. Neither will our stock of raw materials be drawn upon to any great extent, nor will our fixed capital, tools, and instruments be destroyed. More than this, there has been no noticeable interruption in the expansion of industry up to this time, and the return of peace finds the country in as good condition as it was when the war began.

Another picture will serve to show the difference between our fortunate condition and one in which the devastation of war has wrought almost complete ruin. The island of Cuba is acknowledged to be one of the most fertile in the world. In many portions it is possible to raise four crops a year, and the strength of the soil is such that it seems practically inexhaustible. From the evidence furnished by the reports of United States consuls which were submitted to Congress by the President in his recent mes-

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sage on the relations of the United States and Spain, it is apparent that little else than the soil remains; that the supplies of the ordinary articles of consumption were long since exhausted; that one element of production has been almost completely annihilated—labor; that thousands of the inhabitants have starved; and that large proportions of the dwellings, plantation buildings, and machinery have been burned, and the live stock driven away or killed. It is doubtful, if Spain had succeeded in subduing the insurgents, whether Cuba could have been restored to even its anterior prosperity within a generation, perhaps not in a century; for the only source of rejuvenation would have been from the outside, and it is safe to say that capital, being proverbially timid, would have sought places of greater security. Altogether, the restoration of peace on the island, without some assurance of a well-organized government, capable of safeguarding capital, would not have restored the destroyed industries within the lifetime of any who may read this article. On the advent of good government, however, the restoration would be speedy. The tendency in the United States at the present time to seek safe fields for the investment of capital would immediately cause the restoration of those forms of capital which are essential to productivity. From the surplus stocks of the United States would be sent provisions, materials, machinery, and, in fact, all those things which capital needs for its rehabilitation.

REIMBURSEMENTS AND COMPENSATIONS.

As against whatever may be our losses and expenditures, in the end there will be certain items of reimbursement which must be considered. It is now likely that Spain will not be called upon to pay a direct indemnity, though to have exacted this would have been in accordance with custom and precedent. At the close of the Franco-German War the French were required to pay an indemnity of $1,000,000,000, and to cede provinces and fortresses. The Chinese-Japanese War resulted in the payment of an indemnity by China to Japan of $168,000,000, and the cession of the island of Formosa. The Greeks, at the close of the recent war with Turkey, were called upon to pay an indemnity of $20,000,000, and the Turkish frontier has been extended. But possibly, if a Republic of Cuba is established, it may be called upon to pay a part of the debt incurred by the United States to secure its independence; and, in any event, there is a prospect that the United States will be reimbursed indirectly, if not directly, for whatever expenses it has incurred in the present war.

"What will be the gain?" may be asked. Certainly the United States has gained in prestige as a naval and military power. The whole world has had a demonstration of what our squadrons and armies are capable of doing. We, therefore, make a gain in importance as a member of the family of nations. If it should be decided to hold the Philippines and Porto Rico as permanent acquisitions, there will be a gain important both from a strategical and commercial point of view. The Hawaiian Islands have been annexed as an indirect result of the war, and those should be counted as a gain. Who can doubt that our financial prestige has been increased by the floating of a war loan at home at three per cent., the lowest rate at which any national loan in time of war has ever been negotiated? This loan was subscribed for seven times over, and here is an exhibition of financial strength which cannot fail to have its influence for good, along with the prestige gained by the navy and the army. A gain greater than all others combined is the prestige won by battling for a high moral aim—for humanity and civilization.

There are two other entries on the credit side of our nation's ledger, either one of which, it is not extravagant to say, will counterbalance the money cost of this war. We have been drawn closer to our English brothers than we have been at any time since the existence of the nation. We have had a revelation of what an Anglo-American alliance may some day mean in the world's history, and the value of that picture before the minds of the people of these two nations can hardly be measured by us in such figures as we use in speaking of the cost of the war.

And more even than this new fellowship are the stronger bonds of union at home. When South and North marched forth to battle side by side; when Confederate leaders took command of enthusiastic Northern troops; when new pages of history were written, filled with deeds of valor performed by sons of the North and of the South standing shoulder to shoulder battling under the same flag, the Union was cemented stronger than it had ever been since the Declaration of Independence was first read; and who shall say the cost of the war has not been small, when measured against such gains?

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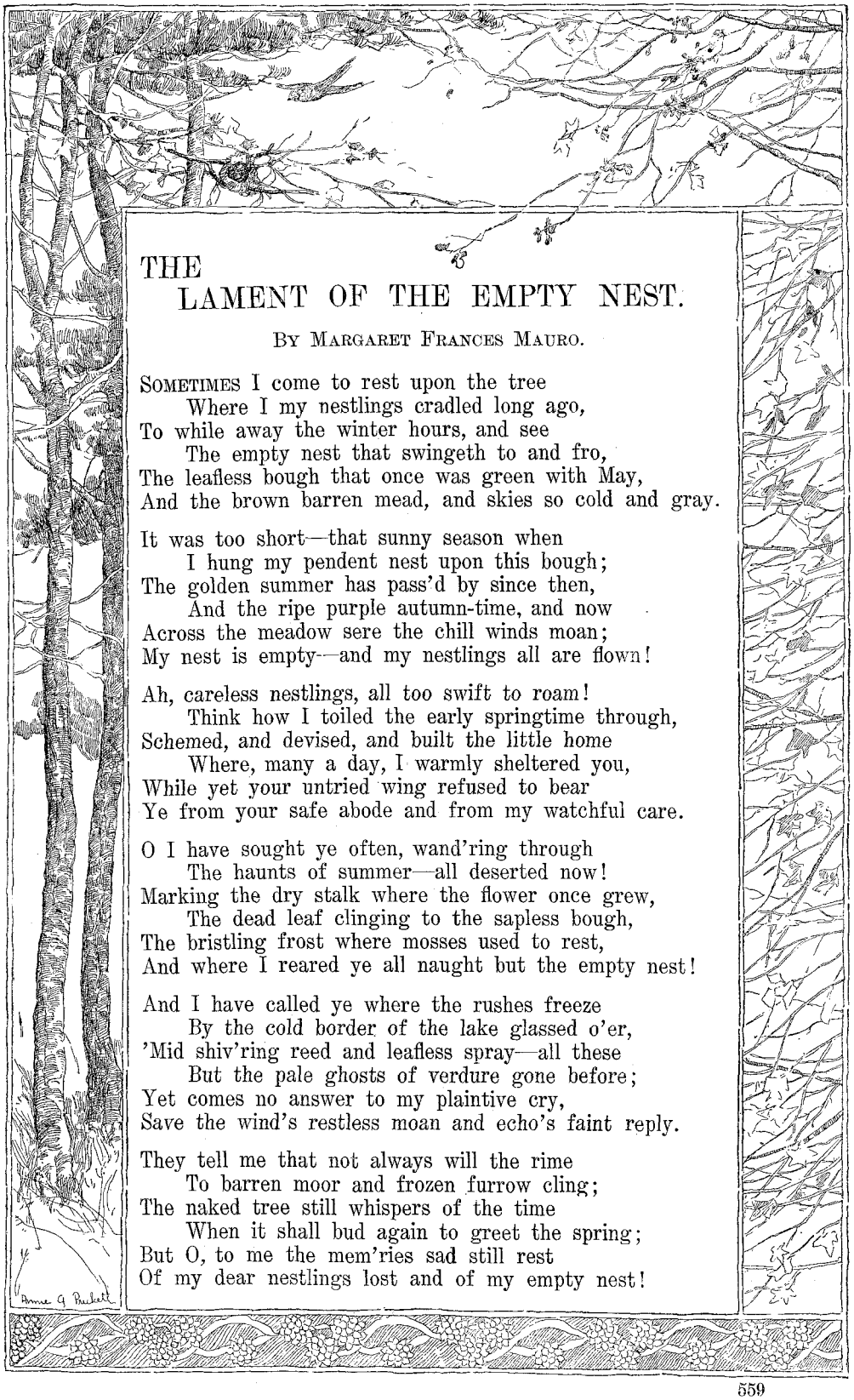

THE LAMENT OF THE EMPTY NEST.

By Margaret Frances Mauro.

Sometimes I come to rest upon the tree
Where I my nestlings cradled long ago,
To while away the winter hours, and see
The empty nest that swingeth to and fro,
The leafless bough that once was green with May,
And the brown barren mead, and skies so cold and gray.

It was too short—that sunny season when
I hung my pendent nest upon this bough;
The golden summer has pass'd by since then,
And the ripe purple autumn-time, and now
Across the meadow sere the chill winds moan;
My nest is empty—and my nestlings all are flown!

Ah, careless nestlings, all too swift to roam!
Think how I toiled the early springtime through,
Schemed, and devised, and built the little home
Where, many a day, I warmly sheltered you,
While yet your untried wing refused to bear
Ye from your safe abode and from my watchful care.

O I have sought ye often, wand'ring through
The haunts of summer—all deserted now!
Marking the dry stalk where the flower once grew,
The dead leaf clinging to the sapless bough,
The bristling frost where mosses used to rest,
And where I reared ye all naught but the empty nest!

And I have called ye where the rushes freeze
By the cold border of the lake glassed o'er,
'Mid shiv'ring reed and leafless spray—all these
But the pale ghosts of verdure gone before;
Yet comes no answer to my plaintive cry,
Save the wind's restless moan and echo's faint reply.

They tell me that not always will the rime
To barren moor and frozen furrow cling;
The naked tree still whispers of the time
When it shall bud again to greet the spring;
But O, to me the mem'ries sad still rest
Of my dear nestlings lost and of my empty nest!

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THE TWO ADMIRALS.

BASED ON MEMORANDA FURNISHED BY MR. RICHARD B. PORTER OF WASHINGTON, D. C., SON OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

IN these stirring days of naval deeds and naval heroes, it may not be generally known that only two officers in the United States Navy ever wore the four silver stars of an admiral. Previous to the Civil War, the highest known rank was that of commodore. At the battle of Lake Erie Perry was not yet a captain; Paul Jones reached the rank of acting commodore; Tattnall, he of the historic "blood is thicker than water," fought side by side with the British in the Peiho as a captain, although he flew the blue flag of a rear-admiral. In 1862 the rank of rear-admiral was first bestowed. Two years later three men had grown too great for even this new honor: David Glascoe Farragut, David D. Porter, and Stephen C. Rowan were elevated to the rank of vice-admiral. At the close of the war, when a grateful people could not do enough for its heroes; Congress created the rank of admiral, and bestowed it upon Farragut and Porter. When they died the title died with them, and it has not since been revived.

Singularly enough, the two admirals were foster-brothers, and both learned the art of war under the grim tutelage of old Commodore David Porter, he who swept the English from the Pacific and destroyed so many sturdy whalers that "the lights of London were dimmed for many days."

Farragut's father, a brave, generous soldier of the Revolutionary War, lived in a fisherman's cabin on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain. Commodore Porter was stationed in New Orleans as a recruiting officer. One day in 1805, while the Commodore's aged father, Sailing-Master David Porter, of the Continental Navy, was fishing in a cove not far from Farragut's cabin, he suddenly pitched forward from his boat into the water, overcome with the heat. The elder Farragut rescued him, and watched by his bed until he died. The Commodore, hurrying to his father's side, saw a lusty-looking boy, five years old, running about the house. He was then unmarried, and being fond of children, he adopted the boy, and gave him the name David Glascoe. Three years later, however, he took a wife to him, and in 1813 a son, David D., the future admiral and companion of Farragut, was born to him.

The boy Farragut was placed in school at Washington. He proved apt and dutiful, having a deeply religious vein in his character, and he might have made a distinguished student had not the old Commodore chosen him for other work. At the age of twelve he was appointed midshipman, and assigned to the "Essex" for a cruise in the Pacific. While he was yet learning the ropes, Commodore Porter placed him in command of a British prize. It was a vessel of 500 tons burden, with a valuable cargo and an unruly crew of thirty men; but the boy, then scarcely thirteen years old, brought her into port like an old ship-master. After a year's work in the Pacific, Porter put into Valparaiso, where he was blockaded by a superior force of British ships. In an attempt to escape he was disabled and compelled to retreat into the harbor. Here, on March 28, 1814, the British, disregarding the neutrality laws, attacked the "Essex." For the number of ships engaged, it was one of the bloodiest naval battles ever fought. During an action lasting two hours the enemy was compelled to withdraw twice for repairs, and it was not until the "Essex" was on fire and three-quarters of her crew were killed or wounded that Porter surrendered. Farragut had performed the duties of captain's aide, quarter-gunner, and powder-boy, never once flinching, although it was his first battle. In such grim ways did the old Commodore give his lessons.

Up to the age of nineteen Farragut was small and delicate, but on the "Essex" he was the life of the midshipmen's mess, full of fun and as agile as a cat. He liked nothing better than to climb to the top of the mainmast and sit curl-legged, gazing out to sea.

"Where's Glascoe?" the Commodore would ask, missing him.

"Up on the mainmast top, sir," the quartermaster would say, "looking for fresh air."

Fifty years later, Farragut, then an ad-

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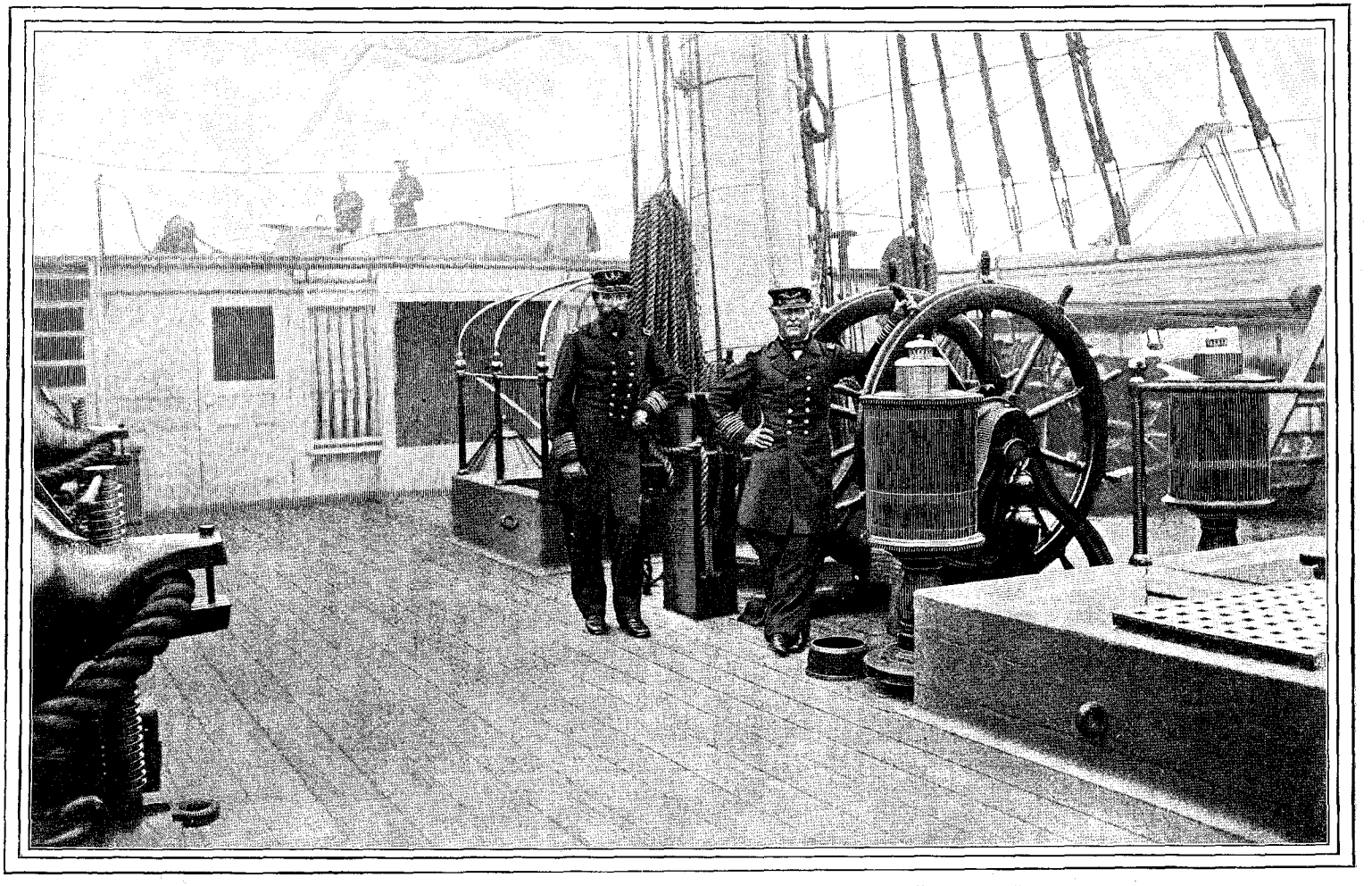

FLEET CAPTAIN PERCIVAL DAYTON AND REAR-ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT ON THE DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "HARTFORD" AFTER THE VICTORY AT MOBILE BAY, AUGUST, 1864. ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IS ON THE RIGHT, LEANING ON THE WHEEL. HIS AGE AT THIS TIME WAS 64 YEARS.

The photograph is the property of R. B. Porter ; it was copyrighted in 1864 by McPherson & Oliver.

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miral, was able to hold his hands locked together and jump over them backward and forward without an effort. And he was as active in mind as he was in body. He grasped a situation instantly, and he acted with the vigor of a steel spring. At Mobile, when the leading ship, "Brooklyn," stopped for torpedoes, he ordered instantly: "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead."

In 1824, when Commodore Porter sailed away to punish the West Indian pirates, he took his son David with him. David was very much of a boy, and he loved pirate hunting. The Commodore taught him seacraft, and when he had been bruised through the midshipmen's mess he was put in command of a captured pirate ship with a crew of twenty men. He was only eleven years old, but large for his age, and possessed of all the relentless determination of the old Commodore. The crew appeared to David to be amused that he should command them. So he flogged a man after breakfast for disobeying orders; after dinner he flogged another for mutinous talk; and the next morning, after he had fully subdued the crew, he was gravely ordered by the Commodore back to the flagship.

In 1826 Commodore Porter sailed for Vera Cruz in the Mexican brig "Guerrero," to take command of the Mexican navy, Mexico being then at war with Spain. The boy David became the navigator of the swift-sailing schooner "Esmeralda," with orders to prey on the enemy's commerce. The crew was made up of the off-scourings of many lands—bold, half-piratical fellows, ready at a moment's notice for bloodshed. The midshipman heard strange mutterings among the men, and he reported the fact to his captain. The captain coolly brought out two cutlasses and a number of pistols, and directed Porter to stand ready with them at the cabin door. Then he went on deck. Barrett, the carpenter, stood forward with an ax in his hand. He was surrounded by the swarthy-faced Mexicans of the crew. He talked excitedly, and pointed toward the quarter-deck.

"Barrett, come here, you mutinous rascal," roared the captain.

"I'm no more a rascal than you are," retorted Barrett. Then he shouted to the Mexicans: "Now's our time; follow me!"

They rushed upon the captain, Barrett in advance with an ax uplifted.

"Ready, sir?" sang out the boy Porter in the gangway. And he passed up the captain's pistols and stood close behind with uplifted cutlass. The captain fired both charges, and the midshipman cut the carpenter down the middle. The Mexicans wavered, and then ran back like a flock of sheep. They were ordered aft, and lined up with their toes to a crack. David and the captain, each with a loaded pistol in hand, searched the mutineers and placed them in irons. Then these two, with the quartermaster, sailed the "Esmeralda" into port.

Midshipman Porter was soon transferred to the "Guerrero," then cruising south of Cuba. From the tops, one bright May morning, he discovered a large sail on the horizon. Instantly the decks swarmed with men preparing for action. As the new sail loomed larger the ship was seen to be the Spanish fighter "Libertad," sixty-four guns. The "Guerrero" had only twenty-two guns, but the captain hesitated not a moment. Brave in battle the Spanish might be, but he knew they lacked discipline, were poor gunners, and in the heat of battle often lost their heads. The "Guerrero" came up saucily, and fired a terrific broadside. For over an hour the ships ran side by side, belching fire and shot. Masts were riddled, the sails were torn into rags, and the decks ran with blood. The "Guerrero" was fearfully over-matched, and yet she closed in nearer and nearer until the grimy gunners swore at one another across the water. Every shot told, for the guns of the "Guerrero" were manned by Americans, and gradually the Spanish frigate began to slack away and her guns spoke less often. And then, on the eve of victory, a calm fell suddenly. The "Libertad" edged off and took position just out of reach of the "Guerrero's" short guns, and then pounded her deliberately to pieces. The "Guerrero" became unmanageable; the hull was a wreck, most of the crew were killed, and she finally struck her colors. The "Libertad" swept alongside, and while the flag of surrender was still flying bored her defenceless antagonist through and through with solid shot. The captain was cut in two as Midshipman Porter stood by him, and scores of seamen were killed. It was not war, it was murder. Presently the victors boarded the Mexican brig, killed many more of the men in cold blood, and robbed all of the officers—and yet these were the men of the Royal Spanish Navy. Young Porter objected to this treatment so violently that he was cast into Morro Castle at Havana, where he was kept four months. After untold sufferings and indignities he was released, and to his dying hour it was his dearest wish to com-

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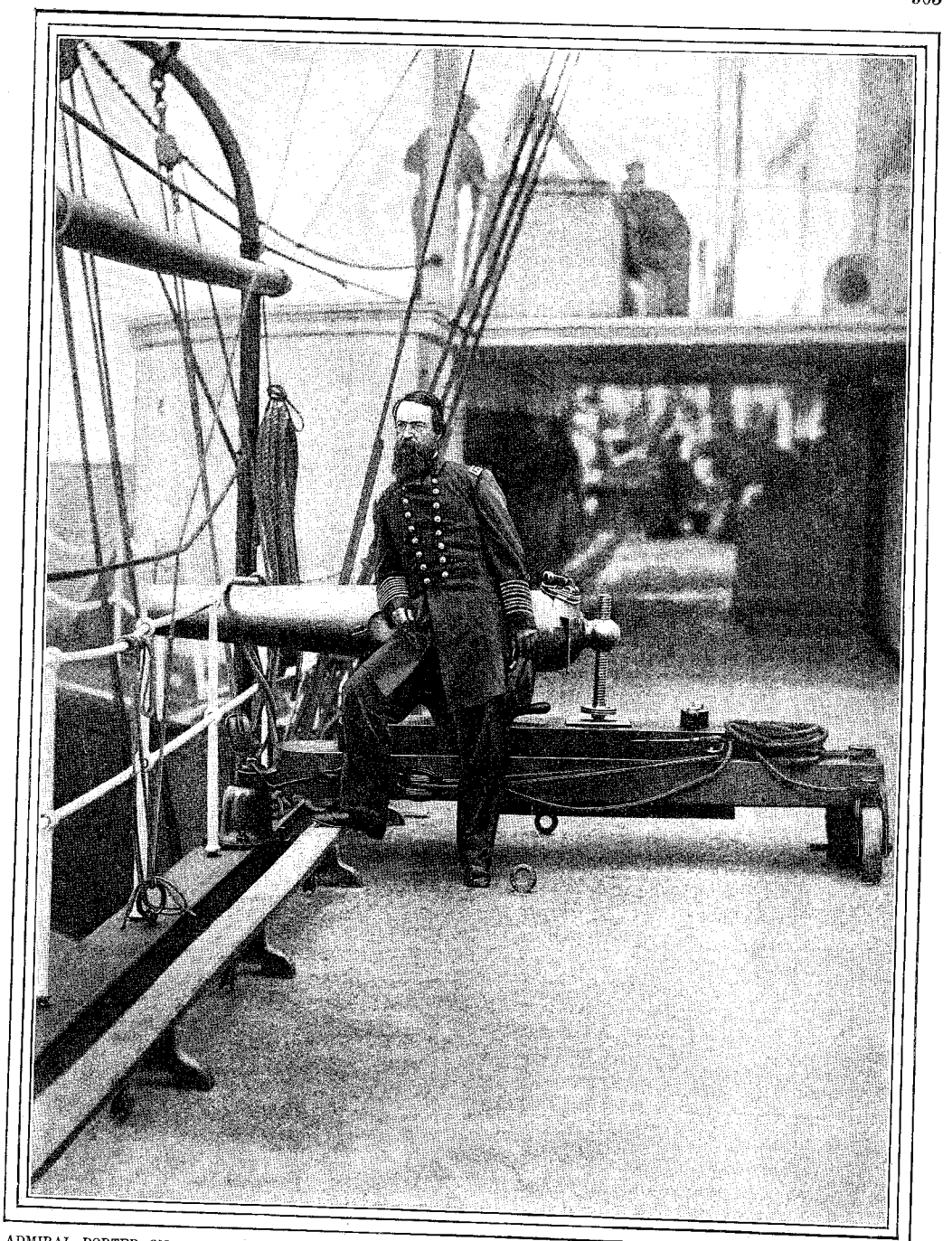

ADMIRAL PORTER ON THE DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "MALVERN" AFTER THE VICTORY AT FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1865. ADMIRAL PORTER'S AGE AT THIS TIME WAS 51 YEARS.

From a photograph by A. Gardner, loaned by R. B. Porter.

mand the fleet which should wipe Morro Castle and Spanish rule from this quarter of the earth.

As Farragut was noted for his agility, Porter was known for his enormous strength. One day when the "Constellation" was stationed in the Mediterranean Porter heard two sailors speak disrespectfully to the officer of the deck. He stepped up, seized each of them by the middle of the back, held them aloft, and bumped them together into obedience. With the greatest ease he lifted

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a 30-pound shot by clasping it on top with one hand. And yet neither Farragut nor Porter was a large man. Farragut was not over five feet, six inches in height, and Porter was only five feet, eight and one-half inches. Both, however, were rugged and muscular.

The two admirals were more than foster-brothers; they were friends. Each was endowed with the same dash, determination, and personal fearlessness. Farragut was lashed in the rigging at Mobile; at Fort Fisher, Porter stood on the paddle-box of the little paper-clad "Malvern" while the fleet ran under the guns. At New Orleans, Farragut, not being satisfied with the manner in which a ship's boat was trying to clear the channel, flashed the order: "Make headway and do your duty." In the midst of a hurricane of shells at Fort Fisher the captain of one of the bombarding vessels shouted through his speaking-trumpet: "My shots don't reach the fort, sir."

"Why in hell don't you go in closer?" thundered Porter.

Republics are not always ungrateful. Besides elevating Farragut and Porter to the highest rank known to the navy, Congress gave Farragut two votes of thanks by name, one for New Orleans and the other for Mobile. Porter received three votes of thanks—for Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, and Fort Fisher.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORTE.

By Robert W. Chambers,

Author of "The Mystery of Choice," "The Red Republic," etc.

"I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace."
Tennyson.

IN winter the Porte is closed, the population migrates, the Collector of the Porte sails southward. There is nothing left but black rocks sheathed in ice where icy seas clash and splinter and white squalls howl across the headland. When the wind slackens and the inlet freezes, spotted seals swim up and down the ragged edges of the ice, sleek restless heads raised, mild eyes fixed on the turbid shallows.

In January, blizzard-driven snowy owls whirl into the pines and sit all day in the demi-twilight, the white ptarmigan covers the softer snow with winding tracks, and the white hare, huddled in his whiter "form," plays hide and seek with his own shadow.

In February the Porte-of-Waves is still untenanted. A few marauders appear, now and then a steel-gray panther from the north frisking over the snow after the white hares, now and then a stub-tailed lynx, mean-faced, famished, snarling up at the white owls who look down and snap their beaks and hiss.

The first bud on the Indian-willow brings the first inhabitant back to the Porte-of-Waves, Francis Lee, Superintendent of the mica quarry. The quarrymen follow in batches; the willow-tassels see them all there; the wind-flowers witness the defile of the first shift through the pines.

On the last day of May the company's flag was hoisted on the tool-house, the French-Canadians came down to repair the rusty narrow-gauge railroad, and Lee, pipe lighted, sea-jacket buttoned to the throat, tramped up and down the track with the lumber detail, chalking and condemning sleepers, blazing spruce and pine, sounding fish-plate and rail, and shouting at intervals until the wash-outs were shored up, windfalls hacked through, and landslide and boulder no longer blocked the progress of the company's sole locomotive.

The first of June brought sunshine and black flies, but not the Collector of the Porte. The Canadians went back to Sainte Isole across the line, the white-throated sparrow's long, dreary melody broke out in the clearing's edge, but the Collector of the Porte did not return.

That evening, Lee, smoking his pipe on the headland, looked out across the sunset-tinted ocean and saw the white gulls settling on the shoals and the fish-hawks soaring overhead with the broad red sun-glint on their wings. The smoke of a moss smudge

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". . . the lumber detail, chalking and condemning sleepers.

kept the flies away, his own tobacco smoke drove away care. Incidentally both drove Williams away—a mere lad in baggy blue-jeans, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, with sea-tan on wrist and cheek.

"How did you cut your hand?" asked Lee, turning his head as Williams moved away.

"Mica," replied Williams, briefly. After a moment Williams started on again.

"Come back," said Lee; "that wasn't what I had to tell you."

He sat down on the headland, opened a jack-knife, and scraped the ashes out of his pipe. Williams came slowly up and stood a few paces behind his shoulder.

"Sit down," said Lee.

Williams did not stir. Lee waited a moment, head slightly turned, but not far enough for him to see the figure motionless behind his shoulder.

"It's none of my business," began Lee, "but perhaps you had better know that you have deceived nobody. Finn came and spoke to me to-day. Dyce knows it, Carrots and Lefty Sawyer know it—I should have known it myself had I looked at you twice."

The June wind blowing over the grass carried two white butterflies over the cliff. Lee watched them struggle back to land again; Williams watched Lee.

"I don't know what to do," said Lee, after a silence; "it is not forbidden for women to work in the quarry as far as I am aware. If you need work and prefer that sort, and if you perform your work properly, I shall not interfere with you. And I'll see that the men do not."

Williams stood motionless; the smoke from the smudge shifted west, then south.

"But," continued Lee, "I must enter you properly on the pay-roll; I cannot approve of this masquerade. Finn will see you in the morning; it is unnecessary for me to repeat that you will not be disturbed."

There was no answer. After a silence Lee turned, then rose to his feet. Williams was weeping.

Lee had never noticed her face; both sun-tanned hands hid it now; her felt hat was pulled down over the forehead.

"Why do you come to the quarry?" he asked, soberly. She did not reply.

"It is men's work," he said; "look at your hands! You cannot do it."

She tightened her hands over her eyes; tears stole between her fingers and dropped, one by one, on the young grass.

"If you need work—if you can find nothing else—I—I think, perhaps, I may manage something better," he said. "You must not stand there crying—listen! Here come Finn and Dyce, and I don't want them to talk all over the camp." Finn and Dyce came toiling up the headland with news that the west drain was choked. They glanced askance at Williams, who turned her back. The sea-wind dried her eyes; it stung her

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"I pay you to follow my directions."

torn hands, too. She unconsciously placed one aching finger in her mouth and looked out to sea.

"The dreen's bust by the second windfall," said Dyce, with a jerk of his stunted thumb toward the forest. "If them sluice props caves in, the timber's wasted."

Finn proposed new sluice gates; Lee objected, and swore roundly that if the damage was not repaired by next evening he'd hold Finn responsible. He told them he was there to save the company's money, not to experiment with it; he spoke sharply to Finn of last year's extravagance, and warned him not to trifle with orders.

"I pay you to follow my directions," he said; "do so, and I'll be responsible to the company; disobey, and I'll hold you to the chalk-mark every time."

Finn sullenly shifted his quid and nodded; Dyce looked rebellious.

"You might as well know," continued Lee, "that I mean what I say. You'll find it out. Do your work, and we'll get on without trouble. You'll find I'm just."

When Dyce and Finn had shuffled away toward the coast, Lee looked at the figure outlined on the cliffs against the sunset sky—a desolate, lonely little figure in truth.

"Come," said Lee; "if you must have work, I will give you enough to keep you busy; not in the quarry, either—do you want to cripple yourself in that pit? It's no place for children, anyway. Can you write properly?" The girl nodded, back turned toward him.

"Then you can keep the rolls, duplicates and all. You'll have a room to yourself in my shanty. I'll pay quarry wages."

He did not add that those wages must come out of his own pocket. The company allowed him no secretary, and he was too sensitive to suggest one.

"I don't ask you where you come from or why you are here," he said, a little roughly. "If there is gossip, I cannot help it." He walked to the smudge and stood in the smoke, for the wind had died out and the black flies were active.

"Perhaps," he hazarded, "you would like to go back to—to where you came from? I'll send you back."

She shook her head.

"There may be gossip in camp."

The slightest movement of her shoulders indicated her indifference. Lee relighted his pipe, poked the smudge and piled damp moss on it.

"All right," he said, "don't be unhappy; I'll do what I can to make you comfortable. You had better come into the smudge, to begin with."

She came, touching her eyes with her hands, awkward, hesitating. He looked gravely at her clumsy boots, at the loose toil-stained overalls.

"What is your name?" he said without embarrassment.

"My name is Helen Pine." She looked

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up at him steadily; after a moment she repeated her name, as though expecting him to recognize it. He did not; he had never before heard it, as far as he knew. Neither did he find in her eager, wistful face anything familiar. How should he remember her? Why should he remember? It was nearly six months ago that, snowbound in the little village on the Mohawk, he and the directors of his company left their private Pullman car to amuse themselves at a country dance. How should he recollect the dark-eyed girl who had danced the "fireman's quadrille" with him, who had romped through a reel or two with him, who had amused him through a snowy evening? How should he recall the careless country incident—the corn-popping, the apple race, the flirtation on the dark, windy stairway? Who could expect him to remember the laughing kiss, the meaningless promises to write, the promises to return some day for another dance, and kiss? A week later he had forgotten the village, forgotten the dance, the popcorn, the stairway, and the kiss. She never forgot. Had he told her he loved her? He forgot it before she replied. Had he amused himself? Passably. But he was glad that the snowplows cleared the track the next morning; for there was trouble in Albany and lobbying to do, and a rival company was moving wheels within wheels to lubricate the machinery of honest legislation.

"... *The picture she conjured was not improved by such a sacrifice.*"

So it meant nothing to him—this episode of a snow blockade; it meant all the world to her. For months she awaited the letter that never came. An Albany journal mentioned his name and profession. She wrote to the company, and learned where the quarry lay. She was young and foolish and nearly broken-hearted; so she ran away. Her first sentimental idea was to work herself to death, disguised, under his very eyes. When she lay dying she would reveal herself to him and he should know too late the value of such a love. To this end she purchased some shears to cut her hair with; but the mental picture she conjured was not improved by such a sacrifice. She recoiled her hair tightly, and bought a slouch hat, too big. When, arrived at the quarry, she saw him again, she nearly fainted from fright. He met her twice face to face, and she was astounded that he did not recognize her. Reflection, however, assured her that her disguise must be perfect, and she awaited the dramatic moment when she should reveal herself—not dying from quarry toil, for she did not wish to die now that she had seen him. No—she would live—live to prove to him how a woman can love—live to confound him with her constancy. She had read many romances. Now, when he bade her follow him to the headland, she knew she had been discovered; she was weak with terror and shame and hope. She thought he knew her; when he spoke so coolly, she stood dumb with amazement; when he spoke of Finn and Sawyer and Dyce, she understood he had not penetrated her disguise, except from hearsay, and a terror of loneliness and desolation rushed over her. Then the impulse came to hide her identity from him—why, she did not know. Again that vanished when he called her to come into the smoke. As she looked up at him, her heart almost stopped; yet he did not recognize her. Then the courage of despair seized her, and she told her name. When at length she comprehended that he had entirely forgotten her, forgotten her very name, fright sealed her lips. All the hopelessness and horror of her position dawned upon her—all she had believed, expected, prayed for, came down with a crash.

As they stood together in the smoke of the smudge, she mechanically laid her hand on his sleeve, for her knees scarcely supported her.

"What is it; does the smoke make you

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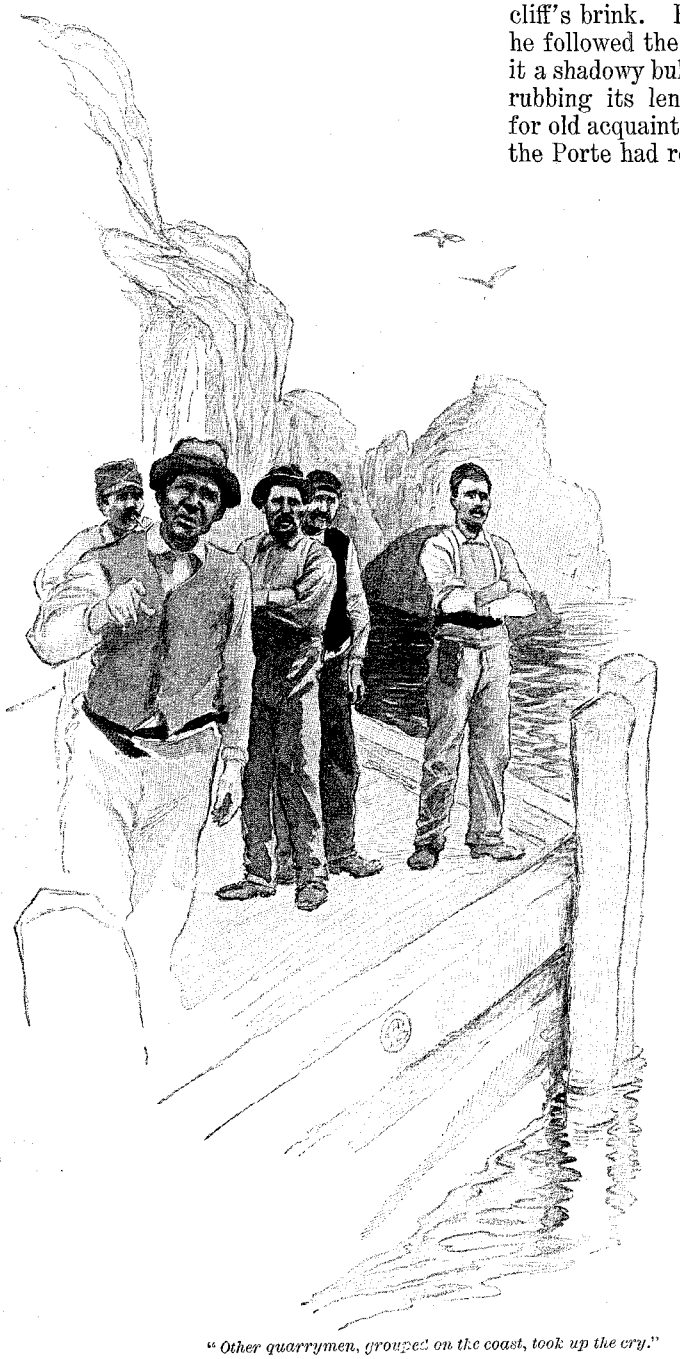
dizzy?" he asked. She nodded; he aided her to the cliff's edge, and seated her on a boulder. Under the cliff the sunset light reddened the sea. A quarryman, standing on a rock, looked up at Lee and pointed seaward.

"Hello!" answered Lee, "what is it? The Collector of the Porte?" Other quarrymen, grouped on the coast, took up the cry; the lumbermen, returning from the forest along the inlet, paused, axe on shoulder, to stare at the sea. Presently, out in the calm ocean, a black triangle cut the surface, dipped, glided landward, dipped, glided, disappeared. Again the dark point came into view, now close under the cliff where thirty feet of limpid water bathes its base.

"The Collector of the Porte!" shouted Finn from the rocks. Lee bent over the cliff's brink. Far down into the clear water he followed the outline of the cliff. Under it a shadowy bulk floated, a monstrous shark, rubbing its length softly as if in greeting for old acquaintance' sake. The Collector of the Porte had returned from the south.



"Other quarrymen, grouped on the coast, took up the cry."

II.

The Collector of the Porte and the Company were rivals; both killed their men, the one at sea, the other in the quarry. The Company objected to pelagic slaughter, and sent some men with harpoons, bombs, and shark-hooks to the Porte; but the Collector sheered off to sea, and waited for them to go away.

The Company could not keep the quarrymen from bathing; Lee could not keep the Collector from Porte-of-Waves. Every year two or three quarrymen fell to his share; the Company killed the even half dozen. Years before, the quarrymen had named the shark; the name fascinated everybody with its sinister conventionality. In truth he was Collector of the Porte—an official who took toll of all who ventured from this Porte where nothing entered from the sea save the sea itself, wave on wave and wave after wave.

In the Superintendent's office there were two rolls of victims—victims of the quarry and victims of the Collector of the Porte. Pensions were not allowed to families of the latter

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class; so, as Dyce said to Dyce's dying brother, "Thank God you was blowed up an' say no more about it, Hank."

There was, curiously enough, little animosity against the Collector of the Porte among the quarrymen. When June brought the great shark back to the Porte, they welcomed him with sticks of dynamite, but nevertheless a weird sense of proprietorship, of exclusive right in the biggest shark on the coast, aroused in the quarrymen a sentiment almost akin to pride. Between the shark and the men existed an uncanny comradeship, curiously in evidence when the Company's imported shark-destroyers appeared at the Porte.

"G'wan now," observed Farrely, "an' divil a shark ye'll get in the wather, me bucks! Is it sharks ye'll harpoon? Sure th' Company's full o' thim."

The shark-catchers, harpoons, bombs, and hooks, retired after a month's useless worrying, and the men jeered them as they embarked on the gravel train.

"Dhrop a dynamite shtick on the nob av his nibs!" shouted Farrely after them—meaning the president of the Company. The next day, little Cæsar l'Hommedieu, indulging in his semi-annual bath, was appreciated and accepted by the Collector of the Porte, and his name was added to the unpensioned roll in the office of the Company's superintendent, Francis Lee.

Helen Pine, sitting alone in her room, copied the roll, made out the duplicate, erased little Cæsar's name from the pay-roll, computed the total back pay due him, and made out an order on the Company for $10.39. Then she rose, stepped quietly into Lee's office, which adjoined her own room, and silently handed him the order.

Lee was busy, and motioned her to be seated. Dyce and Finn, hats in hand, looked obliquely at her as she seated herself and leaned on the window-ledge, face turned towards the sea. She heard Lee say: "Go on, Finn;" and Finn began again in his smooth, plausible voice:

"I opened the safe on a flat-car, an' God knows who uncoupled the flat. Then Dyce signalled go ahead, but Henderson he sez Dyce signalled to back her up, an' the first I see was that flat hangin' over the dump-dock. Then she tipped up like a seesaw, an' slid the safe into the water—fifty-eight feet sheer at low tide."

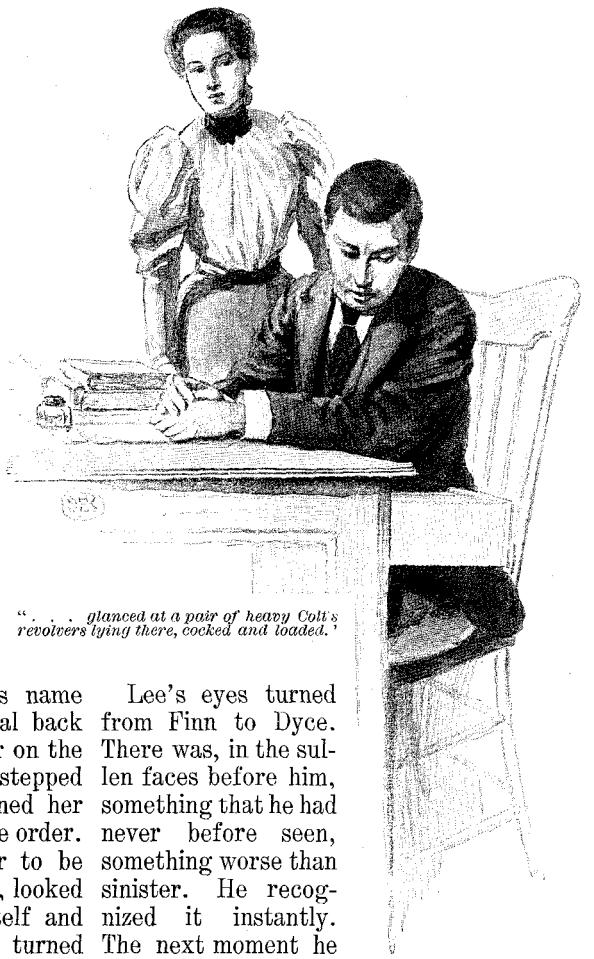
Lee, pale about the lips, said quietly: "Rig a derrick on the dump-dock, and tell Kinny to get his diving kit ready by three o'clock."

Finn and Dyce exchanged glances.

"Kinny, he went to Bangor last night to see about them new drills," said Finn, defiantly.

"Who sent him?" asked Lee, angrily. "Oh, you did, eh?"

"I thought you wanted them drills," repeated Finn.



". . . glanced at a pair of heavy Colt's revolvers lying there, cocked and loaded."

Lee's eyes turned from Finn to Dyce. There was, in the sullen faces before him, something that he had never before seen, something worse than sinister. He recognized it instantly. The next moment he said pleasantly: "Well, then, tell Lefty Sawyer to take his diving kit and be ready by three. If you need a new ladder at the dump-dock, send one there by noon. That is all, men."

When Finn and Dyce had gone, Lee sprang to his feet and began to pace the office. Once he stopped to light his pipe; once he jerked open the top drawer of his table and

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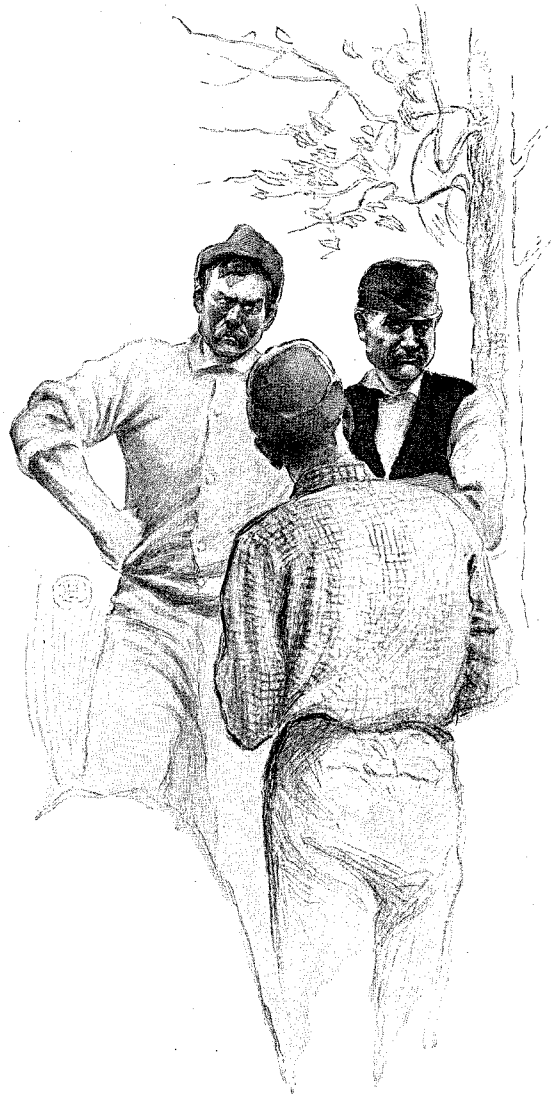
glanced at a pair of heavy Colt's revolvers lying there, cocked and loaded. He sat down at his desk after a while and spoke, perhaps half unconsciously, to Helen, as though he had been speaking to her since Finn and Dyce left:

"They're a hard crowd, a tough lot, and I knew it would come to a crisis sooner or later. Last year they drove the other superintendent to resign, and I was warned to look out for myself. Now they see that they can't use me, and they mean to get rid of me. How dared the messenger unlock the safe before I was notified!"



"... a hard crowd, a tough lot."

She turned from the window as he finished; he looked at her without seeing the oval face, the dark questioning eyes, the young rounded figure involuntarily bending toward him.

"They tipped that safe off the dock on purpose," he said; "they sent Kinney to Bangor on a fool's errand. Now Sawyer's got to go down and see what can be done. I know what he'll say. He'll report the safe broken and one or two cash-boxes missing, and he'll bring up the rest and wait for a chance to divide with his gang."

He started to his feet and began to pace the floor again, talking all the while:

"It's come to a crisis now and *I'm* not going under—if anyone should ask you! I'll face them down; I'll break that gang as they break stone! If I only knew how to use a diving kit—and if I dared—with Dyce at the life-line——"

Half an hour later Lee, seated at his desk, raised his pale face from his hands and, for the first time, became conscious that Helen sat watching him beside the window.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked with an effort.

She held the order out to him; he took it, examined it, and, picking up a pen, signed his name.

"Forward it to the Company," he said; "Cæsar's family will collect it quicker than the shark collected Cæsar."

He did not mean to shock the girl with cynicism; indeed it was only such artificial indifference that enabled him to endure the misery of the Porte-of-Waves—misery that came under his eyes from sea and land—interminable, hopeless, human woe.

What could he do for the lacerated creatures at the quarry? He had only his salary. What could he do for families made destitute? The mica crushed and cut and blinded; the Collector of the Porte exacted bloody toll in spite of him. He could not drive the dust-choked, half-maddened quarrymen from their one solace and balm, the cool, healing ocean; he could not drive the Collector from the Porte-of-Waves.

"I didn't mean to speak unfeelingly," he said; "I feel such things very deeply."

To his surprise and displeasure she replied: "I did not know you felt anything."

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"'*There are ten boxes, said Lee, coldly; 'go down again.'*"

She grew scarlet after she said it; he stared at her steadily.

"Do you regard me as brutal?" he asked, sarcastically.

"No," she said, steadying her voice; "you are not brutal; one must be human to be brutal."

Conscious of the epigram he looked at her half angrily, half inclined to laugh.

"You mean I am devoid of human feeling?"

"I am not here to criticise my employer," she answered, faintly.

"Oh—but you have."

She was silent.

"You said you were not aware that I felt anything. Criticism is implied, isn't it?" he persisted with boyish impatience.

She did not reply.

He thought to himself: "I took her from the quarry and this is what I get." She divined his thought, and turned a little pale. She could have answered: "And you sent me to the quarry—for the memory of a kiss." But she did not speak.

Watching her curiously, he noticed the gray woolen gown, the spotless collar and cuffs, the light on her hair like light on watered silk. Her young face was turned toward the window. For the first time it occurred to him that she might be lonely. He wondered where she came from, why she had sought Porte-of-Waves among all places on earth, what tragedy could have driven her from kin and kind to the haunts of men. She seemed so utterly alone, so hopelessly dependent, so young, that his conscience smote him, and he resolved to be a little companionable toward her, as far as his position of Superintendent permitted. True he could not do much; and whatever he might do would perhaps be misinterpreted by her, certainly by the quarrymen.

"A safe fell off the dock to-day," he said, pleasantly, forgetting she had been present at the announcement of disaster by Finn and Dyce. "Would you like to see the diver go down?"

She turned toward him and smiled.

"It might interest you," he went on, surprised at the beauty of her eyes; "we're going to try to hoist the safe out of fifty-odd feet of water—unless it is smashed on the rocks. Come down when I go at three o'clock."

As he spoke his face grew grave and he glanced at the open drawer by his elbow, where two blue revolver barrels lay shining in the morning light.

At noon she went into her little room, locked the door, and sat down on the bed. She cried steadily till two o'clock; from two until three she spent the time in obliterating all traces of tears; at three he knocked at her door and she opened it, fresh, dainty, smiling, and joined him, tying the

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strings of a pink sunbonnet under her oval chin.

III.

The afternoon sun beat down on the dump-dock, where the derrick swung like a stumpy gallows against the sky. A dozen hard-faced, silent quarrymen sat around in groups on the string-piece; Farrely raked out the fire in the rusty little engine; Finn and Dyce whispered together glowering at Lefty Sawyer, who stood dripping in his diving suit while Lee unscrewed the helmet and disentangled the lines.

Behind Lee, Helen Pine sat on a pile of condemned sleepers, nervously twisting and untwisting the strings of her sunbonnet.

When Sawyer was able to hear and to be heard, Lee listened, tight-lipped and hard-eyed, to a report that brought a malicious sneer to Finn's face and a twinkle of triumph into Dyce's dissipated eyes.

"The safe is smashed an' the door open. Them there eight cash-boxes is all that I can see." He pointed to the pile of steel boxes, still glistening with salt water, and already streaked and blotched with orange-colored rust.

"There are ten boxes," said Lee, coldly; "go down again."

Unwillingly, sullenly, Lefty Sawyer suffered himself to be invested with the heavy helmet; the lines and tubes were adjusted, Dyce superintended the descent, and Finn seized the signal cord. After a minute it twitched; Lee grew white with anger; Dyce turned away to conceal a grin.

When again Sawyer stood on the dock and reported that the two cash-boxes were hopelessly engulfed in the mud, Lee sternly bade him divest himself of the diving suit with reasonable celerity.

"What you goin' to do?" asked Finn, coming up.

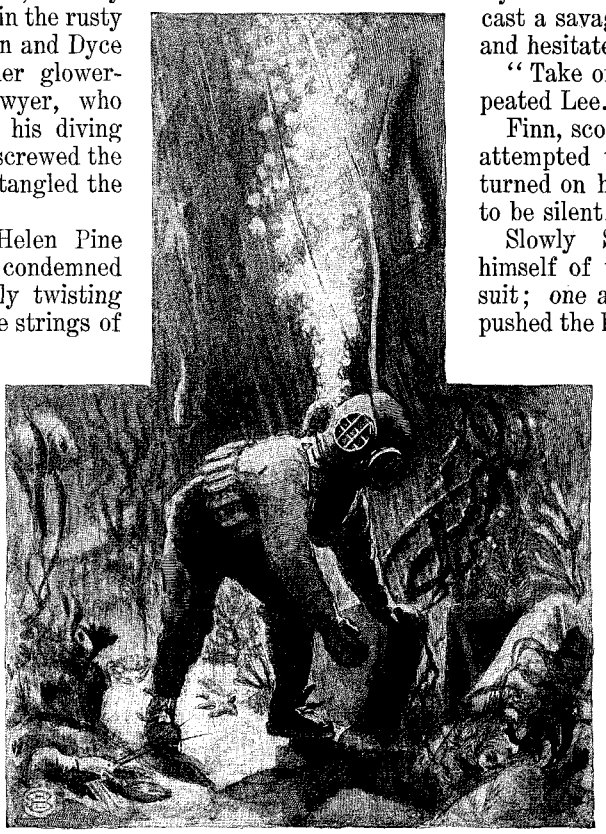
"Is it your place to ask questions?" said Lee, sharply. "Obey orders or you'll regret it!"

"He's goin' down himself," whispered Dyce to Sawyer. The diver cast a savage glance at Lee and hesitated.

"Take off that suit," repeated Lee.

Finn, scowling with anger, attempted to speak, but Lee turned on him and bade him to be silent.

Slowly Sawyer divested himself of the clumsy diving suit; one after the other he pushed the leaden-soled shoes from him. Lee watched him with mixed emotions. He had gone too far to go back now—he understood that. Flinching at such a moment meant chaos in the quarry, and he knew that the last shred of his authority and control would go if he hesitated. Yet, with all his heart and soul, he shrank from going down into the sea. What might not such men do? Dyce held the life line. A moment or two of suffocation!—would such men hesitate? Accidents are so easy to prove, and signals may be easily misunderstood. He laid a brace of heavy revolvers on the dock and smiled.



"... a thousand tons seemed to fall from his feet, and the dusky ocean enveloped him."

As Dyce lifted the helmet upon his shoulders, he caught a last glimpse of sunlight and blue sky and green leaves—a brief vision of dark, brutal faces—of Helen Pine's colorless frightened face. Then he felt himself on the dock ladder, then a thousand tons seemed to fall from his feet, and the dusky ocean enveloped him.

On the dump-dock silence reigned. After a moment or two Finn whispered to Sawyer;

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Dyce joined the group; Farrely whitened a bit under his brick-red sunburn and pretended to fuss at his engine.

Helen Pine, heart beating furiously, watched them. She did not know what they were going to do—what they were doing now with the air tubes. She did not understand such things, but she saw a line suddenly twitch in Dyce's fingers, and she saw murder in Finn's eyes.

Before she knew what she was doing she found herself clutching both of Lee's revolvers.

Finn saw her and stood petrified; Dyce gaped at the leveled muzzles. Nobody moved.

After a little while the line in Dyce's hand twitched violently; Finn started and swore; Sawyer said distinctly, "Cut that line!"

The next instant she fired at him point blank, and he dropped to the bleached boards with a howl of dismay. The crack of the revolver echoed and echoed among the rocks; a silence that startled followed. Presently, behind his engine, Farrely began to laugh; two quarrymen near him got up and shambled hastily away.

"Draw him up!" gasped the girl, with a desperate glance at the water.

Finn, the foreman, cursed and flung down his lines, and walked away cursing.

"Take the lines, Noonan," she cried, breathlessly. "Dyce! pull him up!"

When the great blank-eyed helmet appeared, she watched it as though hypnotized. When, dragging his leaden feet, Lee stumbled to the dock and flung one of the two missing cash-boxes at Dyce's feet, she grew dizzy and her little hands ached with their grip on the heavy weapons.

Sawyer, stupid, clutching his shattered forearm, never removed his eyes from her face; Dyce unscrewed the helmet, shaking with fright.

"There, you lying blackguard!" gasped Lee, pointing to the recovered cash-box, "take them all to my office, where I'll settle

". . . she found herself clutching both of Lee's revolvers."

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with you once and for all! I'll find the other to-morrow."

Nobody replied. Lee, flushed with excitement and triumph, stripped off his diving dress before he became aware that something beside his own episode had occurred. Then he saw Lefty Sawyer, bedabbled with blood, staring with sick, surprised eyes at somebody—a woman, who sat huddled on a heap of sun-dried sleepers, sunbonnet fallen back, cocked revolver in either hand, and, in her dark eyes, tears that flowed silently over her colorless cheeks.

He glared at Dyce.

"Ask *her*," muttered Dyce, doggedly.

He turned toward Helen, but Farrely, behind his engine, shouted: "Faith she stood off th' gang or the breathin' below wud ha' choked ye! Thank the lass, lad, an' mind she's a gun whin ye go worritin' the fishes for the Coompany's cash-box!"

. . . . . .

That night Lee made a speech at the quarry. The men listened placidly. Dyce, amazed that he was not discharged, went back to nurse Sawyer, a thoroughly cowed man. Noonan, Farrely, and Phelan retired to their shanty and got fighting drunk to the health of the "colleen wid' the gun;" the rest of the men went away with wholesome convictions concerning their Superintendent that promised better things.

"Didn't fire Dyce—no, he didn't," was the whispered comment.

Lee's policy had done it's work.

As for the murderous mover of the plot, the plausible foreman, Finn, he had shown the white feather under fire and he knew the men might kill him on sight. It's an Irish characteristic under such circumstances.

Lee walked back from the quarry, realizing his triumph, recognizing that he owed it neither to his foolhardy impulse, nor yet to his mercy to Dyce and Sawyer. He went to the house and knocked at Helen's door. She was not there. He sat alone in his office, absently playing with pen and ruler until the June moon rose over the ocean and yellow sparkles flashed among the waves. An hour later he went to the dock, and found her sitting there alone in the moonlight.

She did not repulse him. Her innocent hour had come and she knew it, for she had read such things in romance. It came. But she was too much in love, too sincere, to use a setting so dramatic. She told him she loved him; she told him why she had come to the Porte-of-Waves, why she had remembered the kiss and the promise. She rested her head on his shoulder and looked out at the moon, smaller and more silvery now. She was contented.

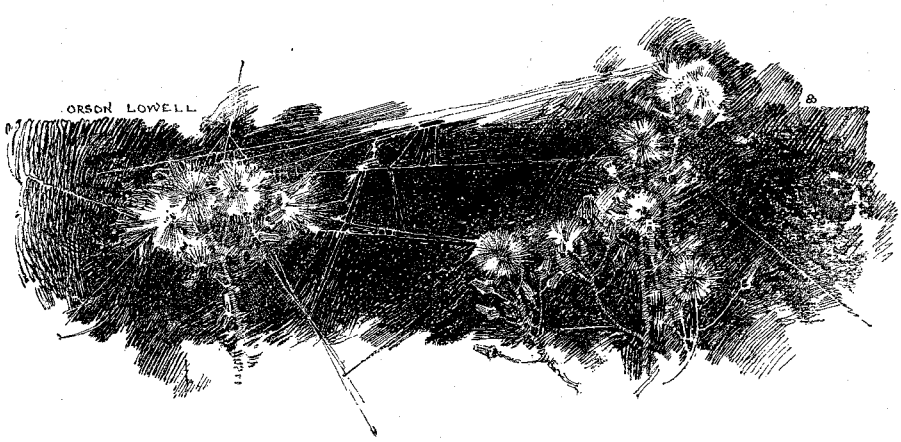
Under the dock the dark waves lapped musically. Under the dock Finn, stripped to the skin, plunged silently downward for the last cash-box, trusting to sense of touch to find the safe.

But what he found was too horrible for words.

"Hark," whispered Helen; "did you hear something splash?"

Lee looked out into the moonlight; a shadow, a black triangular fin, cut the silvery surface, steered hither and thither—circled, sheered seaward, and was lost. Then came another splash, far out among the waves.

"The Collector of the Porte," said Lee; "he is making merry in the moonlight."



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THE LAGOON, OMAHA EXPOSITION.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE WEST.

APROPOS OF THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

By William Allen White,

Author of "What's the Matter with Kansas?" "The Real Issue," and the Boyville Stories.

OUT West, beyond the Mississippi, in the open country where men grew famous fighting Indians a generation ago, there is a modern civilization. Wanting a better term, we call this civilization Anglo-Saxon. Democracy built it, and it is holding a festival in a bend of the Missouri, just outside of Omaha. A few hundred acres of land are covered with gay architecture. There is a lagoon half a mile long. In its water perhaps half a score of festive white staff buildings are reflected. Near by are the State buildings, constructed in varying tastes from tolerable to very bad; and then, of course, there is the Midway; there is an Indian camping ground, whereon a thousand Indians, of "every kindred, every tribe," from Alaska to Florida, are quartered. There are the pens and the stalls for a live-stock show and the incorporeal hereditaments thereunto appertaining. Of course the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is not so magnificent as the World's Fair at Chicago. And yet the half-mile vista down the lagoon at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition discloses nearly perfect examples of staff architecture. Nothing at Chicago surpassed it as a picture. Several million dollars have been expended. Private and corporate capital has helped the national government to make this show in a small measure worthy of the civilization which produced it. So, the ideals of the promoters of the Exposition were set high. For this is no new civilization, this civilization of the new western country. It was conceived thousands of years ago. Its leaven was working among men when Ariovistus crossed the Rhine and fought with Cæsar. Perhaps the germs of the force which bound the Helvetians together lives in the soul of

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the Anglo-Saxon to-day. Some sentient power has wrought a marvelous change in the prairie lands in the span of years that measures a man's life. Where the Indian's council-fires burned in the days of Jackson, the Caucasian's dream of beauty has found a fleeting shape in the white city that rises out on the plains to-day.

At night, twenty thousand electric lights paint a scene from fairyland upon the waters of the lagoon. The temples that stand there are erected to appease the gods of the latter days, the gods of machinery, electricity, the liberal arts, and all their kith and kin. What name that power shall take which has wrought this wonder; whether man shall worship the sentient force as Democracy, Destiny, or God, is a theme for philosophers to discuss and to settle if they can. But with the manifestations of its works before him, no one can deny the presence here of something wise and mighty. At the very least the miracle of this Omaha Exposition, rising in what but yesterday seemed one of the earth's waste places, should strengthen the faith of Anglo-Saxons in the potency of their race and its institutions, even as the apostles of the Christ were filled with faith, seeing the signs and wonders of old.

This civilization is not crumbling. Popular education has crystallized the mortar in this edifice which Democracy is building. It is a house built upon a rock. The child of the farmer has the same number of years' schooling, and exactly the same schooling, that the banker's child has. The two youths start in life with equal opportunities. When the recent call came from the President for volunteers for the army, every man who offered to enlist in one western State could read and write. Democracy builds the school-house, and the school-house perpetuates Democracy. Fifty cents of every dollar paid by the citizens of the West in direct taxation goes to maintain schools. The other half-dollar is divided into little piles to promote the general welfare in other departments of government. Monarchies, principalities, and powers tax their citizens to the verge of revolution, and prime ministers are proud if the King's treasure is large enough to buy guns and iron ships and drilled men and powder and lead to hold an armed peace and avert famine in a land civilized for centuries, flowing with milk and honey. Democracy buys a blackboard and a hickory pointer, and hires a soft-voiced girl to handle them. With these arms and accoutrements, Democracy goes into the camp of the savage and establishes peace and proclaims a feast in the midst of a land lately taken from the desert. And the school-house is the holy of holies whence the high priest of Democracy shall come, clad in the habiliments of grace and power, to work the marvels and to fulfil the prophecy made to mankind by this prairie vision of Omaha.

Every June leaves the standard of popular intelligence higher than the preceding September found it. This Trans-Mississippi is a growing country in more ways than one. And this quickening is not directed chiefly toward material things. Something more than a "building boom" has made this West. The school-house is not a commercial temple. It is turning men's minds toward "reason and the will of God." It is the sign by which Democracy shall conquer.

Scholars who have spent much time in research say that 350 years ago Coronado came up from Mexico through this Trans-Mississippi land, looking for gold, as behooved a good Spaniard. The scholars say that he halted in central Kansas, on one of three hillocks at the junction of the Kansas and the Blue River. Agents of the Smithsonian Institution have located the exact spot where Coronado planted the great wooden cross and took possession of all the land for the King of Spain. It is on a rise of ground that overlooks to-day a peaceful, prosperous valley. The cross has been mold these three centuries. Democracy was attracted, as perhaps the Spaniard was attracted, by the thrilling beauty of the scene. And near the spot where Spain's cross stood, Democracy has put its emblem, the little, low, white school-house with green blinds. Coronado and his men were a greedy pack, looking for the Seven Cities of Cibola. They were blinded by their lust for gold, and they juggled with the cross. The love of gold was not strong enough to break down this wilderness. They who came three centuries later and brought the school-house, came "to make the West the homestead of the free," came to put His word Who sanctified the cross into the legal conscience of the people. The lagoon at Omaha is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual beauty of that high endeavor.

Therefore the dweller in the Trans-Mississippi country should keep ever in mind the image of what might have been if Spain had not ceded Louisiana to France. That image might inspire the American heart to the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. For the Spanish idea, that indefinable

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principle that governs the course of nations of the Spanish race, is a worm in the bud. Under Spanish rule, or following even in a remote parallel the way of Spanish peoples, what a wretched destiny would have been waiting for this generation of men in the Mississippi Basin! In the fertile angles of the streams the placita would huddle about some imposing pile of mud, the home of the grandee. Peons would roam the barren hills following their flocks. The rich valleys probably would be left to the blue-stem. If by chance some farmer, braver than his kinsmen, should for a time disturb the sod, the gay sunflower would soon spring up to mock the folly of his daring. The ox and the ass, trudging over rutty, unkempt roads, would set pace for the traffic in the land, and the sun-dial would mark the passing of the "impracticable hours." Superstition, bereft of all that was noble in the symbolism of the Aztec rites, yet clinging to many Aztec absurdities and holding tightly to the most fantastic delusions of the dark ages, would bind a people to paganism who boasted of their Christianity. Instead of the splendid monuments to agriculture, to the applied sciences, to the arts, and to the unknown goddess Beauty, which stand at Omaha today—the Mecca of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims; under the influence of Spain, barbaric processions would file out of adobe cathedrals in the dry seasons and would duck holy images in adjacent creeks, chanting the while modified supplications of the sun-worshipers for rain. The Spanish idea seems to have lethargy for its principle. It is sleepy, but not dreamy enough to be poetic. Here in this western land, a people thralled by the Spanish hypnosis would not be ambitious enough to grow, yet they would be too favorably situated to die. Even a vagrant fancy sketch of what might have been if Napoleon had not taken Louisiana from the King of Spain should put every citizen of the West on his marrow bones in humble thanksgiving for the blessings he enjoys. If Anglo-Saxons were a pious race, like the Jews or the Arabs, they would put prayer rooms in the buildings at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and visitors would be called —very likely by the most worshipful school-bell—to retire an hour each day to meditate upon the good fortune which brought this mid-continental empire from the rule of the sons of Cæsar into the dominion of Ariovistus.

Spain held this Trans-Mississippi country for three centuries. How strange it is that in this festival, now holding in the heart of what might have been New Spain, there is not one thing in all the show to remind the visitor to the Exposition of western American history in that three hundred years. The utter annihilation of everything Spanish in all the West seems almost sad. In the new world's mind, Spain's pioneers, who tramped so valiantly across the swamps, the prairies, the desert, and the mountains, seeking the Seven Cities of Gold, are of less consequence than the black leaders of the war-boys in the Matabeleland. Cabeça de Vaca was a great explorer, but the fair-skinned people have forgotten him. In all the miles of rolling prairie which furnishes the wealth that has produced this stirring spectacle on the Missouri not one ruin, not one mound is there to mark the resting place of the men who ruled the land for fifteen score of years. Only in the mountain States is the Spaniard's grave kept green. And there is a tragedy in the slow, inevitable decay of the Spanish principle; for, beside it, making an unavoidable contrast, is the virile growth of the Anglo-Saxon. It has been gradual—this Spanish decay; and down there in the southern mountain States, where four centuries have passed as quietly as they do in tombs, one may look down the corridors of time and see the Spaniard passing, see him dying by inches—after all, a melancholy sight, for he was a good fellow in his day, and served God well. At Santa Fé, the capital of Yankee Spain, there is an old bell hanging in San Miguel church. The church has been there 300 years, and the date upon the bell says that it was moulded in Spain in 1356. On the bell crown are these words in Latin: "Saint Joseph, pray for us." That old bell should be brought North—alas! brought as a captive—to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, to make an Anglo-Saxon holiday. "Saint Joseph, pray for us," rang out the old bell before Columbus left Genoa. "Saint Joseph, pray for us," it clanged as Spain's glory rose with the second Philip and sank with the Armada. "Saint Joseph, pray for us," sang the bell in its quaint Latin tongue when the world's scholars thought that the English language was a jargon, and before Luther, the heretic, swung the hammer that nailed the Theses to the door to the time of the grand old hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." "Saint Joseph, pray for us," tinkled the bell as it crossed the sea, to ring for the glory of Spain and the preservation of the faith. "Saint Joseph, pray for us—pray for us,"

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sobbed the rusty voice in the lusty throat for poor Carlotta, the hapless, and for Maximilian; and again, "Pray for us" it wailed as the sea-birds brought the news of the crumbling of the sunny land that had sent so many strong arms over the world to defend the ancient faith. And now the letters, "Saint Joseph, pray for us," stare into the blue eyes of the Northerner, warning him to reflect upon the sparks that fly upward.

At Omaha, in the center of the festive scene, surrounded by the toys of modern science—the electric fountain spouting its colored jets, the resistless motors, the labor-saving engines; in the shadow of the classic sanctuary made for the fine arts, this old mud church of San Miguel should stand, and its jangling bell should be heard sometimes above the blare of brass and of tinkling cymbals, with its "Saint Joseph, pray for us." Perhaps we may need his prayers when the Slav shall find in our noblest achievement only the inspiration for a sigh.

The managers of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition have given more attention to the North American Indian than they have given to the Spaniard. The Indian has left his mark all over the Mississippi Valley. He has named the rivers. He has christened many of the towns and most of the Western States. Doubtless Spain named all these rivers and valleys and high places, after her own heroes and according to her own ideals. Why did not Spain's names stick? Why did the Indian's meaningless and unmusical nomenclature impress things so deeply? Did he not have a vigor in his very death that commanded the white man's respect? Surely there must have been some good in the red man for so much to live after him. His spirit seems to hover over the Western land. Although the plow has scarred it and the railroad scratched it, and commerce has stripped the trees away that fringed its rivers, it is still the Indian country out here on the plains. At Omaha, where the bluffs of the Missouri mark their heavy brown lines on the northern horizon, and where the green of the upland stretches away into a glorious vista southward, there is a largeness and a savage freedom about the great curves and angles in the landscape that seem to give the Indian a natural right to ownership of the soil. Indeed, so lately did the Indian leave that the people of the new West still cherish traditions of the fighting days. Hundreds of well-dressed business men hurry through tiled corridors in Omaha, and scoot up and down the heights of brown-stone buildings in elevators, who in the decade of the seventies operated the business end of a rifle against the aborigines. Red Cloud, whose war-path lay but a night's ride in a sleeper from Omaha, still lives. Sitting Bull and his braves lately terrorized the land where the Trans-Mississippi country will find its heartiest support. Spotted Tail and American Horse, chiefs of plains Indians, are heroes of but yesterday. And to-day the land over which they rode to glory knows them no more. The men who conquered the Cheyennes, the Shoshones, the Omahas, the Blackfeet, and the Crows fought this spring, hand to hand, knee to knee, eye to eye with the Philistines to prevent them from putting red paint on the white staff columns and arches and façades around the Court of Honor at Omaha.

It is only fair, therefore, that the Indian, who has played so important a part—even if it was a losing part—in the civilization of the new West, should have an important place in this Trans-Mississippi Exposition. It will be a kind of first inventory of stock on hand in the Louisiana Purchase, and it is gratifying to the lovers of poetic justice to find that the red man, who furnished the raw material for so much of the recent history of the Mississippi States, should have a place in the invoice-book. The Government of the United States has appropriated considerable money to bring the Indian to Omaha this summer. The Indian exhibit is one of the most interesting parts of the Exposition. By contrast, the exhibit of the savage makes the show of the civilized man more significant. The representatives from each of the existing tribes exemplify its manner of aboriginal life, its savage customs, its barbaric industries. Probably at no other place in the world will there be so admirable a living picture of the red man as this one at Omaha. A pitiable tragic accompaniment to this picture will be the serious exhibit made by the Indian schools of the United States. It shows the Indian trying vainly to make the jump of forty centuries from the chipped stone age to the day of the clearing-house, all in one wild hopeless leap. The Indian school exhibit prescribes the boundaries of the power of Democracy. It can work wonders with the men of the north countries of Europe. It can transform a wilderness into a State in the passing of a generation, using Anglo-Saxons, Celts, Teutons, or Slavs. But Democracy cannot civilize the Indian. In barren soil the mustard-seed dies. A man may not become a

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participant in the blessings of Democracy by education alone. Neither can he change his complexion by proclamation, nor his disposition by legislation. Democracy is a birthright. The race has been bargaining for the blessings of Democracy for untold centuries. War was the commerce of our fathers of old. Their lives were the mediums of exchange. Our liberties were the savings of their earnings, and this Democracy is our inheritance. The Indian cannot acquire a taste for the fruits of these victories. To him—even as they are to men of the Latin race—they must ever be apples of Sodom.

So this, the life that exists here in this Trans-Mississippi country, must be a strange life save to the kinsmen of the old Angles and the Saxons. To Frenchmen, to the Spaniard, to the Arab, it must seem odd to find several millions of people working six days in the week on farms, in offices, at benches, on railroads, in stores, and to know that in the whole domain, covering more territory than the half of Europe, is no place where class lines are drawn, where either the prince or the pauper abides. Here the little brother of the rich and the little sister of the poor may meet upon terms arranged by their own inclinations. In this Trans-Mississippi country there is no family of distinction. The grandfather does not enter into the social equation, and he is not considered valuable collateral in financial or political transactions. Every tub stands on its own bottom, and if there is any caste, the spendthrift is the only outcast, and the dishonest debtor is the only man from whom the people flee as from the unclean.

From that civilization the Trans-Mississippi Exposition was called, out of a fancy through a hope, into being. An executive committee used to meet regularly at the luncheon hour while its work progressed, to discuss growth of certain Exposition plans. There were no gentlemen in the luncheon room whose names are blazoned where there is a "boast of heraldry and pomp of power." The chairman of one of the most important sub-committees was a telegraph messenger boy a generation ago. His friend on the right was a farm-hand then. The young man near the window was an office boy during the panic of seventy-three. One of his associates on the finance committee used to twist brakes out of Denver on a cattle train. There were the lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, and probably the other two classes in the group. It was absolutely democratic. The men around the luncheon table made no pretensions to academic culture. Here and there was a college-bred man, but he had forgotten who Phidias was, and the other men didn't care who he was. These men have built the lagoon, with its Court of Honor. It is as surely a part and a fruit of the civilization that has grown in the Trans-Mississippi country as the cable car, the town library, the demagogue, or canned beef.

Democracy is vital. Perhaps it is the only growing idea. No one has defined it. Great minds have expressed something of its meaning. Their thoughts tally with some rhythm that pulses through the soul of things. Heaven that directs it only knows what it is, this Democracy. Men know that it makes nations virile, tunes their songs in a major key, makes men fight with their hands instead of with knives and poison. And more than these things, Democracy impels men, whether they are building highways or universities, or whether they are forming international policies or circumscribing the peregrinations of the town cow, to transact business through the agency of committees. This much is palpable about Democracy. It can fight; it is potent to win an empire where the Latin civilization failed and where the Indian's institutions fell to pieces. Surely the potency which can win empire will bring out all this beauty that Democracy is now holding up to fleeting view.

And yet one is accustomed to think of Democracy as a principle that has no beauty in it. Scholars have persuaded the world that beauty passed from activity when Greece decayed. Philosophers seem to have concluded that Democracy cannot rise from a dead level of monotonous ugliness. Because Democracy has waged wars, has built railroads, has made cities, has founded governments, and has elected presidents, the most reckless speculator in political probabilities has not dared to invest in the theory that Democracy may hold in its essence the vital element which may spread beauty over the world as widely as Democracy has spread commerce. But out here in the corn and steer country, in a State known on the stock exchange as one of those frightful "granger" States—here is the Court of Honor at Omaha, a really beautiful thing, and it is thoroughly what the "boomer" calls "a home product." And, therefore, although the spectacle rising on the field west of Omaha is beautiful, it is marvelous for something more than its beauty. It is for this that, while so much

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beauty is to be found there, no one is vain-glorious about it. Every one accepts it as a matter of course. This beauty has sprung from the germ of Democracy, which has brought forth all the gross richness of the West. The bauble that men have made for a holiday out here on the plains may vanish as the mirage vanishes. But whatever beauty there was in the minds of the makers—in the soul of Democracy—will stay, will grow, will form itself into hard realities, will pass into shapes of stone and brick and mortar, into city avenues, into public buildings, into dwelling-places, for time to gnaw it. It is not phantasmagoria to imagine that when Democracy has conquered all the continents it can subdue, and the islands of the eastern and western seas, it will spend its energy making these domains things of beauty.

May be, while the Latin, old and wasted, sits under the Apennines and the Alps, and dreams dreams of the glory that has been—the young man, the Anglo-Saxon, rejoicing in his Democracy, is seeing visions. The Court of Honor out here on the prairie land may be one of the visions that is flitting through his mind, a vision that by God's grace and the Saxon's courage some day shall come true.

DIARY OF THE BRITISH CONSUL AT SANTIAGO DURING HOSTILITIES.

FROM MAY 18, 1898, THE DAY BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH FLEET, TO JULY 18, THE DAY AFTER THE AMERICANS TOOK POSSESSION OF THE CITY.

By Frederick W. Ramsden.

Editor's Note.—When, in the course of the war with Spain, United States warships began to appear off the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, the late Frederick W. Ramsden, British Consul at Santiago, began to keep a diary. It was for the benefit of his sons, one of whom is an American railroad man, and it was not intended for publication. It tells with remarkable clearness and interest what a close, dispassionate observer, with unusual sources of information, saw and heard of the invading army and navy from within the beleaguered city. It is also a most valuable contribution to history, for it supplements and corrects the accounts of the Santiago campaign written from the American point of view. No man could have been better fitted to write of the extraordinary events within the city of Santiago during the American investment than Mr. Ramsden, regarding whose extraordinary career some further information will be found in a note at the end of the article. When a mere boy, he was sent to Cuba as the representative of an English firm of exporters. Within two years he had been appointed secretary to the British Consul at Santiago, and he soon rose to the full consulship, which he held for nearly forty years.

WEDNESDAY, 18th May, 1898. At daybreak three American steamers were signaled off the port, and turned out to be a large sailboat fitted out for fighting and two gunboats. Two of them approached, and some shots were exchanged with the forts. They were seen to be dragging with a line in front of the harbor, probably trying to hook the cables which go from here to Jamaica and to Havana. They have evidently come to reconnoitre and ascertain if the Spanish fleet is here, the latter having been known to have left Curaçao on Sunday evening; else to get the range of the guns of the forts here. There is still one five-ton gun to be put in place on the Punta Gorda Battery. The American ships went away in the afternoon, and the "Addie" sailed for Kingston with 199 passengers.

Thursday, 19th May. The Spanish fleet appeared at daybreak, and came in. It consists of the "Infanta Maria Teresa," the "Vizcaya," the "Almirante Oquendo," the "Cristobal Colon," and the torpedo-boat destroyers "Pluton" and "Furor." Their coal is almost finished, and they have only had just enough to get them here. The other destroyer, the "Terror," has remained at Martinique for repairs. The American ships which were here yesterday are this morning at Guantanamo, and have been firing at Playa del Este, or the temporary fort there. Our Governor, Capriles, who is a naval man, much to the regret of everyone, resigned to-day, and has joined the fleet.

Saturday, 21st May. One American war ship appeared off the harbor, remaining all day. At six P.M. three shots were heard. The

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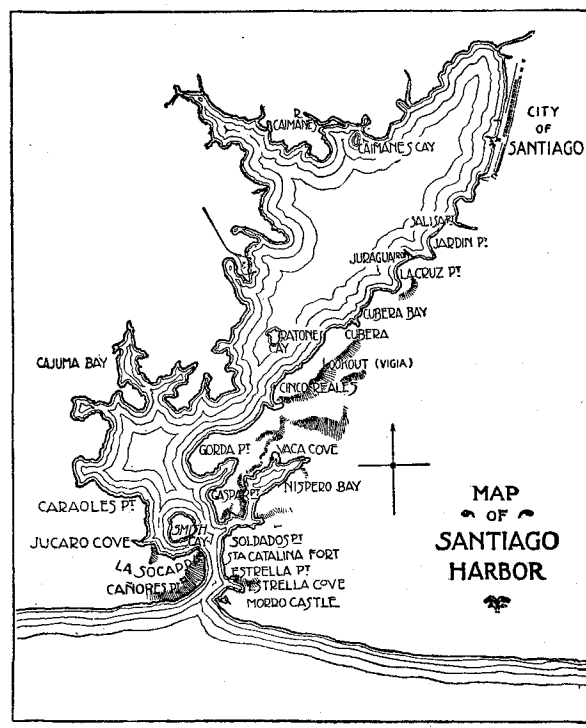
French gunboat "Fulton" sailed at two P.M. for Martinique with some twenty passengers. A banquet was given this evening by the merchants of Santiago to the fleet. Admiral Sampson is said to have been at Samana Bay two days ago.

Sunday, 22d May. Two American warships anchored off the port this morning, and have remained all day, but no firing has been heard. We hear that Admiral Sampson, with four battleships, four cruisers, and three gunboats, was off Havana yesterday, and this afternoon we hear that the "Iowa," "Indiana," and "Puritan" were at Cienfuegos this morning.



AMERICAN SHIPS SIGNALED.

Monday, 23d May. At daybreak three American ships were signaled, and remained on and off all day, evidently on the watch for the Spanish fleet. At noon another one turned up from the westward, and, after communication with the others, went off again to the west. As we know that yesterday morning there were nine American ships off Cienfuegos, this one probably came from there, and has gone back with news. The Spanish fleet is taking in coal, water, and provisions, in a hurry, and it is evident that it is preparing to go to sea, probably to-night or in the morning, as I hear the pilots have been ordered for this evening. We cabled Halifax to-day, to try to get a cargo of provisions, but I doubt if we shall succeed. The general in command has called up the merchants and told them the troops were running short of provisions, and added that the Captain-General had cabled him that a thousand pounds were at his disposal in London with Mildred Goyeneche and one thousand dollars at Madrid. He wants the merchants to order the provisions at their risk, he promising to pay for them, on arrival, at a moderate price, the customs duties, which are for the present suspended, to be for the benefit of the government. It is not clear how he is to dispose of the money in Europe, and if the cable is cut, he certainly cannot do so, and as no one counts on the certainty of payment, it is hardly likely that anyone will be found willing to take the risk on these terms. He says that at Guantanamo they are already in want of the first necessaries of life, and that we should see what we can do, both for the troops and for the town. They knew perfectly well that war was very probable, but no steps at all were taken for the future provisioning of the troops until now when it is too late, and now they want private people to help them out of the mess.

Tuesday, 24th May. (Queen's birthday and my wife's Saint day; how different from other years!) The day commenced with three vessels outside, and the Spanish fleet had steam up and was ready for sea. Nevertheless, they have not moved, and the flagship is alongside the Juragua wharf, taking water. A destroyer went down to the harbor entrance to take a look round. It rained all day. We hear that there are seven American ships off Cienfuegos, and seventeen off Havana.

Wednesday, 25th May. At daybreak three steamers were signaled outside the port, and soon after they put out the signal, "The enemy is giving chase to a vessel," and later on, "There is one of the enemy's ship's outside." There are probably more than one, but there is so much haze, owing to the rain, and it is so thick that they cannot possibly see for any distance. The vessel chased by

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the enemy is probably an English steamer, bringing 3,000 tons of coal for the Spanish navy. The battleship "Cristobal Colon" got under way, and it was supposed that she would go out and prevent her capture by the Americans, probably an easy matter, since her speed is over eighteen knots and the American ships are said to be simply mail steamers fitted with guns. The "Colon," however, simply went down the bay and anchored near the entrance. The two destroyers are also down near the entrance. The flagship at midday went down to Cajuma Bay, and has anchored there, and another ironclad, either the "Vizcaya" or the "Oquendo," has taken her place at the Juragua wharf, and is taking in water. It is said that the Americans have taken their prize, whatever it is, and have carried her off. It seems incredible that this should have been allowed right in front of the port, and the squadron inside with steam up. It looks as if the fleet did not intend to move from this port, as it is evidently taking up a position nearer the entrance, so as to command it in case of an attack. We shall now see whether the American fleet decides to come down this way to attack the Spaniards, in which case it will have a tough job to get in; or whether it will send a few ships to prevent the Spanish leaving this port, and then attack Havana. Meat was to-day advanced to sixty cents a pound in the market, and it is difficult to get any vegetables there, as the fleet buys nearly all. This food business is going to become very serious, and there will now be little hope of getting in food supplies from abroad.

FLOUR BEGINS TO RUN SHORT IN THE CITY.

Thursday, May 26th. Raining until the afternoon and thick. At first only one ship was signaled, but when it cleared there were three. We hear that the two American squadrons have crossed each other off Cienfuegos, Commodore Schley going to Cape San Antonio, and Admiral Sampson coming down here to Santiago de Cuba, to look after the Spanish squadron. We may expect him, then, to-morrow, and shall now see if he will content himself with blockading the port and shutting the Spaniards in, or whether he will try to force the port. If he blockades us for any time, there will be nothing but rice to eat. If he attacks, we are likely to get it pretty hot. The Spanish ships have taken up their positions near the entrance of the harbor, the "Cristobal Colon" and the two destroyers at the entrance of Nispero, and between that and Socapa and Smith Cay the flagship "Maria Teresa," and the "Oquendo" in Cajuma, and the "Vizcaya" close to the red buoy on the colonnades below Punta Limetas. We can see only the last three from here, and they are moored on to the entrance of the harbor. Therefore any shots exchanged with vessels outside will not come our way, but will cross at about right angles from us. It is now known that yesterday they allowed the coal steamer to be taken without even an effort to save her. To-day the military have taken possession of all the flour in town, and none will be left for the public; therefore, in another week, there will be no bread to be had, and the bakeries will be closed. At home, here, we laid in a small stock of biscuits, and also some flour, and shall make our own bread as long as the latter lasts. I now hear that the Spanish squadron never intended to go from here to Havana the other day when it prepared for sea, but to Porto Rico. It is probably safer here, but it is useless as a fleet. The provision cargo from Halifax has fallen through; the people there charged a big price, and also refused to take the blockade risk.

Friday, 27th May. A little before eleven o'clock this morning the American fleet was signaled, and remained off the port all day, disappearing in the evening. They reported twelve ships, but in the afternoon I went down to Cinco Reales and up to the signal station of Vigia, and could make out only nine ships, about fifteen miles off shore. There were two large battleships, probably the "Indiana" and the "Iowa," and another large steamer with three funnels, but it did not look like a battleship; the rest appeared to be smaller vessels, but they were too far off to distinguish clearly. The man on the lookout told me that the coal steamer they took the day before yesterday was still there with them, so probably they have retained it in order to supply themselves with coal therefrom. The Halifax people have now made another offer, which we have accepted, but it is hardly likely that a vessel with provisions will be able to get through the blockade. I was able to-day to see better the positions of the Spanish ships, which are not visible from here, and I find that the "Colon" is in Gaspar Inlet, that is, between Punta Gorda and the south side of that inlet. One of the destroyers is placed well inside the outer bay of the Nispero, just in front of the entrance to the second bay, or larger

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one, where the cable is stowed in the water. If the Americans try to enter, they will have a pretty hard job to do so.

Saturday, 28th May. This morning the American fleet had disappeared, and only one ship was visible. By five in the afternoon they had all come back, and remained during the night.

GOING DOWN TO SEE THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

Sunday, 29th May. This morning the whole fleet was signaled at daybreak, and soon after the signal of "approaching" was run up. I called out to Mason by the telephone, and we agreed to go down to the Vigia hill, whence you get a good view of the Morro and outside, as we expected they would attack. We remained there until nearly midday. The American fleet was lying about three miles from shore, and to the east of Morro. By taking a careful note of the different ships, and afterwards comparing them with the pictures we have of the American navy, we made out the following, commencing with the one most to the eastward: The "Montgomery," or a ship very like her; the "Brooklyn," with the admiral's flag at the main; vessel of the description of the "Iowa," although her chimneys are too high for the "Iowa"; the "Indiana" or the "Massachusetts"; the "Texas"; and a merchant steamer with a yacht alongside of her. There was also another one, which went away to the eastward, of enormous size, and evidently a transatlantic boat, either the "St. Paul" or the "St. Louis." Therefore, there were only five actual warships, and it looks as if they were not the ships of Admiral Sampson, but those of Schley. They remained about all day, and did nothing, but in the evening, at half past nine, we could see over the lower hills in front of our house the reflection of their electric search-lights, which they were evidently throwing along the coast between the Morro and Aguadores.

Monday, 30th May. The fleet was signaled again this morning, and at midday an English man-of-war appeared to the southward, and immediately afterwards they signaled her as having gone off again to the south. I now find out that she sent a boat to the American flagship and then went away again, probably to return to Jamaica. I hear that Sampson's squadron is off Havana, and therefore the one here is that of Schley. Instead of the "Montgomery," it is the "Marblehead," and the one like the "Iowa" but with higher chimneys is probably the "Amazon," bought in Brazil, and rechristened the "New Orleans."

Tuesday, 31st May. Eleven ships signaled this morning, and at midday another joined them from the westward. Dora went down to the Vigia with L. Brooks's daughter and the boys to see the squadron. It is a pity they did not stop till later, for at 2.30 P.M. firing began, and we began to see shells falling around the "Maria Teresa," "Oquendo," and "Vizcaya," moored in Cajuma Bay. None touched the ships, but on falling into the bay they raised a column of water about forty feet high, just like a waterspout. Firing lasted from half past two until ten minutes past three, when it ceased. It seems that five of the American ships came up to the entrance of the harbor, with another transatlantic boat accompanying them, the other vessels remaining a mile or so further off. They fired through the entrance at the "Cristobal Colon," which was lying in Gaspar Inlet and was visible, and also fired shells over the hills at the outer ships, which they could not see, but they did no damage to anyone or anything beyond knocking off a piece of staircase of the Morro. The "Colon" replied with several broadsides, and they tell me she fired 180 shots, and they claim to have hit the transatlantic boat. Punta Gorda fort and the Socapa one, and the Morro also returned the fire, and that of the Socapa, which has two Hontoria guns taken from the "Reina Mercedes," the only guns good for anything in all the forts, they claim put two shells on the stern, perhaps astern, of the "Iowa." I do not believe the "Iowa" is there, and that it is the "Amazon." They say she reeled to one side, and the others sent off their boats to her. Anyhow, the ships hauled off after that shot, and fired no more. This little event broke the monotony of the blockading business, and aroused the people, who flocked down to see it. No one seemed to be the least alarmed, but took it rather as a joke.

Wednesday, 1st June. Thirteen vessels signaled this morning, and they have remained off all day, and have done nothing. We have news that they meant to attack this place, landing troops at Guantanamo, and I suppose that they will do all they can to get at the Spanish squadron. The latter has bought up all the oil in town, besides lots of provisions and other things, and all the surgical bandages they could get hold of. It is said that they came away from Spain very badly supplied. One shell fell yesterday

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near the powder magazine at Ratones Cay. Had it fallen on the latter there would have been a good explosion, although I hear there is but little powder there now. The Spanish squadron had its fighting standard out, but it did not attempt to go out. To-day the "Vizcaya" has moved up to a point between Punta Limetas and Ratones Cay, and the "Oquendo" and "Colon" to between Punta de Sal and the Juragua wharf, the flagship remaining where she was. They have put a boom with chain across from Smith Cay to Ernest Brooks's land opposite, leaving open the channel round Smith Cay, and they have sunk two of Ros' lighters full of stone somewhere near the entrance, in order to narrow the channel, but I don't know exactly where.

Thursday, 2d June. Nineteen ships are signaled this morning, some of which are tugboats, and others are said to be transports. Therefore, probably they do intend to try to land troops and attack.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "MERRIMAC."

Friday, 3d June. This morning at a quarter to four we were awakened by rapid and continuous firing towards the Morro; no very big guns, but without ceasing. The Spanish ships began to get up steam, but after forty minutes it was all over. At daybreak I ascertained that they had sunk a steamer between Churruca Point and Smith Cay, and that it was close on to the former, and therefore did not close the channel. Later on, we found that it was the American steamer "Merrimac," which had tried to force the entrance, and had succeeded in reaching that far after passing the first two lines of torpedoes. They took eight men in the water dressed as for a swim and with life belts on; one turned out to be a lieutenant in the navy, and the rest seamen or stokers, and they are now in the Morro as prisoners of war. I sent them down a hammock each and blankets, and for the officer a bed, table, washstand, etc. Accounts are very conflicting, but it appears that this vessel came running for the port just before daybreak with another behind her firing, as if she was pursuing her, in order to convey the idea that she was trying to escape from the blockading squadron, and on arriving in front of Socapa, after three torpedoes had exploded behind her after she had passed, she opened fire on the "Reina Mercedes" anchored between Smith Cay and Socapa. The forts on shore, the "Reina Mercedes," the torpedo-boat destroyer "Pluton," which was in the Nispero Inlet, and even the soldiers on shore, all let drive as hard as they could, and they assure me that the lower battery at Socapa, which is of quick-firing guns, fired 180 shots. Anyhow, the firing was terrific, but I believe she was sunk by a Whitehead torpedo from the "Mercedes" or "Pluton," each of which discharged two. From private sources I hear that a long narrow boat pulling six oars got away, passing close under the fort, which at first took the sailors for friends and then did not succeed in hitting them. There may have been other boats for what we know. The captain's name was Pearson, and I fancy he must have got away, and that probably the men caught in the water were the stokers, who were below and had no time to get to the boats. They were evidently prepared for this sort of thing to judge by their dress, and their pluck has been admired even by the most rabid Spaniards. The prisoners are treated well, and I know that the officer was bathing himself and getting into clothes of the first lieutenant of the "Mercedes," in his cabin, when a friend of mine went on board. They are now in the Morro. The sailors of the "Mercedes" were feasting the other men with coffee and biscuits while they got into clothes of the former on the deck of the "Mercedes." In fact, although they had been doing their best to kill them two minutes before, they did not know how to do enough for them. The people here think this ship was sent in in order to sink her in the channel and obstruct the passage, thus shutting in the Spanish squadron. I do not think so. They would be only too glad to see the squadron outside, and failing that, want to get in themselves. Again, they must know that the obstruction would soon be removed with dynamite. Also, had that been the intention, they would have remained in front of the Diamante, the narrowest part of the channel, and would not have come so far in. I myself think that they either came to lay down countermines, or an exploding cable across those of the present torpedoes, or perhaps they intended to run the ship among the three battleships, and explode her there after taking to their boats. When they examine the cargo, supposed to be coal, they will know more about this. The officer will, of course, say nothing. With this commencement we had expected a lively day, and felt good at the prospect, but nothing more happened, and the old monotony was resumed. In the afternoon the admiral sent off his chief of staff in a tugboat and with

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a white flag, to tell the American admiral that he had eight prisoners and that they would be well taken care of. There is no doubt that Sampson's squadron is also here, as besides the "Brooklyn" we can see the "New York," both with broad pennants. There are eight battleships, and nineteen vessels in all.

IN COMMUNICATION WITH HOBSON.

Saturday, 4th June. Last night, just as I was going to bed, heavy firing began again, and lasted until twenty minutes past eleven, when an extra heavy report was heard, more like an explosion, and after that all was still. My wife had already gone to bed, and was sleepy, and would not get up, saying there would be plenty of time when they got nearer. This time the firing was not rapid like that before daybreak, but more regular, and there were no quick-firing guns. It extended from Baiquiri to the Morro, and the localities varied between those two, backwards and forwards, and at times it seemed as if there were guns on the hills between here and the Lagunas. There were the usual cannon reports, and sometimes those of very heavy guns, and also those sharp metallic reports made by steel guns, which we had not heard on previous occasions. The later shots were nearer to the Morro. It was a splendid moonlight night, full moon, and we supposed the firing was to cover landing parties. This morning I could get no news as to the cause of the firing, and now, though I have seen the general in command, the Military Governor, and the Port Captain, I know no more about it: nor do they. They assure me that along the coast, though the flashes could be plainly seen, no shells nor shot fell on the coast. It looks to me very much as if the destroyer, "Terror," which was at Porto Rico, had been trying to get in here, and that the American fleet was pummeling her, and perhaps finished her up, but this is only my conjecture. There are nineteen ships outside. No one knows the reason of last night's firing, but they are running the story that it was an attempt to bombard the town, which most certainly it was not. The American squadron stretched from in front of the Morro to Baiquiri, and this afternoon they placed themselves from Punta Cabrera to Baiquiri. After the firing and exploding of torpedoes yesterday morning, they tell me that the number of dead fish of all sorts was incredible, and everybody round there ate fish that day. It is supposed that the "Merrimac" was sent in to be sunk in the channel, but if so, they made a failure of it, and brought her too far in, and the channel remains clear. To-day I wrote to the officer prisoner from her, and told him that the General was desirous of making things as comfortable as possible for him and had told me that I could send him anything he might want, and that therefore I should be very happy to help him all I could. His name is Richmond Pearson Hobson, twenty-six years old.

Sunday, 5th June. Twenty-four vessels outside to-day, but nothing has been done. It appears to me just possible that the intention might have been to close the port and prevent the Spanish fleet from getting out, because it is reported that the other division of the Spanish squadron is on its way, and, if so, Admiral Sampson must know it and may want to prevent the junction of the two.

A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT BY THE AMERICANS.

Monday, 6th June. After the calm comes the storm: yesterday we had an uneventful day, but it has been somewhat livelier, and promises to be still more so. Though the Government has said nothing about it, I understand that yesterday the American Admiral sent in a flag of truce with an ultimatum asking the surrender of the town within twenty-four hours or he would bombard. They replied, "Not in ten years." This morning at eight o'clock firing began and soon became terrific, lasting until 10.45, and since then there have been occasional shots, even now when I write at three o'clock. Many shells fell into the bay, one about three quarters of a mile distant from our office, and Nicanor, who has just come in from the Guao, tells me that one fell where we had the iron target for gun practice, and another at the Cruz. I saw one fall just behind the big hill of the Guao, and it must have fallen about the Y of the Juragua railway. They said they had landed forces at Aguadores, and the firing seemed to indicate this, and the volunteers were called out and troops sent, but so far I can't make out that any landing has been effected, though I don't see what is to prevent it. If they do land, we shall have a nice time here, and especially so if they attack from the Aguadores side. I can't pretend to say how many shots have been fired, but firing was continuous from eight to half-past ten, and a lot of powder has been wasted. I now know that the first

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lieutenant of the "Reina Mercedes," Acosta, a first-rate fellow, has been killed. A shell took off his right leg, but he continued to give orders for the care of the other wounded until he died. Five seamen of that ship have been killed, and three dangerously wounded, inclusive of a sub-lieutenant, and many otherwise wounded. Eleven have been brought up already. That ship was moored between Socapa and Smith Cay, and caught fire three times. At the Morro two soldiers have been killed and four wounded, and they say several houses have been destroyed also at Smith Cay. There were ten American ships bombarding, in two divisions: one in front of the Morro, and the other in front of Aguadores. Emma wanted to know what the sound like a railway moving in the air was, and was considerably surprised to find it proceeded from the shells flying about. We can't make out why they have stopped now; sure they have certainly made no progress so far. At one o'clock they began again, this time only at Aguadores, where no harm was done. It was pouring with rain during this morning's bombardment.

Tuesday, 7th June. To-day we have buried poor Acosta. Hobson, the American officer prisoner of war, and his associates, were brought up from the Morro this morning and placed at the Cuartel Reina Mercedes. I had a long talk with him this afternoon, and took a list of a few things he wanted. They are treating him very well, and give him everything he wants. He feeds better than we can, and though only entitled to the regulation, they will not charge him for anything extra. On entering the barracks the first room on the left is the guard room, and his is a continuation of that, and therefore opens into it. It has a window looking out on where they used to play baseball and towards Caney. He is an exceedingly pleasant fellow, quite a young man, and everyone likes him. His daring act has caused all to respect him, and he has won the hearts of his captors. The General gave me a message for him to the effect that they felt proud to have such a brave man among them, and they are really treating him more as a guest than a prisoner. He was much affected when I told him of the death of Acosta, and said, "Why, he gave me his own cabin and bath to wash in when I got on board, and even lent me his underclothes until I could get my own." I now hear that no notification was given of the bombardment. They riddled several houses in Smith Cay, and a shell burst in that of Miguel Lopez. I have here a lot of pieces from it—an eight-inch shell. Neither the Buenos' nor Estengers' houses were hurt. That of Arnax had a wall knocked down. The inhabitants rushed out to the other side of the island, and got under the high land there.

Wednesday, 8th June. Yesterday there were only thirteen ships outside, and we now hear, privately, that four ships were at Guantanamo and were firing there. The cable communication then became interrupted, and still is so. What they have done there we don't know, or what they may be doing. I had a cable message from there just before the interruption, saying that the soldiers had fagots ready to set fire to the Caimanera stores on approach of the Americans, but I don't know if they have done so. I should think it likely that they will make Guantanamo their base of operation and go on landing troops there to advance on this place. In reply to a cable of mine, the Commodore says he can send me a ship whenever I want to convey away British subjects. I cannot get these latter to make up their minds, and again I fear that yellow fever here, and consequent quarantine in Jamaica, will prevent their going. I have also cabled for the SS. "Adula" from Jamaica, but fear the same cause will prevent her coming. They ask £100 per day for her, with a minimum of £500.

EFFECT OF THE BOMBARDMENT ON PEOPLE AND TOWN.

Thursday, 9th June. Yesterday there were twenty ships outside, so perhaps they may begin bombarding again; we shall see. The civil government is now embargoing all the provisions, but as the military had already taken most of them, they won't have much to embargo. Willie now makes our bread and his own every three days, and very good bread it is now that he has got the hang of it. We have flour at home for six weeks, besides some biscuit. Yesterday the public nearly drove me mad. Some one had run a report that a flag of truce had been sent in the day before to say that if the Spanish squadron did not go out within forty-eight hours they would bombard the town itself. I knew there was nothing of the kind, and also I knew that the flag of truce was with reference to an exchange of prisoners, but I could not tell them so. I did my best to assure them it was all nonsense, and promised to go to the Military Governor to find out:

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which I did, of course with the anticipated result. All kinds of people had come to me, including judges and military. To-day the panic seems to be over. The news telegrams say that Sampson reports having silenced the forts here without losing a man, although he put his ships at 2,000 meters distant. The Socapa battery fired twenty-seven shots and that of Punta Gorda three. They did not fire more because, between the heavy rain and the smoke from the tremendous fire of the Americans, they could not see; and I myself happened to see the three shots fired from the Punta Gorda battery, two of which were towards the end, and the third was the last shot fired, as I remarked at the time. Moderate people estimate the number of shots fired by the Americans to have been at least 1,500, and others put it at 2,000 or 3,000. Juragua iron bridge was damaged, and at the water-tank, a little further on, the line was obstructed with shells and the rails torn up in part. It seems they fired on the train coming up, but did not stop it. All the ground between here and the Morro and Aguadores is said to be strewn with remains of shell. These were principally six and eight inch, and I have sample pieces here. The majority of British subjects have finally decided to hold on for the present, and I have cabled the Commodore in that sense. Later, they may not get the chance to go. In the panic yesterday a woman came to me with a girl some sixteen years old, and said that the latter was a British subject. There were two more sisters, who happened to have been born in Jamaica during the last war. I told them that probably a ship of war would soon be here to take away British subjects and that then the girls could go. The old lady said she would have to go too, with an aunt or something. I told her that if they were British subjects they could do so, but that otherwise they might be sure the captain would not admit them. She did not like that, and said the girls could not go alone, but finally she said they could go "if the consul responds for them, because they are already señoritas." I told her that I should be uncommonly sorry to have to respond for them or for any other girls of their age, and certainly would not undertake it. This afternoon I went again to see Lieutenant Hobson. He and General Linares had received cables from the "Herald" and the "World" asking after him. The latter did not care about replying, and Hobson could not, on account of the rules of his service. Therefore, we agreed that I should do so, which I did, saying that they were well cared for and that I had just seen them. No reply yet from Jamaica about the steamer "Adula," and still no communication with Guantanamo. Now that there is a little moon, we can see from home the electric search-lights from the American ships, constantly thrown on the coast.

DEATHS FROM STARVATION.

Friday, 10th June. Yesterday there were only thirteen ships outside, but to-day there are twenty-one. About midday they were firing on the shore near Baiquiri, probably on some of the troops moving round there. We are still in treaty for the "Adula," but I fear quarantine will stop her coming. We hear from Martinique that at Guantanamo the telegraph clerk was going to Playa del Este to see if he could fix the cable, but we can get no news and have still no communication with Guantanamo; therefore we do not know what may have happened there. Yesterday any quantity of people left for the country, fearing the town bombardment to-day. Provisions are each day scarcer, and very soon there will be no meat, which to-day is at seventy cents per pound, eggs ten cents each, etc. Nearly all the bakeries have now closed, for want of flour, and they are giving the troops a kind of bread made out of corn meal and flour, but they do not make it properly, and it is as hard as stone, and if they continue to feed them with this they will all very soon be ill. Already there have been some cases of deaths in the streets from starvation. It is reported that the other division of the Spanish fleet is well on its way from Spain, and that as soon as it appears the ships here in the port will go out and meet it, but it is not likely that Admiral Sampson will allow them to join. We are all hoping that the squadron may go, as it is the immediate cause of all our troubles, and it is also eating us out. The military to-day bought 4,000 bags of rice of the "Polaria's" cargo stored here, in consequence of the ship having been unable to continue to Havana. A steamer from Halifax with provisions is now due here, but it is hardly to be expected she can get through this blockade. The forts here are really not forts: the Morro has a lot of very ancient guns, and I believe none of them is of any use. Also they may have two or three Krupp guns of small size, of under 2,000 yards range. The only good guns they have are the two six-inch Hontorias on the Socapa earthwork battery, and another Hontoria

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mounted after the bombardment on the Punta Gorda battery. They have three mortars of eight hundred yards range on this battery, and they also have another Hontoria not yet taken up the hill, and, of course, not mounted. These Hontorias were taken out of the "Reina Mercedes." Therefore, the only guns of any good to oppose to the attacking squadron were the two on Socapa battery. There is also another battery of small calibre, quick-firing guns lower down on Socapa Hill.

Saturday, 11th June. Either eighteen or twenty-one ships off to-day. This afternoon six of the largest were seen to go far off at full steam towards the east, but how far they went we do not know. The "Adula," from Jamaica, to take passengers, has fallen through, owing to quarantine difficulties in Jamaica, and because the Spanish Consul at Kingston refuses to clear any vessel for Santiago de Cuba. No man of war will come either.

Sunday, 12th June. Yesterday the Alcalde published a bando as to what people must do in case of an attack on the town. It reminds one of the siege of Saragossa, and is adapted for that period. All persons not already belonging to armed corporations will present themselves to the Alcalde to serve to carry stores and ammunition and wounded, to put out fires, to run carts and conduct cattle or cargo loads, etc., wanted for the defense of the place. Last night the electric lights thrown on the coast and the Morro were stronger than ever. I have now ascertained that the "Merrimac" is sunk in twelve fathoms, half way between Juan Estenger's bath on Smith Cay and Soldados Point, which latter is the one opposite to Churraca Point, just across the entrance of Nispero Bay. Jemmy will know the place, because it is just where he emptied out of the net that big conger eel he caught one day at the old wreck. Between the ship and the shoal, on the Smith Cay side, there are forty-five meters of channel, and thirty-five between her and the shoal on the other side; therefore, there is plenty of room for a vessel to pass on either side of her. Again, there are six fathoms of water over her bridge and roundhouse or chart-room roof, and, therefore, blowing away her chimney and masts, the channel will be clear right over her. The Americans evidently won't have her touched, and keep a constant watch, and fire on anyone exploring her either day or night.

Monday, 13th June. Everyone expected a renewal of bombardment to-day, but the day passed quietly until half past eleven at night, when, just as I was getting into bed, shots were heard. There were only eight fired, and we went to sleep. It seems that some ship came in near, and they fired at her, and she answered. The Spaniards expect the second division of the Spanish fleet in a day or two; I cannot say that I myself see much chance of it.

THE BOMBARDMENT RENEWED.

Tuesday, 14th June. At half past five this morning the bombardment again began, but only lasted for a quarter of an hour, though about two hundred shots were fired in that time. Many shells fell in the bay around the flagship between Punta Limeta and Ratones Cay, where the powder magazine is, and an alferez, a cabo de cañon, and a seaman were wounded at the Socapa battery. Otherwise nobody seemed much the worse; and people did not bother their heads much about it. Your mother was up already, and it did not prevent her from going to market as usual. Did she not go to market, we should probably get nothing to eat, as there is now hardly any meat to be had.

Thursday, 16th June. To-day they began bombarding again at half past five in the morning, and continued pretty strong for forty-five minutes. Two shells fell in the bay in line with the public wharf, and a great many lower down and all around on shore. One in particular fell near the flagship, and raised a column of water as high as her masts. Of the men serving the guns at the Socapa battery, three were killed and four wounded, and at the Morro one was killed and six wounded, say one officer and five men. Of the three at Socapa killed, only part of the body of one of them could be found, the rest of it having disappeared or having been carried away by the shell. The ships bombarding were the "Iowa," "Massachusetts," "Oregon," "Texas," "New Orleans," "New York," "Brooklyn," with a yacht firing at the "Aguadores." There were also half a dozen shots the previous night. To-day we counted at times, by minutes, and found thirty-two, forty-four, fifty-three, and fifty-five per minute; therefore, we may safely take forty per minute, which, multiplied by forty-five, gives 1,800 shots, and these at an average of $150 per shot make a value of $270,000. I am now convinced that on the 6th at least five thousand shots must have been fired. To-day, one of the guns at Socapa was com-

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pletely covered up by a big shell striking a heap of earth close by and just putting it right over the gun. They cable us from Halifax that our provision cargo had been here, but was not allowed to enter, and had gone to Mayaguez. To-day we have despatched the messenger for Guantanamo. Hardly any meat in the market now, and within two days the one or two bakeries still open will close. For the troops they are making bread of barley and rice, out of the "Polaria," with fifteen per cent. of flour. It does not look particularly inviting, and is difficult to swallow.

Friday, 17th June. At a quarter past five in the morning the firing began again; this time it seemed to be further off, and to the westward. It lasted until six o'clock, and about one hundred shots or more were fired. It seems that a yacht of the newspapers, or other yacht, approached Punta Cabrera and got out two steam launches and made for shore, but the Spanish troops there began to fire on them, and one launch had to get away with oars. The "Texas" then approached, and threw from sixty to eighty shells at the spot the fire of the troops seemed to come from, but no one was hurt, and there the matter ended. Meat eighty cents per pound to-day, and no bakeries open; therefore, no bread. To-day people hardly got up to see what the firing was, and those that did, went to bed again. They are getting used to it. I hear the Spanish government refuses to exchange Hobson, as they consider him too dangerous.

A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE "PLUTON."

Saturday, 18th June. At night on the 15th we heard a few shots, and one very loud one. An officer of the "Pluton" told me last night that a big shell, which looked like a comet as it came, somewhat slowly, through the air, fell near them, between Smith Cay, and then came traveling in the water by means of a screw, and burst just in front of their ship. He says that had theirs been a heavy ship it would have burst it up, but the little "Pluton," which only draws seven and a half feet, was just lifted out of the water, and everyone on broad was thrown off his feet, but no one really hurt. The water round was strewn with dead fish, and the concussion was also felt by the "Mercedes," which was behind the "Pluton." He says it was a dynamite shell from the pneumatic gun of the "Vesuvius," which had arrived on that day. Just now, 11 P.M., we heard half a dozen cannon shot some way off. Miguel Lopez tells me that some of the soldiers stationed on the lower part of the Morro have seen people paddling about in the harbor entrance in tubs (tinas.) These evidently must be india-rubber duck-shooting punts, in which you sit and have a bag for each leg, with a paddle at the bottom in order to move you in the water. They must be trying to get at the torpedoes in the bay, or reconnoitering. Telegrams say that the Spanish government refuses to exchange Hobson and his men. He will be disappointed. People are now beginning to die in the streets of hunger, and the misery is frightful in spite of so many having gone to the woods. There is no bread, and, what is worse, there are no plantains or sweet potatoes nor yams, and of course no foreign potatoes. There is plenty of rice, owing to the fortunate chance of the "Polaria" having been obliged to leave here her Havana cargo. Were it not for that, the troops must starve. This latter is what the civilians will have to do, because, of course, there will be no giving in as long as the troops have something to eat. There are no onions, red beans, lard, pork, or anything that comes from abroad, except the "Polaria's" rice and barley (this latter intended for the beer manufactory in Havana). Orders have been issued not to give any maize to horses or pigs, but to keep it for the people. The military in command at San Luis Cristo and other country places will allow nothing to go into town, as they want to keep it all for themselves. The streets are full of beggars going round begging for what formerly was given to the pigs, but now there is nothing over for the pigs. I saw a thirteen-inch shell which must have been from the "Massachusetts." Any quantity of shell of all calibers are being picked up, intact.

THINGS LIKELY TO BECOME VERY HOT.

Sunday, 19th June. So far, 4 o'clock, we are having a quiet time of it, and beyond two or three cannon shot this morning at the divers who were examining the "Merrimac," nothing has happened. From the country we hear that at the Dejade there is a big insurgent commission ready to convey to the interior any families who may wish to go, as they say they are soon going to attack this place. The Americans may do so as soon as they have troops to land. If so, then there will be a scrimmage, and it will not be pleasant. Telegrams say that the "Talbot"

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is going to Havana to take away British subjects, and that Gollan, the Consul-General, is going on leave. Happy man. I just hear that two ships arrived to-day from the southward, and that a salute was fired, and a boat from each of the other ships got out and sent on board the new arrivals. This looks as if some commanding officer had arrived. Perhaps it may be the general commanding a party of troops to land here or at Guantanamo, as it is hardly to be supposed that this fleet is going to remain here for an indefinite time without doing something to get at the Spanish squadron, which won't and, indeed, cannot now move.

Monday, 20th June. Yesterday there were seventeen ships after the two mentioned had arrived. This morning there were twenty-one at daybreak, and at eleven o'clock thirty-nine more appeared, making sixty vessels of all kinds. This looks like business, and now there is no doubt that they mean to land and take this place. Things are likely to become very hot, and God knows who will come through it. I have cabled to the Commodore, telling him of the situation, but I can't get British subjects, the principal ones, to say positively whether they wish a ship or not, and whether they will go if one comes. Had they said yes, I would to-day have seen the General again and ascertained if he still sustained his prohibition of any ship coming, and would have cabled the Commodore accordingly, to ask him for a ship if it could still be had. The events of the next few days will become matters of history, but we don't know who may be left to relate them. No answer yet from Guantanamo. There must, however, have been some fighting there, as there is a telegram saying that Sagasta had indignantly denied in Cortes that the corpses of the American marines killed at Guantanamo had been mutilated. At midday there was an explosion at the wharf, on board the schooner "Trafalgar," belonging to Estenger Messa. Two of the sailors were busy in the hold taking powder out of one of the unexploded American shells, and a friend of theirs, a sailor of the SS. "San Juan," was looking on. As the powder was hard, they took a piece of iron to loosen it with, with the result that it went off, or rather it went through the bottom of the schooner and sank her, killed the "San Juan" man, and badly wounded the other two.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—During much of his residence at Santiago, Mr. Ramsden was actively engaged as a partner in the firm of Brooks & Co., so that he became thoroughly familiar with Spanish business and social affairs. He was a thorough Spanish scholar, and he knew every motive of the Spanish character. He passed through the miseries of the Ten Years' Rebellion, and played a part in the "Virginius" affair that placed the entire American nation in his debt. Captain Fry and fifty-two of his associates of the "Virginius" were massacred by the Spanish in spite of Mr. Ramsden's protests. But when ninety-three others, Americans, were condemned to death, Mr. Ramsden resolutely demanded, in the face of the most violent public clamor, that the execution be delayed until he could learn whether the prisoners were American or English subjects. When the Spanish authorities hesitated, he sent to Jamaica for a British warship to enforce his demands. A day later the "Niobe" ran into Santiago harbor, ready to bombard the town, and the Americans were saved. Mr. Ramsden was also a man of scientific reputation. His hydrographic and weather reports won him a medal from Spain, and have been highly commended by the United States Signal Service. His collection of Cuban butterflies and beetles occupies an important place in the British Museum. A few days after the surrender of Santiago, he was taken suddenly ill with Cuban fever, and went to Kingston, Jamaica, where he died early in August. The following letter is of interest in this connection:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD":

With profound regret and sorrow I read in your paper this morning the announcement of the death, at Kingston, Jamaica, W. I., of F. W. Ramsden, British Consul at Santiago de Cuba. While United States Consul at Santiago de Cuba from 1884 to 1892 I had the honor to win Mr. Ramsden's personal friendship. It is now my duty to pay tribute to his memory, and tell your readers of the great loss, not alone his countrymen, but also we Americans, have suffered through his untimely end. I believe that if our commanding officer at Santiago were asked, he could tell of Mr. Ramsden's heroic and noble efforts before Santiago capitulated, of the work he did in bringing about the surrender, and of his good and generous deeds all through the sufferings and privations incident to the Santiago campaign.

Mr. Ramsden's long residence in Cuba, respected by both Cuban and Spaniard; his intimate knowledge of affairs and conditions, would have been, had God spared his life, of invaluable help to our government in the final adjustment of affairs in Cuba. Mr. Ramsden was a scientist, and had made a thorough and exhaustive study of the agricultural and mining resources of eastern Cuba. He was always ready to give the result of his own ceaseless work and research to whoever asked for it, and has done much to develop the country. His services in connection with our Weather Bureau were considerable. He was the friend of everyone who spoke our language, and many will remember his charming hospitality. Americans and Englishmen, Cubans and Spaniards, have suffered an irreparable loss through his death.

OTTO E. REIMER.

The present instalment includes only about one-half of Mr. Ramsden's diary; the remainder, covering the period of the complete investment of Santiago by land as well as sea, and of the surrender and the taking possession, will appear in the November number of the Magazine.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE—A LOOK FORWARD.

THE year just closing has been, from both a material and a moral point of view, the most prosperous in the history of this magazine. The magazine has gained in influence and prestige, and a hundred thousand new subscribers have been added to a circulation already enormous. We enter the new magazine year with a solid army of nearly 400,000 subscribers behind us.

Of course the first interest of such a fact is for the editor: to him it means a command of ample resources and a proof that his magazine is read. But, in the case of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, it has a certain general or public interest: for McCLURE'S has been edited on no novel or sensational lines. Its plan of procedure has been very simple and direct. It has always published the best literature of contemporary production, and its contributions in the fields of science, biography, adventure, and current activities have been usually the work of skilled writers; so that the literary and also the art standards of the magazine have always been the highest; and its prosperity is a gratifying proof—at an hour when many are disposed to question the fact—that the good thing pays, and pays, too, simply by virtue of being good. McCLURE'S has been the medium for most of the stories and poems published by Mr. Kipling during its lifetime. The same is true of the writings of Anthony Hope and Robert Louis Stevenson. And these are only examples of a policy which must be by now perfectly familiar to our friends.

It is more interesting, however, to look ahead and talk about what we are going to do. We give herewith a brief description of some of the articles and stories which we hope will not only retain the support of our present friends, but bring us new allies.

A SERIAL BY RUDYARD KIPLING.—As in previous years, all, or nearly all, of Mr. Kipling's stories will be published in this magazine. Speaking of his story "In Ambush," published in our August number, the "Brooklyn Eagle" said: "If he were to write a continued story of school life on the line indicated in this sketch, it would be as successful a book as 'Tom Brown' or 'Huckleberry Finn.'" Such a book Mr. Kipling is now writing for us, and we expect to begin the publication of it in January. It will consist of six stories, each complete in itself, but all dealing with the same characters, and thus giving it a continuous interest.

MISS TARBELL'S LINCOLN.—Three years ago Miss Tarbell began the publication of her articles dealing with the early life of Lincoln. The series ended with the nomination of Mr. Lincoln at Chicago in 1860 for the Presidency. It can be truthfully said that no biography ever achieved such a success as this one. Within a few weeks after the publication began, over a hundred thousand new subscribers were added to the magazine. In the December number Miss Tarbell will begin a series of articles on Lincoln's later life. The new series will begin with a description of the formal notification of Lincoln of his nomination, by the committee appointed by the Chicago Convention, and will tell the story of his career from that moment until the closing scenes at Springfield, Illinois, when the body of the most beloved man of the century was laid to rest. We are sure these later articles by Miss Tarbell will be followed with the most intense interest; and any American who fails to read them will be poorer thereby.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN ON THE WAR.—Captain Mahan, who acted throughout the war with Spain as a member of the Board of Strategy, is recognized everywhere as the foremost living authority on naval power and warfare. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has secured the exclusive use of whatever he may write on the subject of the war; and he will contribute to the magazine an exposition and interpretation of the war, particularly in its naval engagements and aspects. It is safe to say that there will be nothing produced in all the literature of the war of higher interest and significance than Captain Mahan's contribution.

KIPLING'S NEW VOLUME OF STORIES.

A new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling is about as big a literary event as the times can give us, and its announcement is unquestionably a matter of deep personal interest to a larger number of English-speaking people than any other such announcement could be. Now most able critics would take the ground that this dual statement is somewhat paradoxical: that the biggest literary event has not been in the past the one

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most likely at any one time to interest the largest number of people; yet few indeed would dispute its truth in this case. And right here lies one of the most marvelous points to be found in considering Mr. Kipling's work. It is the literary fruit of democracy. Nothing like his popularity with the average man has been known before in literary history, except in the case of Burns, whom Scotland, intellectually the most democratic country that ever existed, took and holds to her heart in similar fashion.

In a wider world, where the democratic idea in a far more sweeping form is on trial, two new and especially striking phenomena rise to demonstrate its worth as no theorizing could ever do: one is Mr. Kipling's popularity, the first-hand joy of enriched millions in a rising and genuine literary light; and the other, newer still (and Mr. Kipling is the very man who could put before us all the significance of this) is the charging of our raw volunteers up the bloody hill of San Juan without orders—a deed such as subject peasants never did and never would perform.

"The Day's Work" is the title of Mr. Kipling's new book, and in it are collected for the first time the fruits of his maturest day, of the richest period of his life so far as he has yet lived it. It records an extraordinary sweep of sympathies. In "The Ship that Found Herself" throbs the machinery-loving heart of McAndrew himself, and in ".007" steam-engines live for us like men of our time. "The Tomb of His Ancestors" brings us the wild romance of a strange and ancient people; "The Brushwood Boy," exquisite in its poetic spirituality, moves the heart with the old love-song of the race, while "The Devil and the Deep Sea" strikes with rollicking force a more familiar note, and joys shamelessly in the doings of strong men whose code of honor happens to differ from the law's demands. "William, the Conqueror," a novelette rather than a short story, is one of the finest things Mr. Kipling has ever done, and bears the old rare hall-mark of first-class work, inasmuch as it gratifies by not one merit but by a dozen, and may be prized by as many people for as many different reasons; perhaps, for instance, because it gives us such a knowledge of famine experiences in India as the best special correspondent has failed to faintly convey, or because William herself is the dearest of her creator's heroines since Dinah Shadd was young.

It is proper that the publishers who have presented so much of Mr. Kipling's greatest work in the pages of this magazine should also bring out his latest book. It will be published in a few days by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

RECESSIONAL.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Editor's Note.—We have been requested a great many times of late to republish Mr. Kipling's poem "Recessional," and we gladly reproduce it herewith in compliance with these requests.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe-
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

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